MR. JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER,

(Supreme Court of the United States.)

EDITOR IN CHIEF.

Mr. Justice Brewer was appointed to the Supreme bench of the United States by President Harrison in December, 1889. As a preparation for that exalted position, he had had an experience of more than a quarter of a century on the bench of lower courts, State and Federal. Beginning in 1862, he served as judge of the probate and criminal courts of Leavenworth County, Kansas; judge of the First District court of Kansas; justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas; and judge of the United States circuit court—a position from which he was promoted to the Supreme bench as the successor to Mr. Justice Matthews of Ohio.

Justice Brewer was the son of Rev. Josiah Brewer, who, as a missionary to Asia Minor, established the first English newspaper in Smyrna and first introduced American methods of education into the Turkish empire. His mother, a sister to Mr. Justice Field, accompanied his father to Asia Minor and, while they were residents of Smyrna, "David Josiah Brewer" was born there, June 20th, 1837. While he was still a child, his parents returned to America and he grew up in Connecticut. He was educated at the Wesleyan University, at Yale, and at the Albany Law School, studying also in the law office of his uncle, David Dudley Field. Among his classmates at Yale were Senator Chauncey M. Depew and Mr. Justice Brown of the Supreme Court. He was an L.L.D. of Yale and several other universities, but he had the still higher honor of having found time to be president of a library association; chairman of a school board; superintendent of public schools; and president of the Kansas State Teachers' Association. After his appointment to the Supreme bench of the United States, he served as a member of the Venezuela Commission appointed by President Cleveland; and as a member of the British-Venezuela Arbitration Tribunal, selected by the two nations. He did important educational work, notably as a member of the faculty of the Columbia Law School, and his addresses on educational, patriotic and literary subjects, delivered between 1900 and 1910, were extensively circulated by American newspapers.

Without prejudice to the distinction of his services in other ways, it may be said that his editorship of these volumes and of the "World's Best Orations" increased his popularity so greatly in the United States and Canada that, at his death, March 28th, 1910, he was one of the most esteemed justices of the United States Supreme Court, all of whose members are esteemed and honored. He was also editor in-chief of the "World's Best Orations," the new edition of which (Crowned Masterpieces of Eloquence, 1910) was going through the press at the time of his death. His life-work was that of an agent of higher civilization for America and the world. Its influence will be long felt

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From the Earliest Period
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Editor

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Associate Editors

TEN VOLUMES

VOL. I

ST. LOUIS
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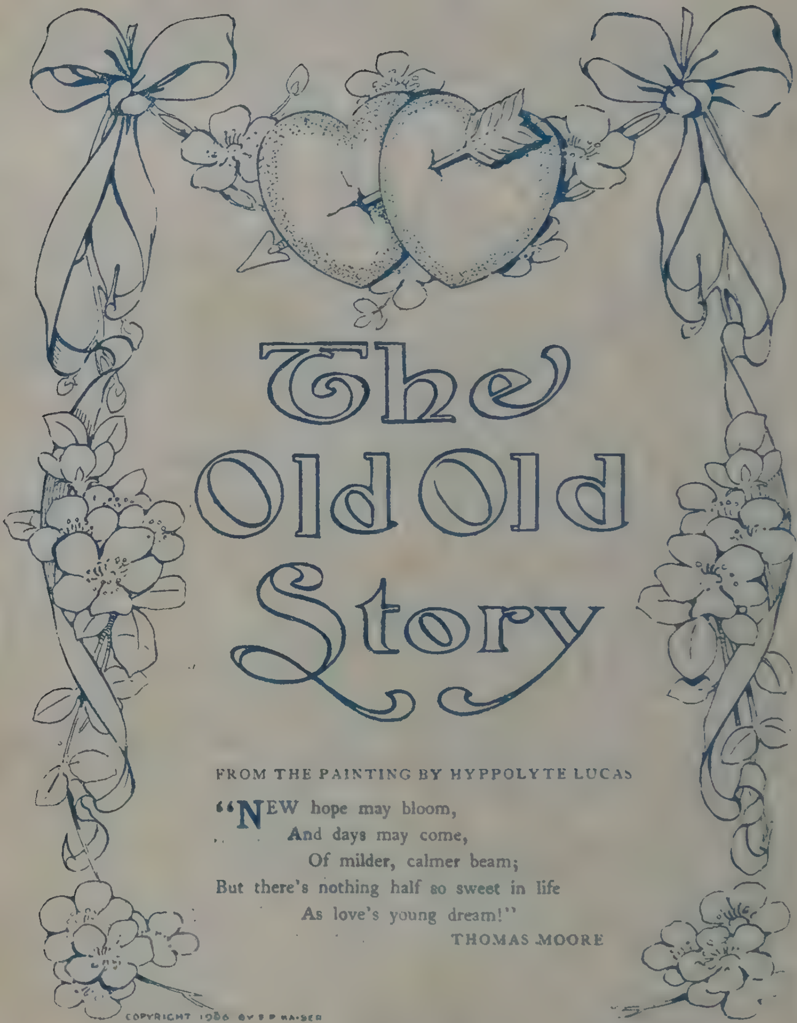

The Old Old Story

FROM THE PAINTING BY HYPPOLYTE LUCAS

"NEW hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!"
THOMAS MOORE

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PREFACE

BLESS the essayist! He is our true literary friend. He instructs, entertains, or amuses us, and he does it quickly. He knows that in these rapid days time is of the essence of the contract and is always on time in closing. He gives us no preface, puts no «stump speech in the belly of the bill,» and does not detain us by a peroration or even a benediction. The latter we pronounce. He points to no quarto or folio as his accumulation of thought. He hands us a morsel, bids us taste its sweetness, smell its fragrance, and be thankful that it is only a morsel. He invites us to a lunch and not a dinner, and yet how choice is that lunch! Ganymede serves at the table. With him it is not quantity, but quality; *multum haud multa*. He has few words, but they are thought-bearers. They mean something; suggest something. We are stronger, better, happier, when we have read them. And this, because some one thought has been placed before us so clearly, so vividly, that we recognize its reality, its value, as never before.

The essayist has often the suggestiveness, the divination of the poet. Indeed, he may well be called the poet's cousin. They both are seers, prophets. Montaigne anticipated the France of to-day. Rolling a single idea over and over, he sees what its force is, what its tendency; and so seeing declares with the accuracy of the mechanical engineer what will be to-morrow's result of to-day's idea.

But the essayist has not always the solemnity of the prophet. He knows that we like to be pleased, to be amused, and with his gifted pen he touches the secret springs of pleasure and amusement. How often when tired do we pick up some friendly essay, and reading it find it potent to «drive dull care away.»

To many, an essay suggests something not only small, but crude. One of the definitions of the word is "attempt." And so to them an essay is a mere attempt at literary production, which, by reason of its imperfections and incompleteness, deserves no or only partial recognition. At the mention of the word, the mind involuntarily recalls the annual commencements of the various high schools, academies, and other educational institutions, and fancies that it sees ten thousand young men and women standing on the platform, in the best of black suits, or the whitest of white dresses, and filling the hearts of at least loving and hopeful parents and friends with wonder and admiration at their first literary efforts,— their essays. The more ambitious graduates call their productions orations, but the great majority name theirs essays. That word is much less pretentious. And in this connection it is worthy of note that the graduates in advanced courses of the higher institutions, as well as they who return to claim a higher academic degree, do not content themselves with essays, but always prepare theses. The difference between an essay and a thesis seems large, and they forget that a rose by any other name will smell as sweet.

As suggested, this common thought as to essays is correct, in respect to the matter of brevity. The essay is relatively short. It has not the ponderous length of the historical work, theological treatise, or book on science or political economy. And yet brevity is no vice in literature or elsewhere. It is the soul of wit. And so an essay commends itself by its very brevity. We read it quickly.

But mere brevity does not make every literary composition an essay. The news paragraphs with which our daily papers teem are not essays. Novelettes or short stories are not essays. Indeed, it may be said that no mere narrative of events, description of scenes, or story, can be called an essay. Yet each may rightfully be used in an essay to make more clear and vivid the thought of the writer.

On the other hand, in the editorial columns of the press are often essays, good, bad, or indifferent. For they are brief arguments in support of some proposition of politics, finance, or social economy; brief developments of some thought, interesting, or supposed to interest the public mind.

The charm of the essay, it may be added, is not only its brevity, but also in a certain sense its narrowness. The attention is called to a single matter, its development, its relations, and its suggestiveness. We are not burdened with many things; with either length or breadth. We, of course, are not content with a simple collocation of words, a mere display of rhetoric; but we expect and have a right to expect that some thought will be fully presented; and in the more ambitious, that the relations of that thought to life and its experiences will also be suggested. As Lord Bacon, the prince of essayists, quaintly says: —

«To write just treatises requireth leisure in the writer and leisure in the reader,— which is the cause that hath made me choose to write certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called *Essays*. The word is late, but the thing is ancient.»

The literary style of the essay varies, determined always by the character of its thought, the subject-matter. If that be a serious one, we look for a solemn, didactic, style; if of a lighter nature, an easier, gayer, flow of words. And one of the beauties of the essay is the adaptation of style to thought. There is that harmony between thought and expression, the significance of which we understand, when we speak of the fitness of things.

Alexander Smith says, in his essay on the «Writing of Essays,»— «The essay, as a literary form, resembles the lyric, in so far as it is molded by some central mood,— whimsical, serious, or satirical. Give the mood, and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silkworm. The essay writer is a chartered libertine, and a law unto himself. A quick ear and eye, an ability to discern the infinite suggestiveness of common things, a brooding meditative spirit, are all that the essayist requires to start business with.»

The essayist carries a free lance. The world is his range. He grapples the most serious things of time and eternity, of life and death, or the most frivolous fancies of the passing hour. And his answer must in its movement be in harmony with the thought he presents. We take Lord Bacon's essays, and as we read his thoughts on the earnest matters of life we find his literary style in full accord therewith. Clear, didactic, solemn, we feel that a preacher is talking to us, and as we read we know that he never wrote Shakespeare's plays.

We read Charles Lamb and are rested, as his sweet, playful words pass before us. How he loved the bright, sunny side of life! The humor, the delicate touch, the gentle picture of our weaknesses, amuse and interest us. As we lay his essays down, we can but think how his friends must have enjoyed his companionship.

And so we might go on and characterize the various essayists of the world. They have given us the choice bits of literature. They are not mere mechanical forces. They work in harmony with nature in its highest processes. They do not take literature and simply compress it. They do not give us condensed milk, but in sympathy with that subtle, higher, mysterious action of nature's forces, they work out from the milk of life the richer, more nourishing and comforting cream: and so every one invokes blessings upon the essayist.

With these preliminary words we pass on to say that in these volumes we have tried to extract the cream of the cream. If any one thinks that this selection is an easy work, he does not know the range of the essay. And justice to myself, and to the others connected with this publication, compels me to add that the credit for the work belongs to them rather than to me. I say this not out of compliment, but because of its truth.

Further, we have had before us the same general idea that was pursued in «The World's Best Orations.» We did not then take all the great orations of even the world's greatest orators. We aimed to present a comparative view. We sought to show by illustration the range of oratory, and by placing before the reader some entire orations of the greatest orators, and selections from those of lesser rank, to present a sort of historical epitome or encyclopædia of oratory. We believed that such a compilation was better than a volume of statistics, and yet in a certain sense subserved the same purpose. It was not a mere collection of figures, such as the census bureau gives, but a gathering of those speeches which have moved and affected the world's history.

That the work was not exhaustive may be conceded, for after its completion in ten volumes we measured the mass of material which had been collected and examined, and found that we could have printed forty-six additional volumes. And while our selections may not have accorded with the views of every one, we have been gratified by the hearty reception that work has received.

In the like spirit, and with like purpose, we present this collection of «The World's Best Essays.» Giving prominence and preference to those who have written in our own language (for this work is designed primarily for the benefit of the American reader), we have searched the literature of all nations and languages for their best essays, have had careful and accurate translations made, and, placing them beside the writings of our own essayists, have thus sought to justify the title given to this work.

We have not attempted to enforce any particular views in respect to religion, science, political economy, or other department of life, but in the most catholic spirit have aimed to give some representation of the writings of every one who has succeeded in placing his name on the long roll of the world's true essayists.

And trusting that the reader will find in these pages ample compensation for his patience in perusing, we commit our collection to the kindly judgment of the American public.

David J. Brewer.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE

(1780–1844)

ABERCROMBIE'S definition of the object of science was dictated by a deep consciousness of the supernatural origin of nature, and it has served to discredit him with some later writers who hold that the supernatural is «unknowable.» His essays on the «Intellectual Powers,» on the «Philosophy of the Moral Feelings,» and allied topics have not been discredited with the general public, however, by the change of scientific terminology, and it is by no means certain that any later writer — not even Mr. Spencer himself — has succeeded in putting into intelligible and accurate English so many well-defined ideas of fundamental importance as guided Abercrombie in the composition of such essays as that on the «General Nature and Objects of Science» with which he introduced his essays on the «Intellectual Powers.»

He differs from some later writers on similar topics because of his recognition of law in nature as a tendency resulting from an infinite power of improvement imposed on nature rather than as a necessary and inherent quality of matter itself. To him nature presented a harmony of forces working to produce results tending to a more nearly perfect harmony. It is said that in his religious life he was «unaffectedly pious,» but this involved him in no contradiction when, writing before Professor Huxley, he stated the scientific principle of Huxley's «agnosticism.» That final causes are beyond the reach of chemical analysis and that they are never to be reached by microscopic investigation, he insists in his analysis of the powers of the intellect. But he recognized this as a mere matter of definition, — an implication of the word «knowledge» itself as it implies the results of experience and as it is distinct in meaning from «consciousness.» Professor Max Müller in his «Science of Thought» expresses the same idea by quoting:

> «We have but faith; we cannot know,
> For Knowledge is of things we see!»

Intellect to Abercrombie is a mere mode of operation, — a method by which the human soul takes hold on the transitory phenomena of a natural order in which a Supreme Will is eternally operating to produce infinite improvement. It is said by his critics that he does not show «marked originality» in such ideas and it is in the nature of things impossible that he should. They are as old as the Chaldean science which expresses itself through the metaphors of the Book of Job. They belong to all poets and creative thinkers from Homer to Goethe. Aristotle appropriated them as the foundation principles of his school, and they are no less the foundations of the «Novum Organum» when, with the premise that «the beginning is from God,» Bacon declares that «the induction which is to be available for the discovery of science and arts must analyze nature by proper rejections and exclusions . . . not only to discover axioms, but also in the formation of notions; and it is in this induction that our chief hope lies.»

This observation of all possible operations of nature as part of a Supreme Law not governed by the qualities of matter, but operating harmoniously through them, Bacon proposed as the reasonable mode through which alone the scientific intelligence can act. Certainly there is nothing of novelty in Abercrombie, writing after him. If novelty or originality be possible in thought, it is by no means established that it is desirable, and the question which is finally to determine the merits of any thinker is not «Is he original?» but «Is he right?» Tried by that test Abercrombie is perhaps as little apt to be discredited as any later writer on the subjects which occupied his attention.

He was born in 1780 at Aberdeen, Scotland, and educated in medicine at its university and in London. For a long time he held the first rank among the physicians and scientific writers of Scotland. His «Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers of Man» was published in 1830 and three years later he followed it with «The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings.» In 1835 he became Lord Rector of Marischal College at Aberdeen, and, until his death in 1844, Scotland honored him as one of its greatest thinkers. His essays have passed through many editions, and still retain a popularity due to their ease of style and the lucidity of the language in which they express ideas which some writers on similar topics succeed in making incomprehensible.

W. V. B.

THE GENERAL NATURE AND OBJECTS OF SCIENCE

By the will of the Almighty Creator, all things in nature have been placed in certain relations to each other, which are fixed and uniform. In other words, they have been endowed with capacities of acting and capabilities of being acted upon, according to certain uniform laws; so that their actions take place in the same manner in every instance in which the same bodies are brought together under similar circumstances. We have a conviction, which appears to be original and instinctive, of the general uniformity of these relations; and in this consists our confidence in the regularity of all the operations of nature. But the powers or principles on which the relations depend are entirely hidden from us in our present state of being. The province of human knowledge is merely to observe the facts and to trace what their relations or sequences are. This is to be accomplished only by a careful and extensive observation of the facts as they pass before us, and by carefully distinguishing their true or uniform relations from connections which are only incidental and temporary.

In our first observation of any particular series of facts or events, we find a certain number of them placed together in a state of contiguity or apparent connection. But we are not entitled from this to assume the connection to be anything more than incidental juxtaposition. When, in the further progress of observation, we find the same events occurring a certain number of times, in the same relations or sequences to each other, we suspect that their connection is not merely that of incidental contiguity. We begin to believe that there exists among them such a relation as leads us, when we meet with some of these events, to expect that certain others are to follow. Hence is excited our idea of power in reference to these events, or of the relation of cause and effect. This relation, however, according to the utmost extent of our knowledge of it in any individual instance, is founded entirely upon the fact of certain events uniformly following one another. But when we have found, by sufficient observation, the particular events which do thus follow one another, we conclude that there is a connection, whatever may be the nature of it, in consequence of which the sequence which we have observed will continue to recur in the same fixed and uniform manner. In other words, we conclude with confidence that when we observe the first of two such events, the second will follow; and that when we observe the second, the first has preceded it. The first we call cause, the second effect. Thus our general confidence in the uniformity of the true relations or sequences of events is an original or instinctive principle, and not the result of experience; but it is by experience that we ascertain what the individual sequences are which observe this uniformity, or, in other words, learn to distinguish connections which consist of incidental contiguity from those which constitute true and uniform relations.

The natural tendency of the mind appears indeed to be to infer causation from every succession of phenomena and to expect uniformity in every sequence. It is from experience we learn that this impression is not to be relied on in regard to individual sequences, but requires to be corrected by observation. The result of our further experience then is to ascertain what those sequences or connections are which are uniform, and which, consequently, we may consider as connected in the manner of causation. We are thus first taught by experience the caution which is necessary in considering events as connected in the manner of cause and effect, and learn not to assume this relation till, by further experience, we have ascertained that the sequence is uniform. This caution, however, has no reference to our instinctive impression of causation, or our absolute conviction that every event must have an adequate cause; it only relates to our fixing the arrangement of individual antecedents, or, in other words, to our determining what individual events we are warranted in considering as the true antecedents or causes of certain other events. This, accordingly, can in many cases be accomplished only by long and extensive observation; while, in others, a single instance may be sufficient to produce an absolute conviction of what is the true antecedent. A child who has been only once burnt may dread the fire as certainly as if the accident had happened a hundred times; and there are many other instances in which the conviction may be produced in the same rapid manner. The natural tendency of the mind, in fact, is not only to infer the connection, but in many cases to carry it further than the truth. If, for instance, we suppose a man who, for the first time in his life, has seen gunpowder explode upon a match being applied to it, he would probably have an immediate conviction that a similar explosion would take place again in similar circumstances. But he would perhaps go further than this: he would probably expect a similar explosion when he applied a match to other black powders, with the nature of which he was unacquainted, such as powdered charcoal. It is by experience that this erroneous expectation would be corrected, and that he would learn the precise instances in which the particular result takes place. But it is also by experience that he learns the former, though the conviction was produced more immediately; for there is nothing in the character of gunpowder and charcoal from which any man could pronounce, by reasoning *à priori*, that the one would explode with violence when a match was applied to it and the other remain entirely unchanged.

Thus, our general impression of causation is not the result of experience, but an original and intuitive principle of belief; that is, our absolute conviction that every event must have an adequate cause. This is, in fact, that great and fundamental truth by which, from the properties of a known effect, we infer the powers and qualities of an unknown cause. It is in this manner, for example, that from the works of nature we infer the existence and the attributes of the Almighty Creator. But in judging of the connection between any two individual events in that order of things which he has established, our idea of causation is derived from experience alone; for, in regard to any two such events, our idea of causation or of power amounts to nothing more than our knowledge of the fact that the one is invariably the antecedent of the other. Of the mysterious agency on which the connection depends, we know nothing, and never can know anything in our present state of being. We know that the application of a match always sets fire to gunpowder, and we say that it has the *power* of doing so, or that it is the *cause* of the explosion; but we have not the least conception why the application of fire produces combustion in an inflammable substance;—these expressions, therefore, amount to nothing more than a statement of the fact that the result is universal.

When we speak, therefore, of physical causes, in regard to any of the phenomena of nature, we mean nothing more than the fact of a certain uniform connection which has been observed between events. Of efficient causes, or the manner in which the result takes place, we know nothing. In this sense, indeed, we may be said not to know the cause of anything, even of events which at first sight appear the most simple and obvious. Thus, the communication of motion from one body to another by impulse appears a very simple phenomenon,— but how little idea have we of the cause of it! We say the bodies touch each other, and so the motion is communicated. But, in the first place, we cannot say why a body in motion, coming in contact with one at rest, should put the latter in motion; and, further, we know that they do not come in contact. We may consider it, indeed, as ascertained that there is no such thing as the actual contact of bodies under these circumstances; and therefore the fact which appears so simple comes to be as unaccountable as any phenomenon in nature. What, again, appears more intelligible than an unsupported body falling to the ground? Yet what is more inexplicable than that one mass of matter should thus act upon another, at any distance, and even though a vacuum be interposed between them? The same observation will be seen to apply to all the facts which are most familiar to us. Why, for example, one medicine acts upon the stomach, another on the bowels, a third on the kidneys, a fourth on the skin, we have not the smallest conception; we know only the uniformity of the facts.

It is of importance to keep in mind the distinction now referred to between physical and efficient causes, as the former only are the proper objects of philosophical inquiry. The term final cause, again, has been applied to a subject entirely different; namely, to the appearances of unity of design in the phenomena of nature, and the manner in which means are adapted to particular ends. The subject is one of great and extensive importance, but it appears desirable that the name be altered, though it is sanctioned by high authority; for, when viewed in connection with the sense in which the word cause is employed in modern science, it expresses a meaning remarkably different. The investigation to which it refers is also of a distinct nature, though one of the highest interest. It leads us chiefly to the inductions of natural religion respecting a great and intelligent First Cause; but it may also be directed to the discovery of truth in regard to the phenomena of nature. One of the most remarkable examples of this last application of it is to be found in the manner in which Harvey was led to the discovery of the circulation of the blood, by observing the valves in the veins, and contemplating the uses to which their peculiar structure might be adapted.

The object of all science is to ascertain these established relations of things, or the tendency of certain events to be uniformly followed by certain other events; in other words, the aptitude of certain bodies to produce or to be followed by certain changes in other bodies in particular circumstances. The object of art is to avail ourselves of the knowledge thus acquired, by bringing bodies into such circumstances as are calculated to lead to those actions upon each other of which we have ascertained them to be capable. Art, therefore, or the production of certain results by the action of bodies upon each other, must be founded upon science, or a knowledge of their fixed and uniform relations and tendencies. This principle applies to all sciences, and to the arts or practical rules which are founded upon them; and the various sciences differ only in the particular substances or events which are their more immediate objects.

In the physical sciences, we investigate the relations of material substances, and their actions upon each other, either of a mechanical or chemical nature. On the relations thus ascertained are founded the mechanical and chemical arts, in which we produce certain results by bringing bodies into such circumstances as are calculated to give rise to their peculiar actions. But mental phenomena have also their relations, which are likewise fixed and uniform; though it may be more difficult to ascertain the truth in regard to them than in the relations of material things.

The relations or sequences of mental phenomena are to be considered in two points of view; namely, relations to each other, and relations to external things. In regard to both, it seems necessary to divide the phenomena themselves into three classes:

1. Simple intellect, or those powers by which we perceive, remember, and combine facts or events, and compare them with each other: such as perception, memory, imagination, and judgment.
2. Passive emotions, or those by which the mind is affected by certain pleasurable or painful feelings, which are, or may be, confined entirely to the individual who is the subject of them.
3. Active emotions, or those which tend directly to influence the conduct of men, either as moral and responsible beings, or as members of society.

In all these classes mental phenomena have certain relations to each other and to external things, the investigation of which is the object of particular branches of science; and these lead to certain arts or practical rules which are founded upon them.

Intellectual science investigates the laws and relations of the processes of simple intellect, as perception, memory, imagination, and judgment; and the proper cultivation and regulation of these is the object of the practical art of intellectual education.

The passive emotions may be influenced or excited in two ways; namely, through our relations to other sentient and intelligent beings, and by material or inanimate things. To the former head are referable many of the tenderest and most interesting feelings of our nature, as love, hope, joy, and sorrow. To the latter belong those emotions which come under the subject of taste, or the tendencies of certain combinations of material things to excite emotions of a pleasurable or painful kind, — as our impressions of the sublime, the beautiful, the terrible, or the ludicrous. The practical rules or processes connected with the science of the passive emotions arrange themselves into two classes, corresponding to the two divisions now mentioned. To the former belong the regulation of the emotions, and all those rules of conduct not exactly referable to the higher subject of morals, which bear an extensive influence on the ties of friendship — and the relations of social and domestic intercourse. To the latter belong chiefly those processes which come under the head of the fine arts; namely, the arts of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the musician, — perhaps we may add, the poet and the dramatist.

The active emotions, or those which influence human conduct, are referable to two classes; namely, those which affect men individually as moral and responsible agents, and those which affect them as united in large bodies constituting civil society. The cultivation of the emotions of the former class, and the investigation of the motives and principles by which they are influenced, belong to the high subjects of morals and religion. The investigation and control of emotions of the latter class come under the science of politics; and the practical art, founded upon it, relates to those measures by which the statesman attempts to control and regulate the conduct of masses of mankind united as members of a great civil community.

In medical science the objects of our researches are chiefly the relations between external things and the living powers of animal bodies, — and the relations of these powers to each other; — more particularly in regard to the tendencies of external things to produce certain changes upon living bodies, either as causes of disease or as remedies. The practical art founded upon this science leads to the consideration of the means by which we may avail ourselves of this knowledge, by producing, in the one case, actions upon the body which we wish to produce, and in the other, by counteracting or avoiding actions which we wish to prevent.

In all these sciences, and the practical arts which are founded upon them, the general principles are the same; namely, a careful observation of the natural and uniform relations or tendencies of bodies towards each other, and a bringing of those tendencies into operation for the production of results. All art, therefore, must be founded upon science, or a correct knowledge of these relations; and all science must consist of such a careful observation of facts in regard to the relations, as shall enable us confidently to pronounce upon those which are fixed and uniform. He who follows certain arts or practical rules, without a knowledge of the science on which they are founded, is the mere artisan or the empiric; he cannot advance beyond the precise rules which are given him, or provide for new occurrences and unforeseen difficulties. In regard to science, again, when the relations are assumed hastily, or without a sufficiently extensive observation of facts, the process constitutes false science, or false induction; and when practical rules are founded upon such conclusions, they lead to error and disappointment in the result expected.

The views which have now been referred to lead us to principles by which the sciences are distinguished into those which are certain and those which are, in a greater or less degree, uncertain. The certainty of a science depends upon the facility and correctness with which we ascertain the true relations of things, or trace effects to their true causes, and causes to their true effects,—and calculate upon the actions which arise out of these relations taking place with perfect uniformity. This certainty we easily attain in the purely physical sciences, or those in which we have to deal only with inanimate matter. For in our investigation of the relations of material bodies, whether mechanical or chemical, we contrive experiments, in which by placing the bodies in a variety of circumstances towards each other, and excluding all extraneous influence, we come to determine their tendencies with perfect certainty. Having done so, we rely with confidence on these tendencies continuing to be uniform; and should we in any instance be disappointed of the result which we wish to produce, we are able at once to detect the nature of some incidental cause by which the result has been prevented, and to obviate the effect of its interference. The consequence of this accurate knowledge of their relations is, that we acquire a power over material things; but this power is entirely limited to a certain control and direction of their natural relations; and we cannot change these relations in the smallest particular. Our power is of course also limited to those objects which are within the reach of our immediate influence; but with respect to those which are beyond this influence, as the heavenly bodies, the result of our knowledge appears in a manner not less striking, in the minute accuracy with which we are enabled to foretell their movements, even at very distant periods. I need only mention the correctness with which the astronomer calculates eclipses and the appearance of comets.

With these characters of certainty in the purely physical sciences, two sources of uncertainty are contrasted in those branches of science in which we have to deal with mental operations, or with the powers of living bodies. The first of these depends upon the circumstance, that, in investigating the relations and tendencies in these cases, we are generally obliged to trust to observation alone, as the phenomena happen to be presented to us, and cannot confirm or correct these observations by direct experiment. And as the actual connections in which the phenomena occur to us are often very different from their true relations, it is in many cases extremely difficult to ascertain the true relations, that is, to refer effects to their true causes and to trace causes to their true effects. Hence just conclusions are arrived at slowly, and after a long course of occasional observations; and we may be obliged to go on for a long time without acquiring any conclusions which we feel to be worthy of confidence. In these sciences, therefore, there is great temptation to grasp at premature inductions; and when such have been brought forward with confidence, there is often difficulty in exposing their fallacy; for in such a case it may happen that as long a course of observation is required for exposing the false conclusion as for ascertaining the true. In physical science, on the other hand, a single experiment may often overturn the most plausible hypothesis, or may establish one which was proposed in conjecture.

The second source of uncertainty in this class of sciences consists in the fact that, even after we have ascertained the true relations of things, we may be disappointed of the results which we wish to produce, when we bring their tendencies into operation. This arises from the interposition of other causes, by which the true tendencies are modified or counteracted, and the operation of which we are not able either to calculate upon or to control. The new causes, which operate in this manner, are chiefly certain powers in living animal bodies, and the wills, feelings, and propensities of masses of human beings, which we have not the means of reducing to any fixed or uniform laws. As examples of the uncertain sciences, therefore, we may mention medicine and political economy; and their uncertainty is referable to the same sources, namely, the difficulty of ascertaining the true relations of things, or of tracing effects to their true causes, and causes to their true effects;—and the intervention of new causes which elude our observation, while they interfere with the natural tendencies of things, and defeat our attempts to produce certain results by bringing these into action. The scientific physician well knows the difficulty of ascertaining the true relations of those things which are the proper objects of his attention, and the uncertainty which attends all his efforts to produce particular results. A person, for example, affected with a disease recovers under the use of a particular remedy; a second is affected with the same disease, and uses this remedy without any benefit; while a third recovers under a very different remedy, or without any treatment at all. And even in those cases in which he has distinctly ascertained true relations, new causes intervene and disappoint his endeavors to produce results by means of these relations. He knows, for example, a disease which would certainly be relieved by the full operation of diuretics, and he knows various substances which have unquestionably diuretic virtues. But in a particular instance he may fail entirely in relieving the disease by the most assiduous use of these remedies, for the real and true tendencies of these bodies are interrupted by certain other causes in the constitution itself, which entirely elude his observation and are in no degree under his control.

It is unnecessary to point out the similarity of these facts to the uncertainty experienced by the statesman in his attempts to influence the interests, the propensities, and the actions of masses of mankind; or to show how often measures which have been planned with every effort of human wisdom fail of the results which they were intended to produce, or are followed by consequences remarkably different. Nothing indeed can show in a more striking manner the uncertainty which attaches to this science than the different aspects in which the same measure is often viewed by different men distinguished for political wisdom and talent. I abstain from alluding to particular examples, but those accustomed to attend to public affairs will find little difficulty in fixing upon remarkable instances in which measures have been recommended by wise and able men, as calculated to lead to important benefits, while others of no inferior name for talent and wisdom have, with equal confidence, predicted from them consequences altogether different. Such are the difficulties of tracing effects to their true causes, and causes to their true effects, when we have to deal, not with material substances simply, but with the powers of living bodies, or with the wills, the interests, and the propensities of human beings.

One other reflection arises out of the view which has been given of this important subject. The object of all science, whether it refer to matter or to mind, is simply to ascertain facts and to trace their relations to each other. The powers which regulate these relations are entirely hidden from us in our present imperfect state of being; and by grasping at principles which are beyond our reach, we leave that path of inquiry which alone is adapted to our limited faculties, and involve ourselves in error, perplexity, and darkness. It is humbling to the pride of human reason, but it is not the less true, that the highest acquirement ever made by the most exalted genius of man has been only to trace a part, and a very small part, of that order which the Deity has established in his works. When we endeavor to pry into the causes of this order, we perceive the operation of powers which lie far beyond the reach of our limited faculties. They who have made the highest advances in true science will be the first to confess how limited these faculties are and how small a part we can comprehend of the ways of the Almighty Creator. They will be the first to acknowledge that the highest acquirement of human wisdom is to advance to that line which is its legitimate boundary, and there, contemplating the wondrous field which lies beyond it, to bend in humble adoration before a wisdom which it cannot fathom and a power which it cannot comprehend.

Complete. From the essays on the «Intellectual Powers.»

MADAME ADAM

(MADAME EDMOND ADAM, *nee* JULIETTE LAMBER)

(1836–)

As THE founder of the Nouvelle Revue and an essayist on moral, political, and social topics, Madame Adam is perhaps the best representative France has given the world of the «New Woman.» Since the death of her second husband in 1877, she has devoted a large share of her attention to politics, and her salon has been a rendezvous for the more advanced Republicans of Paris. She was born at Verberie, October 4th, 1836, and, by a number of works published under her maiden name of Juliette Lamber, gave promise of the masculine quality of intellect which appears in her later writings. Her first husband, M. La Messine, dying in the early years of their married life, she married a second husband, M. Edmond Adam, prefect of police in Paris, whom also she survives. Among her works are a «Life of Garibaldi,» «Studies of Contemporaneous Greek Poets,» and a considerable number of essays and social studies, some of which were published in the Nouvelle Revue in a series said to be by various hands, but having the common signature, «Paul Vasili.»

Intellectually, Madame Adam is a product of the same moral forces which produced Baudelaire in France and Swinburne in England. She stands for the belief, peculiarly characteristic of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, that the old standards, whether Greek, Gothic, Hebrew, or Christian, have been superseded by the moral laws and artistic canons of a new cycle. The reaction towards the Scott school of Romantic fiction during the last five years seems to have distracted the public mind from problems with which Madame Adam and her generation were so largely concerned.

WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

SURELY at no other period have women had the same incentives as at present to reflect upon their position, their rights, and their duties, as wives and mothers in our modern world. The various formulas, customs, institutions, prejudices, which for centuries have hemmed them in are by degrees being either more liberally interpreted or being done away with altogether. The more and more expansive character imparted to modern life by the effects of material progress, the greater facilities of intercommunication, and the ever-increasing degree of social independence gained by man has, among other causes, affected woman's position in this much, that she is now almost entirely freed from the bonds which once held her captive, a slave to the conjugal hearth. The era of woman's emancipation has commenced.

Yet it cannot be denied that the march of woman toward a larger and more legitimate social development has been far slower and more embarrassed than man's during an equal lapse of time. Man to a great extent has triumphed over the long oppression of caste, and, in his turn, has ceased to oppress woman so heavily as before; but he has never taken any steps to associate her with himself in his demands for the recognition of his rights. And woman, in the timidity and uncertainty born of ages of subjection, does not dare to press her just claims for herself. The door of her cage is open, but she is still held in awe by the bars.

The health, happiness, and beneficent action of any and every organism are in direct ratio to its state of conformity with the natural laws of its being, and, consequently, with the general law of all. Now the modern woman approaches by no means so closely to this condition of natural conformity as does the modern man, whether it be that, as in certain countries, like the United States, she tends to become man's social and intellectual superior, or whether, as in France for example, she acts as a drag upon the wheel of progress. In France woman unconsciously revenges herself for not having been suffered to participate in the benefits of the Revolution by exerting a retrograde, ultraconservative influence, which at the present day works as a perturbing element in French society.

It is a fact now generally recognized that all things on earth follow a natural progression on the lines of utilization of force, co-ordination of faculties, and development of productiveness. The very history of our globe, whose final destination was to become the habitat of man, gives evidence of the prolonged phases of perturbation through which things must pass on the way to their appointed goal. But, on the other hand, the more a sphere, a society, a caste, a sex begins to approximate to its true reason of being, its normal motives of activity, the more of power, of virtue of stability will it acquire. If, then, the natural, moral, and social conditions regulating the existence of individuals were more thoroughly understood, and more strictly observed, it would soon be perceived that all oppressors are themselves oppressed through the effects of that very despotism they exert, and that abuses always recoil upon their authors. In all cases, under all circumstances, the final interests of the minority will be found to correspond with those of the greatest number. The effort made by social groups and by separate individuals to possess themselves of what they feel to be their rights becomes excessive in exact proportion to the resistance of those who deny the rights in question. Injustice breeds injustice. Thus woman, whose mission in society and in the family circle is one of beneficence, becomes a maleficent influence in direct consequence of the abasement to which she has hitherto been subjected.

In ancient life we see Aspasia and the other Greek courtesans seizing upon the social influence which was denied to Grecian wives and mothers; and yet a Greek wife, by eloping with the seducer Paris, had already shown that the triple portals of the gynæceum could not confine a woman against her will. And, strangely enough, all Greece was drawn into a war which imperiled its very existence through the action of her who had rebelled, however wantonly, against the oppressive restrictions then imposed upon members of her sex.

Rome was contented, austere, temperate in her ambition, and ignorant of defeat just so long as the matron's rights were respected and her position secure. But from the day when the Republic, with all its virtues, disappears under the Cæsars, woman is only regarded as a plaything. Corruption stalks abroad, and the empire totters to its fall.

Under the feudal system woman is pent up in the manor house, chivalry is born, and the feudal knights scour the country in search of ideal love. The wife is regarded as a chattel, while that ideal entity, the ladye-love, is placed on a pedestal.

Warlike peoples are prosperous so long as their women are brave, fond of war, and lead the life of the camp. But the nations which immure their women in harems lose in those very harems the last vestiges of manly virtue; and the greatest Oriental empires have sunk into decrepitude through the effects of intrigues set on foot by female slaves. When woman is not permitted to exercise her organizing powers, she becomes a disorganizing influence.

If, however, woman attempt to transcend her legitimate sphere of action by breaking away from her natural limitations, the result can only be to subject her to new conditions of social inferiority. In any society or among any people where woman is despised by man, he himself becomes despicable through his sharing in the degradation and corruption to which he has condemned her. We have seen how the slave of the harem in her turn enslaves the enslaver. In more advanced societies, such as that of France during the eighteenth century, if man relegates woman to the sphere of gallantry and frivolity alone, the nation itself becomes merely gallant and frivolous. But should man, on the other hand, concede to woman an unduly wide influence in society, should he place himself in such a position of inferiority as to be no longer anything but an instrument to her luxurious tastes, she will drift away from him in disdain, will form a privileged class, an aristocracy, and thus wealth comes to assume a factitious importance, imperiling the moral conditions of society and relaxing the former closeness of the family tie.

Danger in these respects must still exist, even now that woman is no longer entirely a minor, whenever man declines to recognize her independence, refuses to treat her as a partner and companion, and to grant her, at least in the home, rights not identical with his, which she could exercise to no good effect, but rights equivalent in all the fields of her activity, rights proportioned to her powers, and bringing with them their meed of legitimate responsibility and control. . . .

At the present day more than ever before, it has become a matter of necessity that the activity, the faculties, the influence, the powers of woman should be brought to bear upon the proper adjustment of the social equilibrium. The laws regulating the world, with its human life and societies, plainly indicate that any force must be allowed its natural expansion, or else it will work the gravest disturbance. Woman nowadays is a force, and as a force must find her suitable employ. Her full and due share must be allowed her in social action and social rights, duties, and benefits. She can no more be indefinitely withheld from her public duties than she is exempted from taxation. The longer the delay in according woman her rights, the more disastrously will she make felt the influence of her defects.

— From an essay in the Fortnightly Review 1892.

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672–1719)

Taine says of Addison that «after listening to him for a little, people feel themselves better, for they recognize in him from the first a singularly lofty soul, very pure and so much attached to uprightness that he made it his constant care and dearest pleasure.» Perhaps no other sentence has been written which has in it so much of the secret of Addison's greatness, but Taine quotes from Addison himself one which suggests scarcely less: «There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature or something which must bear its appearance and supply its place. . . . The greatest wits I have conversed with were men eminent for their humanity.» This gift of good nature which Addison had observed in «the greatest wits» is the reward «lofty souls, very pure and simple,» receive for the attachment to uprightness through which it becomes their «constant care and dearest pleasure.» It is in itself at once the greatest reward genius can receive, and the mode through which it operates to express that fellow-feeling for humanity which is its own essence.

Everywhere in Addison's essays we see this good nature operating as the source of their inspiration and the secret of their expression. It is not mere good humor, though good humor is a part of it, but good nature itself — the quality of mind and soul which «is not puffed up,» «doth not behave itself unseemly,» «is not easily provoked,» «thinketh no evil.» If we wish to know what this means not merely in spirit, but in its effects on style, we have only to compare one of Addison's essays with one of the critical essays which characterize several well-known English reviews at the close of the nineteenth century. We will see then that Addison has grace while they have «gnosis» — that untranslatable something which, according to Saint Paul, «puffeth up» — which we translate «knowledge,» though it has its foundations deep-laid in the pride of contemptuous superiority rather than in such pleasant pedantry as that of the Spectator in the days of Queen Anne when Horace still went trippingly on the tongues of those who made no great pretensions to learning.

A recent critic has made a considerable collection of examples of what he considers false syntax from the Spectator; another has been at pains to prove that Addison's reading of the classics did not extend beyond the poets and that he had no considerable depth of learning,—all of which Addison had long ago answered conclusively in saying: « The greatest wits I have conversed with were men eminent for their humanity.» He meant simply what he had implied in the preceding sentence, that they were eminently good-natured men. They had grace as he had; as the intellectually great Swift did not and could not have; as the closing decade of the nineteenth century has not had in its attempts at « higher criticism » of everything most true and hence most subtly ethereal in the realm both of the natural and the supernatural.

If it were fully admitted that Addison's syntax was sometimes slovenly,—if it were undeniable that he knew nothing of comparative philology, of biology, of sociology and political economy, he would remain, nevertheless, a model for the English writers of all times, and more especially of this our own critical time, because of the quality of gracious and truthful good nature which permeates all he writes. « A mere literary education,» writes Taine, « only makes good talkers, able to adorn and publish ideas which they do not possess — which others furnish for them. If writers wish to invent, they must look to events and men, not to books and drawing-rooms. The conversation of men is more useful to them than the study of perfect periods. They cannot think for themselves but in so far as they have lived or acted. Addison knew how to act and live.»

If we examine his life to find what this means, we find that he knew how to act and live in sympathy with others, that he was not shut off from them by that insolence of mind which is the result of recent or of unused intellectual acquisition. All literature that is either good or great must express what is best and most worthy of expression in common humanity; and no one can acquire it except by the sympathy which, as a habit of mind, enables him without conscious effort and with conscious pleasure to put himself in the place of men of every class and every type, living their lives in his imagination, occupying through sympathy with them their usual standpoints of observation, and reaching easily and naturally their customary conclusions. When men who have « gnosis » rather than grace attempt this, they patronize us so insufferably that we want none of their sympathy and as little as possible of their acquaintance. But the great poets, the great essayists, the great novelists who give a high and truthful expression to what we have expressed only clumsily and inadequately,— they are our friends, our benefactors through whose grace we realize our own highest possibilities as we could not otherwise. They do not preach to us. They converse with us as Addison always does in the easiest and most natural way, developing our thought as it rises in our minds before we ourselves can express it. This is the highest gift a writer can have, and it characterizes Addison more than any other writer of English essays—with the single exception of Bacon, who belongs to a wholly different school.

Addison was born May 1st, 1672, in Wiltshire, where his father Lancelot Addison was dean of Litchfield. At Oxford where he graduated with honors, he showed the taste for classical verse which characterized him all his life and contributed no doubt to give his style the easy elegance in which it approximates the highest productions of classical antiquity. In his politics he was a Whig; and after holding various positions under Whig administrations, he became, under George I., one of the principal Secretaries of State,—a position from which he retired after eleven months with a pension of £1,500 a year. His work as a politician and as a poet need be touched on in this connection only as it is connected with the great work of his life,—the essays which created what is likely always to remain a distinct school of English prose in strong contrast, both of motive and method, with the academic style of prose Latin and its imitations in Ciceronian English. The Spectator, in which Addison's best work appeared, issued its first number on March 1st, 1711, succeeding the Tatler to which Addison was also a contributor. When the Spectator ceased to appear, Steele founded the Guardian to which Addison contributed fifty-three essays on much the same range of topics as characterized the Spectator. The superior popularity of the Spectator is largely due to Steele's invention of the Spectator club and the character of Sir Roger de Coverley which was developed, chiefly by Addison, with an ease and naturalness not attained in the character studies of any other essays of the time. The Coverley papers are rightly a favorite with his readers because of their fine and free humor and the loving care with which they depict the virtuous simplicity of the good nature Addison so valued. They are perhaps his masterpieces, but, in contrast with the interminable prolixity of the later critical review, even the most careless of his essays is a model of expression. Of his pedantry, his love of snatches of classical verse which in later times may seem to deform the page with a display of outlandish learning, it must be remembered that in the time of Queen Anne there may have still existed those to whom such quotations from the « dead languages » stood for strains of living melody, rarer than we can imagine from our own verse and full of the same magic of expression which compels the eye in the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus of Milo. If such a one then survived from the time when the realities of the classics were still something more than a scholastic tradition, Addison might well have been that one. If such a one come again, he may find the simple grace of Addison's prose in harmony with the subtlest secrets of form in the great works of those mastersingers of antiquity whom he studied with admiration so loving that we have no right to call it pedantry. W. V. B.

THE SPECTATOR INTRODUCES HIMSELF

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
— *Hor.* Ars Poet. ver. 143

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.
—*Roscommon.*

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he know whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that before I was born my mother dreamt that she was to bring forth a judge; whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that my parts were solid and would wear well. I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me: of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffeehouse, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stockjobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fullness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet full of thoughts every morning for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can in any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

Complete. From the Spectator of March 1st, 1711.

THE MESSAGE OF THE STARS

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.
—*Hor.* Od. x. Lib. II. 5.

The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell
Among the ruins of a filthy cell,
So is her modesty withal as great,
To balk the envy of a princely seat.
—*Norris.*

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek or Latin author that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful saying in Theognis: « Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty »; or, to give it in the verbal translation, «Among men there are some who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others who have their virtues concealed by poverty.» Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man: "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then, said I, wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants, and riches upon enjoying our superfluities; and, as Cowley has said in another case: "It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle or a triumph."

If we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty, quite different from that which rises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good nature, magnanimity and a sense of honor, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance; poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. Nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives, without determining ourselves one way or other, in those points which are of the last importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our assent; but in cases by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greatest absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that side which appears the most safe and the most probable. The first rule, therefore, which I shall lay down is this: that when, by reading or discourse, we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it in question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art or science; nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the Reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the Protestants and Papists in the reign of Queen Mary. This venerable old man, knowing his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full possession of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason. As for himself, he only repeated to his adversaries the articles in which he firmly believed, and in the profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstrated; and though the demonstration may have slipped out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in readiness, those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation, that "we are easy to believe what we wish." It is very certain that a man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the same time it is certain that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method, which is more persuasive than any of the former; and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity. He has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his intercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of anything in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually soliciting his senses, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much strength, during the silence and darkness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude: the mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that variety of objects which press upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements, everything disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with those of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of divine power and wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth; and these are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with the works of art and mechanism, and should afterward be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose, in that exalted strain: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork. One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands; and their words unto the ends of the world." As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one:—

«The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

«Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

«What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine.»

Complete. From the Spectator of August 22d, 1712.

THE EXTENSION OF THE FEMALE NECK

Hoc vos præcipuè, niveæ, decet, hoc ubi vidi,
Oscula ferre humerò, quà patet, usque libet.
—*Ovid.* Ars Amator, Lib. III. 309.

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the woman's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the tucker, I must take notice that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she-visitant at my lady Lizard's, when accidently as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chins. The hands and faces were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and, notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

About the same time, the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower; so that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

«The yielding marble of a snowy breast»

with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations are of a roving nature, and their passion under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter that upon the disuse of the neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me if it is not the fashionable term of art), the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence, of their mother Eve.

What most troubles and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare, I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus: as that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage. In order to do it he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that, upon their putting themselves in motion, discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of by that wise lawgiver, to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it that Venus pleases most when she appears (*semi-reducta*) in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the Venus de Medicis, where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.

Complete. From the Guardian of July 6th, 1713.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PUNS

Non equidem hoc studeo bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
— *Pers.* Sat. V. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise.
— *Dryden.*

There is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and, in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also, upon examination, prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of King James I. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy councilors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was, therefore, in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakespeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former; as in the latter, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the Paranomasia, that he sometimes gave in to the Plocé, but that in his humble opinion he shone most in the Antanaclasis.

I must not here omit that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or not this might arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skillful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder, therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the Revival of Letters; but as soon as it was once detected it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question but, as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the "Witches' Prayer," that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such painstakers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire: for I am of the old philosopher's opinion that, if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion than from the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dullness on both sides. I have seen Tory acrostics and Whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them because they are Whigs or Tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way, therefore, to try a piece of wit is to translate it into a different language. If it bear the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanish in the experiment you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is "*vox et præterea nihil*" — "a sound, and nothing but a sound." On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristænetus makes of a fine woman: "When she is dressed she is beautiful: when she is undressed she is beautiful"; or, as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, "*Induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.*"

WIT AND WISDOM IN LITERATURE

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium, et fons.— Hor. Ars Poet. 309.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.— *Roscommon.*

Mr. Locke has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavors to show the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follows: "And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, 'That men who have a great deal of wit, and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment or deepest reason.' For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy: judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion, wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people."

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always.

consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order, therefore, that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for, where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colors by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus, when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavor rather to fill the mind with great conceptions than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom anything in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottoes, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion: as there are many other pieces of wit, how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description, which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics; sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes; sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars; nay, some carry the notion of wit so far as to ascribe it even to external mimicry, and to look upon a man as an ingenious person that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances, there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas and partly in the resemblance of words, which for distinction's sake I shall call mixed wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has everywhere rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixed wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it nowhere but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which, by that as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers we find none of this mixed wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce anything else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixed wit, I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire, for which reason the words « fire » and « flame » are made use of to signify love. The witty poets, therefore, have taken an advantage, from the doubtful meaning of the word « fire, » to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time the power of producing love in him, considers them as burning-glasses made of ice; and, finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon, by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbec. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree, in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him forever dreads the fire. His heart is an Ætna, that, instead of Vulcan's shop, incloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavoring to drown his love in wine is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress that the fire of love, like that of the sun, which produces so many living creatures, should not only warm, but beget. Love in another place cooks Pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence, speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixed wit, therefore, is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words. Its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province, therefore, for this kind of wit is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixed wit without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever wrote, and, indeed, all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit, which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject than what that author has made use of in his "Elements." I shall only appeal to my reader if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr. Cowley, and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to show that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable of which good sense is not the groundwork. Boileau has endeavored to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients, and which nobody deviates from but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavored to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words: "Ovid," says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas, "takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive, and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of 'The Art of Love' has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him; and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem."

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to observe that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur Segrais for a threefold distinction of the readers of poetry; in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follows: « Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes.» [He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.] « In the lowest form he places those whom he calls Les Petits Esprits, such things as our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse, who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, and prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram before solid sense and elegant expression. These are mob readers If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament men, we know already who would carry it. But though they made the greatest appearance in the field, and cried the loudest, the best of it is they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch Boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden; yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment, they soon forsake them.»

I must not dismiss this subject without observing that, as Mr. Locke, in the passage above mentioned, has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself into several kinds. For not only the resemblance, but the opposition, of ideas does very often produce wit, as I could show in several little points, turns, and antitheses that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation.

WOMEN'S MEN AND THEIR WAYS

————*Sed tu simul obligâsti*
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo.—Hor. Lib. II Od. viii. 5.

————But thou,
When once thou hast broke some tender vow
All perjur'd, dost more charming grow?

I do not think anything could make a pleasanter entertainment than the history of the reigning favorites among the women from time to time about this town. In such an account we ought to have a faithful confession of each lady for what she liked such and such a man, and he ought to tell us by what particular action or dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a judgment when a man dresses for the ladies, as when he is equipped for hunting or coursing. The woman's man is a person in his air and behavior quite different from the rest of our species. His garb is more loose and negligent, his manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these cases there is an apparent endeavor to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching birds the fowlers have a method of imitating their voices, to bring them to the snare; and your women's men have always a similitude of the creature they hope to betray in their own conversation. A woman's man is very knowing in all that passes from one family to another, has pretty little officiousnesses, is not at a loss what is good for a cold, and it is not amiss if he has a bottle of spirits in his pocket in case of any sudden indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing passion, and indeed the sole entertainment of my life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the course of intrigues as well as the manners and accomplishments of such as have been most successful that way. In all my observation, I never knew a man of good understanding a general favorite; some singularity in his behavior, some whim in his way of life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the men, has recommended him to the other sex. I should be very sorry to offend a people so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old beaux, and he will find the man of success was remarkable for quarreling impertinently for their sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the world, or passing his days in an insipid assiduity about the fair sex to gain the figure he made amongst them. Add to this, that he must have the reputation of being well with other women, to please any one woman of gallantry; for you are to know that there is a mighty ambition among the light part of the sex to gain slaves from the dominion of others. My friend Will Honeycomb says it was a common bite with him to lay suspicions that he was favored by a lady's enemy, that is, some rival beauty, to be well with herself. A little spite is natural to a great beauty: and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable fellow, lest another should have him. That impudent toad Bareface fares well among all the ladies he converses with, for no other reason in the world but that he has the skill to keep them from explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her heart, each would declare her scorn of him the next moment; but he is well received by them because it is the fashion, and opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest grace is, that the pleasant thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant creature living, has a wonderful deal of wit and humor, and never wants something to say; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a woman's man, he must not be a man of sense, or a fool; the business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a faculty of arguing than a capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the women's equipage are your regular visitants; these are volunteers in their service, without hopes of pay or preferment. It is enough that they can lead out from a public place, that they are admitted on a public day, and can be allowed to pass away part of that heavy load, their time, in the company of the fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your ruiners of ladies; these are the choicest spirits which our age produces. We have several of these irresistible gentlemen among us when the company is in town. These fellows are accomplished with the knowledge of the ordinary occurrences about court and town, have that sort of good breeding which is exclusive of all morality, and consists only in being publicly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond opinion of herself can carry a woman, to make her have the least regard to a professed known woman's man; but as scarce one of all the women who are in the tour of gallantries ever hears anything of what is the common sense of sober minds, but are entertained with a continual round of flatteries, they cannot be mistresses of themselves enough to make arguments for their own conduct from the behavior of these men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general fame for falsehood in this kind is a recommendation; and the coxcomb, loaded with the favors of many others, is received like a victor that disdains his trophies, to be a victim to the present charmer.

If you see a man more full of gesture than ordinary in a public assembly, if loud upon no occasion, if negligent of the company around him, and yet lying in wait for destroying by that negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a fair one. The woman's man expresses himself wholly in that motion which we call strutting. An elevated chest, a pinched hat, a measurable step, and a sly surveying eye are the marks of him. Now and then you see a gentleman with all these accomplishments; but, alas, any one of them is enough to undo thousands. When a gentleman with such perfections adds to it suitable learning, there should be public warning of his residence in town, that we may remove our wives and daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine man has read all the miscellany poems, a few of our comedies, and has the translation of Ovid's «Epistles» by heart. «Oh, if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! But that is too much, the women will share such a dear false man; a little gallantry to hear him talk one would indulge oneself in, let him reckon the sticks of one's fan, say something of the Cupids on it, and then call one so many soft names which a man of his learning has at his fingers' ends. There sure is some excuse for frailty, when attacked by such force against a weak woman.» Such is the soliloquy of many a lady one might name, at the sight of one of those who make it no iniquity to go on from day to day in the sin of woman-slaughter.

It is certain that people are got into a way of affectation, with a manner of overlooking the most solid virtues, and admiring the most trivial excellencies. The woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly animal, that while she can preserve her features and her mien, she knows she is still the object of desire; and there is a sort of secret ambition, from reading frivolous books, and keeping as frivolous company, each side to be amiable in perfection, and arrive at the characters of the Dear Deceiver and the Perjured Fair.

Complete. From the Spectator of August 29th, 1711.

THE POETRY OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.—Hor. Ep. II. 1, 63.

Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

When I traveled I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Molière, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner, and could foretell the success of his play in the theatre from the reception it met at his fireside; for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shows the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley; so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation of ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of "Chevy Chase" is the favorite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of Poetry, speaks of it in the following words: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil appareled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them a union which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarreled among themselves or with their neighbors, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers: —

"God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease."

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honor to their country: thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome; Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece and the Wars of Thebes for the subjects of their epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out a hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three, the Scotch retire with fifty-five; all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind is the different manner in which the Scotch and English kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it: —

«This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

«'O heavy news!' King James did say,
'Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.'

«Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

«'Now God be with him,' said our king,
'Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he.

«'Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revengéd on them all
For brave Lord Percy's sake.'

«This vow full well the king performed
After on Humble-down.

In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

«And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands die,» etc.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people:—

«Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armor shone like gold.»

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to a hero. «One of us two,» says he, «must die: I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretense for refusing the combat; however,» says he, «it is pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes: rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight»:—

«‹Ere thus I will out-bravéd be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

«‹But trust me, Percy, pity it were
And great offense to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

«‹Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside,›
‹Accurst be he,› Lord Percy said,
‹By whom this is deny'd.›»

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls, and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall:—

«With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

«Who never spoke more words than these,
‹Fight on, my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall.›»

Merry men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's «Æneid» is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only, like the hero of whom we are now speaking, how the battle should be continued after her death:—

Tum sic exspirans, etc.—*Virg.* Æn. XI. 820.

A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy color flies,
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
«Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death, and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed
And bid him timely to my charge succeed;
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell.»—*Dryden.*

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner, though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse:—

«Lord Percy sees my fall.»

Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii vidêre.
—*Virg.* Æn. XII. 936.

The Latin chiefs have seen me beg my life.—*Dryden.*

Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate. I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought:—

«Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, ‹Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.›

«‘O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renownéd knight
Mischance did never take.’»

That beautiful line, « Taking the dead man by the hand,» will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behavior towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the resue of his aged father:—

At verà ut vultum vidit morientis et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.
— *Virg.* Æn. X. 821.

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He grieved, he wept, then grasped his hand and said,
«Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To worth so great?» — *Dryden.*

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old song.

Complete. From the Spectator.

CHEVY CHASE

Pendent opera interrupta.— *Virg.* Æn. IV. 88.

The works unfinished and neglected lie.

IN MY last Monday's paper I gave some general instances ot those beautiful strokes which please the reader in the old song of « Chevy Chase »; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and show that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets: for which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the « Æneid »; not that I would infer from thence that the poet, whoever he was, proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced, or the most refined. I must, however, beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude style and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous; at least the apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the poets made use of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza: —

«To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day!»

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.
—*Hor.* Od. I. 2, 23.

Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers' crimes,
Shall read, with grief, the story of their times.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas? —

«The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take.

«With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

"The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make."

Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
—*Virg.* Georg. III. 43.

Cithæron loudly calls me to my way:
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue their prey:
High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Famed for his hills, and for his horses' breed:
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound:
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.
—*Dryden.*

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed," etc.

The country of the Scotch warrior, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the reader compare the foregoing six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil:—

Adversi campo apparent: hastasque reductis
Protendunt longè dextris, et spicula vibrant:—
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt:—

Qui rosea rura Velini;
Qui Tetricæ horrentis rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tyberim Fabarimque bibunt.
—*Virg.* Æn. XI. 605; VII. 682, 71.

Advancing in a line they couch their spears——

——Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:
Besides the succors which cold Anien yields:
The rocks of Hernicus—besides a band
That followed from Velinum's dewy land—

And mountaineers that from Severus came:
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica;
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play:
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli. — *Dryden.*

But to proceed:—

«Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armor shone like gold.»

Turnus, ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, etc.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus—
—*Virg*, Æn. IX. 47, 269.

«Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

«They closed full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

«With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.»

Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum quâ pulsa manu—
—*Virg.* Æn. XII. 318.

Thus, while he spake, unmindful of defense,
A wingéd arrow struck the pious prince;
But whether from a human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame.
—*Dryden.*

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such a one as would have shone in Homer or in Virgil: —

«So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.

«He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.

«Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

«This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the ev'ning bell
The battle scarce was done.»

One may observe, likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons: —

«And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

«Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
Yet savéd could not be.»

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem but to show the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil.

Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui.
Diis aliter visum. —*Virg.* Æn. II. 426.

Then Ripheus fell in the unequal fight,
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so. — *Dryden.*

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behavior is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers, who have seen that passage ridiculed in "Hudibras," will not be able to take the beauty of it; for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

"Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, 'I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"'That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.'"

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil:—

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus?—Virg. Æn. XII. 229.

For shame, Rutilians, can you bear the sight
Of one exposed for all, in single fight?
Can we before the face of heav'n confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
—*Dryden.*

What can be more natural, or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behavior of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

"Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

"Their bodies bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay."

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations, which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil.

Complete. From the Spectator.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circúm
Caligat, nubem eripiam. — *Virg.* Æn. II. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated word for word as follows: —

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimiters in their hands, who ran to and fro from the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among those several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

Complete. From the Spectator.

THE UNACCOUNTABLE HUMOR IN WOMANKIND

Parva leves capiunt animos.—Ovid. Ars Am. i. 159.

Light minds are pleased with trifles.

When I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages and party-colored habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids and finely painted with the Loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleanthe, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty, melancholy novel. She had for several years received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress, for in two months after, she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence, being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humor in womankind, of being smitten with everything that is showy and superficial, and on the numberless evils that befall the sex from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behavior and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries which had so good an effect that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birthday furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, a hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colors, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl who has been trained up in this kind of conversation is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribands, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of oneself, and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! She considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world when she is not in the ring, the playhouse, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, retired life a poor-spirited, unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous!

I cannot conclude my paper without observing that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of Camilla, who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. "A golden bow," says he, "hung upon his shoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head covered with a helmet of the same shining metal." The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with: —

Totumque incauta per agmen,
Fœmineo prædæ et spoliorum ardebat amore.
— *Virg.* Æn. XI. 781.

So greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent.
— *Dryden.*

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet, by a nice-concealed moral, represents to have been the destruction of his female hero.

Complete. From the Spectator.

«DOMINUS REGIT ME»

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,
— *Hor.* Car. III. 3, 7.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
— *Anon.*

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of One who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of everything that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage which such a creature owes to so infinitely wise and good a Being is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those Divine attributes which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the Omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength when he knows that his helper is almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every Divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fullness of Infinite Perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succor us; the Divine Goodness having made such reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several motives which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of these that follow:—

The first and strongest is, that we are promised he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or, in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great Disposer of all things contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succor at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances from history of generals who, out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might in the same manner show how such a trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of the mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation, when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions, that are altogether new, what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her, to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third Psalm, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it:—

«The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

«When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

«Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

«Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.»

Complete. From the Spectator.

HOMER AND MILTON

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.—Propert. El. 34., Lib. II. 65.

Give place, ye Roman, and ye Grecian wits.

THERE is nothing in nature so irksome as general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall waive the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether Milton's « Paradise Lost » may be called an heroic poem. Those who will not give it that title, may call it (if they please) a divine poem. It will be sufficient to its perfection, if it have in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who allege it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the dimunition of it than if they should say Adam is not Æneas, nor Eve Helen.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it fall short of the « Iliad » or «Æneid,» in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but one action; secondly, it should be an entire action; and, thirdly, it should be a great action. To consider the action of the « Iliad,» «Æneid,» and « Paradise Lost,» in these three several lights: Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed. Had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of everything material which relates to them, and had passed before that fatal dissension. After the same manner Æneas makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of Italy, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the «Æneid,» the contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though for preserving this unity of action they follow them in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his « Paradise Lost » with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, which preceded in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world (which would have entirely destroyed the unity of the principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened), he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critic and philosopher endeavors to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion that the «Æneid» also labors in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which we have now under our consideration hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the origin of the Roman Empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth, Milton, with the like art in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in « The Spanish Friar,» or « The Double Discovery,» where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem is that it should be an entire action. An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and Æneas's settlement in Italy carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it, both by sea and land. The action in Milton excels (I think) both the former in this particular: we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy produced the Cæsars and gave birth to the Roman Empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, everything that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say that the book of games in the "Æneid," or that in the "Iliad," are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of the top, and many other of the same kind in the "Iliad," as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of "Paradise Lost," and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan system.

But Aristotle, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration, or, in other words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following similitude:

An animal no bigger than a mite cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if, on the contrary, you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shown their principal art in this particular; the action of the « Iliad » and that of the « Æneid » were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books, as in the best-invented story I ever met with. It is possible that the traditions on which the « Iliad » and « Æneid » were built had more circumstances in them than the history of the fall of man, as it is related in Scripture. Besides, it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in everything that he added out of his own invention. And indeed, notwithstanding all the restraint he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offense to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the « Iliad » and « Æneid » the space of time which is taken up by the action of each of those poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

Complete. From the Spectator — No. 267.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?
—*Hor.* Sat. i., Lib. I. 1.

Whence is't, Mæcenas, that so few approve
The state they're placed in, and incline to rove;
Whether against their will by fate impos'd,
Or by consent and prudent choice espous'd?
—*Horneck.*

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was, a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?
—*Hor.* Sat. i., Lib. I., 20.

Were it not just that Jove, provok'd to heat,
Should drive these triflers from the hallow'd seat,
And unrelenting stand when they entreat?
—*Horneck.*

IN MY last paper I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought the pleasures of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with. Whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor humpbacked gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter; her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this Vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

Complete. From the Spectator.

STEELE INTRODUCES SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY*

Hæc aliï sex,
Et plures, uno conclamant ore—
—*Juv.* Sat. VII. 167.

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet. His name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffeehouse for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

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*The character of Sir Roger de Coverley, introduced by Steele in the second number of the Spectator, was at once appropriated by Addison. The essay by Steele is given here to make those which follow from Addison more intelligible in their connection with it.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the Ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the clubroom sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself, the favor of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always having had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods, whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner, that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirable begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn, and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude, his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom: but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber counseler is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

Complete. From the Spectator.

ADDISON MEETS SIR ROGER

——————*parcit*
Cognatis maculis similis fera——————
—*Juv.* Sat. XV. 159.

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.—*Tate.*

The club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom My readers too have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies,—but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit,—that were offended with the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet show, that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. . . . "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. "But, after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country 'squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hairs, and another to his black, till, by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised. That it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pay a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grow extravagant I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage become a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person, who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself or any one of his friends or enemies aimed at in what is said, for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind.

Complete. From the Spectator — No. 34. April 9th, 1711.

SIR ROGER AT HOME

Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
Hor. Lib. I. Od. XVII. 14.

Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour
Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,
Rich honors of the quiet plain.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons, for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counselor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old housedog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he cough, or betray any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life, and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. « My friend,» says Sir Roger, « found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlive me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arise they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.»

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us the Bishop of Saint Asaph in the morning, and Doctor South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a good deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Doctor Barrow, Doctor Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved my friend's insisting upon the qualification of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

Complete. From the Spectator.

WILL WIMBLE IS INTRODUCED

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
—*Phædr.* Fab. V. 1, 2.

Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

Sir Roger:—

I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely. I am, sir,

Your humble servant,
Will Wimble.

This extraordinary letter and message that accompanied it made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows: Will

Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring as often as he meets them "how they wear!" These gentlemanlike manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, on his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and, on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of this discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider with a great deal of concern how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications!

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

Complete. From the Spectator.

THE COVERLEY GHOSTS

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.
—*Virg.* Æn. II. 755.

All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
—*Dryden.*

AT A little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time is heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awful-ness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the "Association of Ideas," has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often in the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or a daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favored this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death.

This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words: "Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage), had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when, in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: 'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third,—nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine forever.' " Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides, that the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man think these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who, by instances of this nature, are excited to the study of virtue.

Complete from the Spectator.

SUNDAY WITH SIR ROGER

> ‘Αθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα ϑεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειταὶ,
> Τιμᾱ —— —*Pythag.*

> First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
> Worship th' immortal gods.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing.

He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular, and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in singing the Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces «Amen» three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner, which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church, which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning, and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Complete. From the Spectator.

THE SPECTATOR RETURNS TO LONDON

> *Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.* — *Tull.*
>
> That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

Having notified my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stagecoach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb, from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud, "that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled"; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach, and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity; and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her, "that, indeed, he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!"—This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town; we will wake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman; and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "This sly saint, who, I will warrant, understands what is what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father." The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fullness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee, if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee; to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the highroad."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time), cries: "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes upon the road, as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London had to me an air, not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind and a right inward man as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him; such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

Complete. From the Spectator.

SIR ROGER AGAIN IN LONDON

Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas. —*Ovid.* Ars Amator Lib. I. 241.

Most rare is now our old simplicity.—*Dryden.*

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and, being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter, in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays, for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me with great satisfaction that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?" — but without giving me time to answer him, — "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's "Chronicle," and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffeehouse, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humor, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

Complete. From the Spectator.

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.
—*Hor.* Ep. vi., Lib. I. 27.

With Ancus and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's "Chronicle," which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick; when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "and truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way and cried, "Sir Cloudsley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Doctor Busby! a great man: he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker said nothing of her in his 'Chronicle.'"

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince, concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, — "Some whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man: for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

Complete from the Spectator.

SIR ROGER'S VIEWS ON BEARDS

Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.—Pers. Sat. II. 28.

He holds his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

When I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them. "For my part," says he, "when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings." The knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavor to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning, he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend, Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavored to rival one another in beard; and represents a learned man, who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which was presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beard, that they seem to have fixed the point of honor principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humor very far, when he tells us that one of his vainglorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustaschoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling irons, before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find if he please to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our Protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James I.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence: I mean that of the redoubted « Hudibras," an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines: —

«His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face:

In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixt with gray."

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustaschoe.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colors and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapestry size Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs, and I see no reason why we should not suppose that they would have their riding beards on the same occasion.

Complete. From the Spectator.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem et veras hinc ducere voces.
— *Hor.* Ars Poet. 327.

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.
— *Francis.*

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy [The Distrest Mother] with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was 'The Committee,' which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of

England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distrest mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that "if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and in a little while after as much for Hermione, and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, « You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.» Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself: «Aye, do if you can.» This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear: « These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,» says he, « you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.»

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. « Well,» says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, « I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.» He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax, but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added: « On my word, a notable young baggage! »

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time. "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it, being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse, being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

Complete. From the Spectator.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!
—*Virg.* Æn. VI. 878.

Mirror of ancient faith!
Undaunted worth! Inviolable truth!
—*Dryden.*

[With the punctuation, spelling, and capitalization of the original Spectator.]

We last Night received a Piece of ill News at our Club which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead.* He departed this Life at his House in the Country after a few Weeks Sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir Roger's Enemy and Antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much Care of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several Circumstances the others have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter without any Alteration or Diminution:—

Honoured Sir:—

Knowing that you was my old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death at the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherless Children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to Custom; and you know he used to take great Delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made love to the Forty last Years of his Life; but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother: He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frize-Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown Gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our Days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Mony to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two Years longer, *Coverly* Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried, according to his own Directions, among the Family of the *Coverly's*, on the Left Hand of his father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum:* The whole Parish follow'd the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-Hoods. Captain SENTRY, my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House and the whole Estate.

When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quitrents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and shows great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It would have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire.* This being all from,

Honoured Sir,
Your most Sorrowful Servant,
EDWARD BISCUIT.

P. S. My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport,* in his Name.

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger's* own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew,* who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the sight of the old Man's Hand-writing burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club.

Complete. From the Spectator.

JEAN LOUIS RODOLPHE AGASSIZ

(1807–1873)

The idea which gives Agassiz his distinct individuality as a thinker belongs to the highest poetry of science. He suggests it in his essays on Classification by expressing his belief in the existence in every animal "of an immaterial principle similar to that which by its excellence and superior endowments places man so much above animals." "The principle exists unquestionably," he adds, "and whether it be called soul, reason, or instinct, it presents in the whole range of organized beings a series of phenomena closely linked together and upon it are based not only the higher manifestations of the mind, but the permanence of the specific differences which characterize every organism."

This is the logical antithesis of the Darwinian hypothesis against which Agassiz was one of the few great scientists of Darwin s generation whose protest was unqualified. He made no concessions to it, declaring it inconceivable that any force of mere physical heredity supposable as innate in matter could transmit the life and the traits of one individual of a species to another.

He was the son of a Swiss clergyman, and was born May 28th, 1807, in his father's parish of Motier. Educated at Lausanne, Zurich, Heidelberg, and Munich, he took his degree in medicine only to abandon that profession for the scientific research to which he devoted his life. His greatest work was as a specialist in the study of ichthyology, and some of his most far-reaching generalizations on the governing laws of life in all its forms are directly suggested by his study of turtles. After such researches had made him one of the most famous men of Europe, he came to the United States in 1846 to deliver a series of lectures at the Lowell Institute. He held professorships at Harvard and in Charlestown. The museum of natural history at Cambridge is a monument of his American work. His "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States" are among the most interesting of his numerous publications, and the essays on Classification which they embody show a faculty of clear statement and succinct generalization, suggesting the best work of Aristotle. He died December 14th, 1873. One of his sayings should be forever memorable in America and in the world. Tempted with lucrative employment which would have called him away from his scientific work, he answered: "I have no time to make money."

RELATIONS BETWEEN ANIMALS AND PLANTS AND THE SURROUNDING WORLD

EVERY animal and plant stands in certain definite relations to the surrounding world, some, however, like the domestic animals and cultivated plants, being capable of adapting themselves to various conditions more readily than others; but even this pliability is a characteristic feature. These relations are highly important in a systematic point of view, and deserve the most careful attention. on the part of naturalists. Yet, the direction zoölogical studies have taken since comparative anatomy and embryology began to absorb almost entirely the attention of naturalists, has been very unfavorable to the investigation of the habits of animals, in which their relations to one another and to the conditions under which they live are more especially exhibited. We have to go back to the authors of the preceding century for the most interesting accounts of the habits of animals, as among modern writers there are few who have devoted their chief attention to this subject. So little, indeed, is its importance now appreciated, that the students of this branch of natural history are hardly acknowledged as peers by their fellow investigators, the anatomists and physiologists, or the systematic zoölogists. And yet, without a thorough knowledge of the habits of animals, it will never be possible to ascertain with any degree of precision the true limits of all those species which descriptive zoölogists have of late admitted with so much confidence in their works. And after all, what does it matter to science that thousands of species more or less should be described and entered in our systems, if we know nothing about them? A very common defect of the works relating to the habits of animals has no doubt contributed to detract from their value and to turn the attention in other directions: their purely anecdotic character, or the circumstance that they are too frequently made the occasion for narrating personal adventures. Nevertheless, the importance of this kind of investigation can hardly be overrated; and it would be highly desirable that naturalists should turn again their attention that way, now that comparative anatomy and physiology, as well as embryology, may suggest so many new topics of inquiry, and the progress of physical geography has laid such a broad foundation for researches of this kind. Then we may learn with more precision how far the species described from isolated specimens are founded in nature, or how far they may be only a particular stage of growth of other species; then we shall know, what is yet too little noticed, how extensive the range of variations is among animals, observed in their wild state, or rather how much individuality there is in each and all living beings. So marked, indeed, is this individuality in many families,—and that of Turtles affords a striking example of this kind,—that correct descriptions of species can hardly be drawn from isolated specimens, as is constantly attempted to be done. I have seen hundreds of specimens of some of our Chelonians, among which there were not two identical. And truly, the limits of this variability constitute one of the most important characters of many species; and without precise information upon this point for every genus, it will never be possible to have a solid basis for the distinction of species. Some of the most perplexing questions in zoölogy and paleontology might long ago have been settled, had we had more precise information upon this point, and were it better known how unequal in this respect different groups of the animal kingdom are, when compared with one another. While the individuals of some species seem all different, and might be described as different species, if seen isolated or obtained from different regions, those of other species appear all as cast in one and the same mold. It must be, therefore, at once obvious, how different the results of the comparison of one fauna with another may be, if the species of one have been studied accurately for a long period by resident naturalists, and the other is known only from specimens collected by chance travelers; or, if the fossil representatives of one period are compared with living animals, without both faunas having first been revised according to the same standard.

Section XVI of essays on «Classification,» complete.

RELATIONS OF INDIVIDUALS TO ONE ANOTHER

The relations in which individuals of the same species of animals stand to one another are not less determined and fixed than the relations of species to the surrounding elements, which we have thus far considered. The relations which individual animals bear to one another are of such a character, that they ought long ago to have been considered as proof sufficient that no organized being could ever have been called into existence by another agency than the direct intervention of a reflective mind. It is in a measure conceivable that physical agents might produce something like the body of the lowest kinds of animals or plants, and that under identical circumstances the same thing may have been produced again and again, by the repetition of the same process; but that upon closer analysis of the possibilities of the case, it should not have at once appeared how incongruous the further supposition is, that such agencies could delegate the power of reproducing what they had just called into existence, to those very beings, with such limitations that they could never reproduce anything but themselves, I am at a loss to understand. It will no more do to suppose that from simpler structures such a process may end in the production of the most perfect, as every step implies an addition of possibilities not even included in the original case. Such a delegation of power can only be an act of intelligence; while between the production of an indefinite number of organized beings, as the result of a physical law, and the reproduction of these same organized beings by themselves, there is no necessary connection. The successive generations of any animal or plant cannot stand, as far as their origin is concerned, in any causal relation to physical agents, if these agents have not the power of delegating their own action to the full extent to which they have already been productive in the first appearance of these beings; for it is a physical law that the resultant is equal to the forces applied. If any new being has ever been produced by such agencies, how could the successive generations enter, at the time of their birth, into the same relations to these agents, as their ancestors, if these beings had not in themselves the faculty of sustaining their character, in spite of these agents? Why, again, should animals and plants at once begin to decompose under the very influence of all those agents which have been subservient to the maintenance of their life, as soon as life ceases, if life is limited or determined by them?

There exist between individuals of the same species relations far more complicated than those already alluded to, which go still further to disprove any possibility of causal dependence of organized beings upon physical agents. The relations upon which the maintenance of species is based, throughout the animal kingdom, in the universal antagonism of sex, and the infinite diversity of these connections in different types, have really nothing to do with external conditions of existence; they indicate only relations of individuals to individuals, beyond their connections with the material world in which they live. How, then, could these relations be the result of physical causes, when physical agents are known to have a specific sphere of action, in no way bearing upon this sphere of phenomena?

For the most part, the relations of individuals to individuals are unquestionably of an organic nature, and, as such, have to be viewed in the same light as any other structural feature; but there is much, also, in these connections that partakes of a psychological character, taking this expression in the widest sense of the word.

When animals fight with one another, when they associate for a common purpose, when they warn one another in danger, when they come to the rescue of one another, when they display pain or joy, they manifest impulses of the same kind as are considered among the moral attributes of man. The range of their passions is even as extensive as that of the human mind, and I am at a loss to perceive a difference of kind between them, however much they may differ in degree and in the manner in which they are expressed. The gradations of the moral faculties among the higher animals and man are, moreover, so imperceptible, that to deny to the first a certain sense of responsibility and consciousness would certainly be an exaggeration of the difference between animals and man. There exists, besides, as much individuality, within their respective capabilities, among animals as among men, as every sportsman, or every keeper of menageries, or every farmer and shepherd can testify who has had a large experience with wild, or tamed, or domesticated animals.

This argues strongly in favor of the existence in every animal of an immaterial principle similar to that which, by its excellence and superior endowments, places man so much above animals. Yet the principle exists unquestionably, and whether it be called soul, reason, or instinct, it presents in the whole range of organized beings a series of phenomena closely linked together; and upon it are based not only the higher manifestations of the mind, but the very permanence of the specific differences which characterize every organism. Most of the arguments of philosophy in favor of the immortality of man apply equally to the permanency of this principle in other living beings. May I not add that a future life, in which man should be deprived of that great source of enjoyment and intellectual and moral improvement which result from the contemplation of the harmonies of an organic world, would involve a lamentable loss, and may we not look to a spiritual concert of the combined worlds and all their inhabitants in presence of their Creator as the highest conception of Paradise?

Section XVII of essays on «Classification,» complete.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE OF THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS

Though it had long been known, by the experiments of De Saussure, that the breathing processes of animals and plants are very different, and that while the former inhale atmospheric air, and exhale carbonic acid gas, the latter appropriate carbon and exhale oxygen, it was not until Dumas and Bousingault called particularly the attention of naturalists to the subject, that it was fully understood how direct the dependence is of the animal and vegetable kingdoms one upon the other, in that respect, or rather how the one consumes what the other produces, and *vice versâ*, thus tending to keep the balance which either of them would singly disturb to a certain degree. The common agricultural practice of manuring exhibits from another side the dependence of one kingdom upon the other: the undigested particles of the food of animals return to the ground, to fertilize it for fresh production. Again, the whole animal kingdom is either directly or indirectly dependent upon the vegetable kingdom for its sustenance, as the herbivorous animals afford the needful food for the carnivorous tribes. We are too far from the time when it could be supposed that worms originated in the decay of fruits and other vegetable substances, to need here repetition of what is known respecting the reproduction of these animals. Nor can it be necessary to show how preposterous the assumption would be that physical agents produced plants first, in order that from these, animals might spring forth. Who could have taught the physical agents to make the whole animal world dependent upon the vegetable kingdom?

On the contrary, such general facts as those above alluded to show, more directly than any amount of special disconnected facts could do, the establishment of a well-regulated order of things, considered in advance; for they exhibit well-balanced conditions of existence, prepared long beforehand, such as only an intelligent being could ordain.

Section XXIX of essays on «Classification» complete.

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT

(1799–1888)

Amos Bronson Alcott, one of the founders of the celebrated «Concord School of Philosophy,» was the son of a Connecticut farmer of limited means. He was born in 1799, and a part of his extensive though irregular educational training was a journey through Virginia made as a peddler. Returning to New England, he taught school in Boston, and afterwards settled at Concord to engage in the philosophical studies which did so much to make that village famous. In 1842 he visited England, bringing back with him on his return Charles Lane and H. G. Wright, with whom he founded an unsuccessful ideal community near Harvard, Massachusetts. After its failure, he delivered lectures and held «conversations» on a range of subjects «extending from divinity to cookery.» Among his published works are «Concord Days,» «Orphic Sayings,» and «Table-Talk.» The essays of «Concord Days,» if they show sometimes those intellectual peculiarities he took no pains to conceal, show also that he had thought as deeply on many things as the greatest thinkers of his day, and that his thought was often not mere literary reflection, but the compulsory conclusions of his own deep experience. He died in 1888. One of his most attractive «hobbies,» his love of children and his belief in their nearness to God, seems to be related in equal measure to the theories of Fröbel and to the Scriptural suggestion that the mind of childhood must be retained or regained by all who wish to take hold on truth.

THE AGE OF IRON AND BRONZE

Ours can hardly claim to be the Golden Age, but of Bronze and Iron rather. If ideas are in the ascendant, still mind is fettered by mechanism. We scale the heavens to grade the spaces. Messrs. Capital & Co. transact our business for us the globe over. Was it in the Empire News that I read the company's advertisement for supplying mankind with gas at a penny *per diem* annually? And then, proceeding to say, «that considering the old-time monopoly in the heavenly luminary, the corporation has constructed at fabulous cost their Brazen Cope to shut down upon the horizon at daybreak punctually, and so graduate to each customer's tube his just allowance, else darkness for delinquents the year round."

Certainly a splendid conception for distributing sunbeams by the Globe Corporation, if the solar partner consent to the speculation. Had Hesiod the enterprise in mind when he sung,—

"Seek virtue first, and after virtue, coin"?

Or Saint Paul, when writing concerning labor and capital: "For I would not," he says, "that other men should be eased and you burdened, but by an equality that now at the time your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance may also be a supply for your want, that there may be an equality, as it is written, He that had gathered much, had nothing over, and he that had gathered little, had no lack. If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

Any attempt to simplify and supply one's wants by abstinence and self-help is in the most hopeful direction, and serviceable to the individual whether his experiment succeed or not, the practice of most, from the beginning, having been to multiply rather than diminish one's natural wants, and thus to become poor at the cost of becoming rich. "Who has the fewest wants," said Socrates, "is most like God."

"Who wishes, wants, and whoso wants is poor."

Our "Fruitlands" was an adventure undertaken in good faith for planting a Family Order here in New England, in hopes of enjoying a pastoral life with a few devoted men and women, smitten with sentiments of the old heroism and love of holiness and of humanity. But none of us were prepared to actualize practically the ideal life of which we dreamed. So we fell apart, some returning to the established ways, some soured by the trial, others postponing the fulfillment of his dream to a more propitious future.

I certainly esteem it an inestimable privilege to have been bred to outdoor labors, the use of tools, and to find myself the owner of a garden, with the advantage of laboring sometimes besides my faithful Irishman, and comparing views of men and things with him. I think myself the greater gainer of the two by this intercourse. Unbiased by books, and looking at things as they stand related to his senses and simple needs, I learn naturally what otherwise I should not have known so well, if at all. The sympathy and sincerity are the best part of it. One sees the more clearly his social relations and duties; sees the need of beneficent reforms in the economics of labor and capital by which the working classes shall have their just claims allowed, the products of hand and brain to be more equitably distributed, a finer sympathy and wiser humanity prevail in the disposition of affairs. No true man can be indifferent to that great productive multitude, without whose industry capitalists would have nothing in which to invest; the callings and the professions lack bread and occupation alike. Heads and hands best co-operate in this interplay of services. Every gift, besides enriching its owner, should enrich the whole community; opportunities be opened for the free exercise of all; the golden rule stand for something beside an idle text. Every one is entitled to a competence, provided he employ his gifts for the common good. It seems but right that the gifted should return to the common treasury in the ratio of their endowments; be taxed at a higher rate than those to whom like advantages have been denied. Indeed, it is questionable whether the man who is poor by no fault of his should be taxed at all; give him citizenship rather as an inborn right, as a man, not as a mere producer. Men are loyal from other considerations than self-interest. One would not check the spirit of accumulation, but the monopoly of the gift for the sole benefit of the oppressor. A competence, including every comfort, and even harmless luxuries, is what all men need, all desire, all might have, were there a fair distribution of the avails of labor, opportunities for labor of head or hand for all,—the right to be educated and virtuous included, as the most important. The poor man cannot compete, practically, successfully, with the rich man, the laborer with the capitalist, the ignorant with the instructed,—all are placed at unequal odds, the victims of circumstances which they did not create, and which those who do may use to their injury if they choose. The laborer is broken on the wheel his necessities compel him to drive, feeling the while the wrong done him by those whom he has enriched by his toil.

No tradition assigns a beginning to justice, but only to injustice. Before the Silver, the Brazen, the Iron, comes the Golden

Age, when virtue is current, and man at his highest value. It is when man is degraded that virtue and justice are dishonored, and labor deemed disreputable.

Poverty may be the philosopher's ornament. Too rich to need, and too self-respecting to receive benefits, save upon terms which render the receiver the nobler giver, he revenges upon fortune by possessing a kingdom superior to mischance and incumbrance.

> "The gold alone but gold can buy,
> Wisdom's the sterling currency."

Complete. From "Concord Days." Copyright Roberts Brothers 1888.

HAWTHORNE

Hawthorne was of the darker temperament and tendencies. His sensitiveness and sadness were native, and he cultivated them apparently alike by solitude and the pursuits and studies in which he indulged, till he became almost fated to know gayer hours only by stealth. By disposition friendly, he seemed the victim of his temperament, as if he sought distance, if not his pen, to put himself in communication, and possible sympathy with others,— with his nearest friends, even. His reserve and imprisonment were more distant and close, while the desire for conversation was livelier than any one I have known. There was something of strangeness even in his cherished intimacies, as if he set himself afar from all and from himself with the rest; the most diffident of men, as coy as a maiden, he could only be won by some cunning artifice,—his reserve was so habitual, his isolation so entire, the solitude so vast. How distant people were from him, the world they lived in, how he came to know so much about them, by what stratagem he got into his own house or left it, was a marvel. Fancy fixed, he was not to be jostled from himself for a moment, his mood was so persistent. There he was in the twilight, there he stayed. Was he some damsel imprisoned in that manly form pleading always for release, sighing for the freedom and companionships denied her? Or was he some Assyrian ill at ease afar from the olives and the East? Had he strayed over with William the Conqueror, and, true to his Norman nature, was the baron still in republican

America, secure in his castle, secure in his tower, whence he could defy all invasion of curious eyes? What neighbor of his ever caught him on the highway, or ventured to approach his threshold?

"His bolted Castle gates, what man should ope,
Unless the Lord did will
To prove his skill,
And tempt the fates hid in his horoscope?"

Yet if by chance admitted, welcome in a voice that a woman might own for its hesitancy and tenderness; his eyes telling the rest:—

"For such the noble language of his eye,
That when of words his lips were destitute,
Kind eyebeams spake while yet his tongue was mute."

Your intrusion was worth the courage it cost; it emboldened to future assaults to carry this fort of bashfulness. During all the time he lived near me, our estates being separated only by a gate and shaded avenue, I seldom caught sight of him; and when I did it was but to lose it the moment he suspected he was visible; oftenest seen on his hilltop screened behind the shrubbery and disappearing like a hare into the bush when surprised. I remember of his being in my house but twice, and then he was so ill at ease that he found excuse for leaving politely forthwith,—"the stove was so hot," "the clock ticked so loud." Yet he once complained to me of his wish to meet oftener, and dwelt on the delights of fellowship, regretting he had so little. I think he seldom dined from home; nor did he often entertain any one,—once, an Englishman, when I was also his guest; but he preserved his shrinking taciturnity, and left to us the conversation. Another time I dined with a Southern guest at his table. The conversation turning on the war after dinner, he hid himself in the corner, as if a distant spectator, and fearing there was danger even there. It was due to his guest to hear the human side of the question of slavery, since she had heard only the best the South had to plead in its favor.

I never deemed Hawthorne an advocate of Southern ideas and institutions. He professed democracy, not in the party sense, but in the large sense of equality. Perhaps he loved England too well to be quite just to his native land,—was more the Old Englishman than the New. He seemed to regret the transplanting, as if reluctant to fix his roots in our soil. His book on England, entitled "Our Old Home," intimates his filial affection for that and its institutions. If his themes were American, his treatment of them was foreign, rather. He stood apart as having no stake in home affairs. While calling himself a democrat, he sympathized apparently with the absolutism of the old countries. He had not full faith in the people; perhaps feared republicanism because it had. Of our literary men, he least sympathized with the North, and was tremulously disturbed, I remember, at the time of the New York mob. It is doubtful if he ever attended a political meeting or voted on any occasion throughout the long struggle with slavery. He stood aloof, hesitating to take a responsible part, true to his convictions, doubtless, strictly honest, if not patriotic.

He strove by disposition to be sunny and genial, traits not native to him. Constitutionally shy, recluse, melancholy, only by shafts of wit and flow of humor could he deliver himself. There was a soft sadness in his smile, a reserve in his glance, telling how isolate he was. Was he ever one of his company while in it? There was an aloofness, a besides, that refused to affiliate himself with himself, even. His readers must feel this, while unable to account for it, perhaps, or express it adequately. A believer in transmitted traits needs but read his pedigree to find the genesis of what characterized him distinctly, and made him and his writings their inevitable sequel. Everywhere you will find persons of his type and complexion similar in cast of character and opinions. His associates mostly confirm the observation.

Complete. Copyright Roberts Brothers 1888.

SLEEP AND DREAMS

"When sleep hath closed our eyes the mind sees well,
For Fate by daylight is invisible."

THINGS admirable for the admirable hours. The morning for thought, the afternoon for recreation, the evening for company, the night for rest. Having drunk of immortality all night, the genius enters eagerly upon the day's task, impatient of any impertinences jogging the full glass. The best when we are at our best; and who so buoyant as to be always rider of the wave? Sleep, and see; wake, and report the nocturnal spectacle. Sleep, like travel, enriches, refreshes, by varying the day's perspective, showing us the night side of the globe we traverse day by day. We make transits too swift for our wakeful senses to follow; pass from solar to lunar consciousness in a twinkling, lapse from forehead and face to occupy our lower parts, and recover, as far as permitted, the keys of genesis and of the foreworlds. "All truth," says Porphyry, "is latent; but this the soul sometimes beholds when she is a little liberated by sleep from the employments of the body. And sometimes she extends her sight, but never perfectly reaches the objects of her vision. Hence, when she beholds, she does not see it with a free and direct light, but through an intervening veil, which the folds of darkening nature draw over her eye. This veil, when in sleep it admits the light to extend as far as truth, is said to be of horn, whose nature is such, from its tenuity, that it is pervious to the light. But when it dulls the sight and repels its vision of truth, it is said to be of ivory, which is a body so naturally dense, that, however thin it may be scraped, it cannot be penetrated by the visual rays."

Homer says:—

"Our dreams descend from Jove,"

that is, from the seat of intellect, and declare their import when our will sleeps. Then are they of weighty and reliable import, yet require the like suppression of our will to make plain their significance. Only so is the oracle made reliable. The good alone dream divinely. Our dreams are characteristic of our waking thoughts and states; we are never out of character; never quite another, even when fancy seeks to metamorphose us entirely. The Person is One in all the manifold phases of the Many through which we transmigrate, and find ourself perpetually, because we cannot lose ourself personally, in the mazes of the many. 'Tis the one soul in manifold shapes, ever the old friend of the mirror in other faces, old and new, yet one in endless revolution and metamorphosis, suggesting a common relationship of forms at their base, with divergent types as these range wider and farther from their central archetype, including all concrete forms in nature, each returning into other, and departing therefrom in endless revolution.

"I catch myself philosophizing most eloquently," wrote Thoreau, "when first returning to consciousness in the night or morning.

I make the truest observations and distinctions then when the will is yet wholly asleep, and mind works like a machine without friction. I was conscious of having in my sleep transcended the limits of the individual, and made observations and carried on conversations which in my waking hours I can neither recall nor appreciate. As if, in sleep, our individual fell into the infinite mind, and at the moment of awakening we found ourselves on the confines of the latter. On awakening, we resume our enterprise, take up our bodies, and become limited minds again. We meet and converse with those bodies which we have previously animated. There is a moment in the dawn when the darkness of the night is dissipated, and before the exhalations of the day begin to rise, when we see all things more truly than at any other time. The light is more trustworthy, since our senses are pure and the atmosphere is less gross. By afternoon, all objects are seen in mirage."

All men are spiritualists in finer or coarser manners, as temperament and teaching dictate and determine,—the spiritual world revealing itself accordingly. Speculation has in all ages delighted itself in this preternatural realm from whence have risen the ghosts of realities too unsubstantial and fugitive for ordinary senses to apprehend. Whatever the facts, they receive interpretation according to the spirit and intelligence of the believer. The past is full of such prodigies and phenomena, for whose solution all learning, sacred and profane, is revived in its turn. It appears that like opinions have their rounds to run, like theories with their disciples, reappearing in all great crises of thought, and reaching a fuller solution at each succeeding period. A faith, were such possible, destitute of an element of preternaturalism, or of mysticism, pure or mixed, could not gain general acceptance. Some hold on the invisible connects the known with unknown, yet leaving the cupola to be divined. We define it on our lips when we pronounce the word Person, and so approach, as near as we may, to the "I Am" of things.

"Unseen our spirits move, are such;
So eager they to clasp, they feel, they touch;
While yet our bodies linger, cannot speed;
The distance that divides, confines their need."

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WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER

(1822–)

The Introduction to the «Poetry of the East,» published by William Rounseville Alger in 1856, made it possible for American readers to suspect in advance of the general circulation of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam something of the extraordinary quality of Persian poetry. Fitzgerald's masterpiece, first published in 1859, did not achieve its greatest popularity until nearly twenty years later. As a poet, Fitzgerald is much Alger's superior, but those who think, as many have done, that they are more indebted to the modern Caucasian than to the Persian spirit for the distinctive quality of Fitzgerald's work will find material in Alger's versions of Persian lyric poetry for correcting their opinions. It shows insight which is rarely found in like measure in classical poets later than Homer, and, in spite of its extravagances, it is likely to do much for the poetry of the twentieth century, especially in redeeming it from the matter-of-fact quality of intellect incident to an age of criticism.

Alger was born at Freetown, Massachusetts, December 30th, 1822. Besides his works on Oriental Poetry, he published «The Friendships of Women,» etc. He was by profession a Unitarian clergyman.

THE LYRIC POETRY OF PERSIA

As we enter the realm of Persian lyric poetry, we approach the most intoxicating cordials and the daintiest viands anywhere furnished at the world banquet of literature. The eye is inebriate at the sight of ruby vases filled with honey, and crystal goblets brimmed with thick-purpled wine, and golden baskets full of sliced pomegranates. The flavor of nectarines, tamarinds, and figs is on the tongue. If we lean from the balcony for relief, a breeze comes wafted over acres of roses, and the air is full of the odor of cloves and precious gums, sandalwood and cedar, frankincense forests, and cinnamon groves. A Persian poet of rich genius, who wrote but little, being asked why he did not produce more, replied: «I intended, as soon as I should reach the rose trees, to fill my lap and bring presents for my companions; but when I arrived there the fragrance of the roses so intoxicated me that the skirt of my robe slipped from my hands." The true Persian poet, as Mirza Schaffy declares, in his songs burns sun, moon, and stars as sacrifice on the altar of beauty. Every kiss the maidens plant on his lips springs up as a song in his mouth. One describes a battlefield looking as if the earth were covered over with crimson tulips. The evening star is a moth, and the moon a lamp. A devotee in a dream heard the cherubs in heaven softly singing the poetry of Saadi, and saying, "This couplet of Saadi is worth the hymns of angel worship for a whole year." Upon awakening he went to Saadi and found him reverently reciting the following lines:—

"To pious minds each verdant leaf displays
A volume teeming with the Almighty's praise."

The Persian seems born with a lyre in his hand and a song on his tongue. It is related of the celebrated poet, Abderrhaman, son of Hissân, that when an infant, being stung by a wasp, he ran to his father, crying in spontaneous verse:—

"Father, I have been stung by an insect I know not; but his breast
With white and yellow spots is covered, like the border of my vest."

The tones of the Persian harp are extremely tender and pathetic. They seem to sigh, Wherever sad Memory walks in the halls of the past, her step wakes the echoes of long-lost joys. They frequently accord with a strain like this:—

"I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, 'What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?'

"Then wept the grass, and said: 'Be still! and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of my Lord I grew!'"

Among the epic poets of Persia, Firdousi is chief; among the romantic poets, Nisami; among the moral-didactic, Saadi; among the purely lyric, Hafiz; among the religious, Ferideddin Attar. In their respective provinces these indisputably and unapproached bear the palm.

There are three objects as famous in Persian poetry as the Holy Grail in the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. One is Jemschid's cup. This was a magic goblet with seven circling lines dividing it into seven compartments, corresponding to the seven worlds. Filling it with wine, Jemschid had only to look in it and behold all the events of the creation, past, present, and future:—

"It is that goblet round whose wondrous rim
The enrapturing secrets of creation swim."

Firdousi has described Jemschid upon a certain occasion consulting this cup:—

"The vessel in his hand revolving shook,
And earth's whole surface glimmered on his look:
Nor less the secrets of the starry sphere,
The what, and when, and how, depicted clear:
From orbs celestial to the blade of grass,
All nature floated in the magic glass."

Another is Solomon's signet ring. Such were the incredible virtues of this little talisman, that the touch of it exorcised all evil spirits, commanded the instant presence and services of the Genii, laid every secret bare, and gave its possessor almost unlimited powers of knowledge, dominion, and performance. The third is Iskander's mirror. By looking on this the future was revealed, unknown climes brought to view, and whatever its owner wished was made visible. By means of this glass, Alexander—for the Oriental "Iskander" is no other—accomplished the expedition to Paradise, so celebrated in the mythic annals of the East. There is scarcely an end to the allusions and anecdotes referring to these three wondrous objects. . . .

Furthermore, there are five standard allegories of hapless love which the poets of Persia have wrought out in innumerable forms of passionate imagery and beauteous versification. The constant Nightingale loves the Rose, and when she perishes, his laments pain the evening air and fill grove and garden with heartbreaking melodies:—

"The bulbul wanders to and fro;
His wing is weak, his note is low:
In vain he wakes his song,
Since she he wooed so long

No more sheds perfume on the air around:
Her hundred leaves lie scattered on the ground;
Or if one solitary bud remain,
The bloom is past, and only left the stain.
Where once amidst the blossoms was his nest,
Thorns raise their daggers at his bleeding breast."

The Lily loves the Sun, and opens the dazzling white of her bosom to his greeting smile as he rises; and when he sets covers her face and droops her head, forlorn, all night. The Lotus loves the Moon; and soon as his silver light gilds the waters she lifts her snowy neck above the tide and sheds the perfume of her amorous breath over the waves, till shaming day ends her dalliance. The Ball loves the Bat, and still solicitingly returns, flying to meet him, however oft and cruelly repulsed and spurned. The Moth and the Taper are two fond lovers separated by the fierce flame. He draws her with resistless invitation: she flies with reckless resolve; the merciless flame devours her, and melts him away.

From this rapid glance at the wealth of the Iranian bards, let us now turn, for a moment, to the Sufis. The circulating life-sap of Sufism is piety, its efflorescence is poetry, which it yields in spontaneous abundance of brilliant bloom. The Sufis are a sect, of comparatively modern origin, which sprouted from the trunk of Mohammedanism, where the mysticism of India was grafted into it, and was nourished in the passionate sluggishness of Eastern reverie by the soothing dreams and fanatic fires of that wondrous race and clime. They flourished chiefly in Persia, but rightfully claimed as virtual members of their sect the most distinguished religionists, philosophers, and poets of the whole Orient for thousands of years; because all these agreed with them in the fundamental principles of their system of thought, rules of life, and aims of aspiration. A detailed account of the Sufis may be found in Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia," and a good sketch of their dogmas is presented in Tholuck's "Sufism"; but the best exposition of their experience and literary expression is afforded by Tholuck's "Anthology from the Oriental Mystics." The Sufis are a sect of meditative devotees, whose absorption in spiritual contemplations and hallowed raptures is unparalleled, whose piety penetrates to a depth where the mind gropingly staggers among the bottomless roots of being, in mazes of wonder and delight, and reaches to a height where the soul loses itself among the roofless immensities of glory in a bedazzled and boundless ecstasy. As a specimen, read

The Successful Search

"I was ere a name had been named upon earth,—
Ere one trace yet existed of aught that has birth,—
When the locks of the Loved One streamed forth for a sign,
And being was none save the Presence Divine!
Ere the veil of the flesh for Messiah was wrought,
To the Godhead I bowed in prostration of thought!
I measured intently, I pondered with heed,
(But ah, fruitless my labor!) the Cross and its Creed.
To the Pagod I rushed, and the Magian's shrine,
But my eye caught no glimpse of a glory divine!
The reins of research to the Caaba I bent,
Whither hopefully thronging the old and young went,
Candahar and Herat searched I wistfully through,
Nor above nor beneath came the Loved One to view!
I toiled to the summit, wild, pathless, and lone,
Of the globe-girding Kaf, but the Phœnix had flown.
The seventh earth I traversed, the seventh heaven explored,
But in neither discerned I the Court of the Lord!
I questioned the Pen and the Tablet of Fate,
But they whispered not where He pavilions his state.
My vision I strained, but my God-scanning eye
No trace that to Godhead belongs could descry.
But when I my glance turned within my own breast,
Lo! the vainly sought Loved One, the Godhead confessed!
In the whirl of its transport my spirit was tossed
Till each atom of separate being I lost:
And the bright sun of Tauriz a madder than me,
Or a wilder, hath never yet seen, nor shall see."

Their aim is a union with God so intimate that it becomes identity, wherein thought is an involuntary intuitive grasp and fruition of universal truth; and wherein feeling is a dissolving and infinite delirium filled with the perfect calmness of unfathomable bliss. For the gradual training of the soul unto the winning of this incomparable and last attainment, they have devised a system of means whose simplicity and complication, adapted completeness,—regular stages of initiation and gradations of experience, spiritual frictions and magnetisms, stimulants for some faculties, soporifics for others, diversified disciplines and educations for all,—are astonishingly fitted to lead the disciple regularly on to the marvelous result they desire. And it could scarcely fail of effect, if faithfully tried, even in the colder airs and on the more phlegmatic natures of the West. How finely drawn the subtle experience and beautiful thought in the following anecdote of Rabia, the celebrated Mohammedan saint! We give it as told after Tholuck by James Freeman Clarke.

THE THREE STAGES OF PIETY

"Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise,—
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.
Hassan says, 'Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure.'
Malik from a deeper sense
Uttered his experience:
'He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisement rejoice.'
Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,
And replied, 'O men of grace!
He who sees his Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all.'"

The passage through the classified degrees of attainment in the mystic life they call "the traveling by steps up to heaven."

The Sufi poets are innumerable, but their universally acknowledged head and master is the celebrated Mewlana Dschelaleddin Rumi, the greatest mystic poet of the whole Orient, the oracle of the devotees, the nightingale of the contemplative life, the lawgiver in piety, the founder of the principal order of Dervishes, and author of the "Mesnavi." The "Mesnavi" is a vast and famous double-rhymed ascetic poem, an inexhaustible coffer of Sufi lore and gems. From the banks of the Ganges to the Bosporus it is the handbook of all Sufis, the law book and ritual of all the mystics. From this work, says Von Hammer, this volcanic eruption of inspiration breaks forth the inmost peculiarity of Oriental mysticism, a solitary self-direction towards the loftiest goal of perfection over the contemplative way of Divine

Love. On the wings of the highest religious inspiration, which rises far beyond all outer forms of positive religion, adoring the Eternal Essence, in its completest abstraction from everything earthly, as the purest fountain of eternal light, soars Dschelaleddin, above suns and moons, above time and space, above creation and fate, beyond the primeval decrees of destiny, beyond the sentence of the last judgment, forth into infinitude, where he melts into unity with the Endless Being as endless worshiper, and into the Boundless Love as boundless lover, ever forgetful of himself, having the Absolute in view; and, instead of closing his poems, like other great poets, with his own name, he always makes the name of his mystic master the keystone to the diamond arch of his fire ghazels.

The Sufi turns inward for his aims and joys, with a scornful superiority to all visible rituals. He says that one hour of secret meditation and silent love is of more avail than seventy thousand years of outward worship. When, with great toils and sufferings, Rabia had effected the pilgrimage to Mecca, and saw the people praying around the Caaba, she beat her breast and cried aloud:—

"O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee!"

When a knowledge of the Supreme has been attained, there is no need of ceremonies; when a soft, refreshing breeze blows from the south, there is no need of a fan. As an illustration of this phase may be perused the following fine poem translated by Professor Falconer. It may be fitly entitled:—

THE RELIGION OF THE HEART

"Beats there a heart within that breast of thine?
Then compass reverently its sacred shrine:
For the true spiritual Caaba is the heart,
And no proud pile of perishable art.
When God ordained the pilgrim rite, that sign
Was meant to lead thy thought to things divine.
A thousand times he treads that round in vain
Who e'en one human heart would idly pain.
Leave wealth behind; bring God thy heart,—best light
To guide thy wavering steps through life's dark night.

God spurns the riches of a thousand coffers,
And says, 'My chosen is he his heart who offers.
Nor gold nor silver seek I, but above
All gifts the heart, and buy it with my love;
Yea, one sad, contrite heart, which men despise,
More than my throne and fixed decree I prize.'
Then think not lowly of thy heart, though lowly,
For Holy is it, and there dwells the Holy.
God's presence chamber is the human breast;
Ah, happy he whose heart holds such a guest!"

Every consistent Sufi is an optimist, one who denies the reality of evil. In his poems he mingles the fighting limits of light and darkness, dissolves the rocky boundaries of right and wrong, and buries all clamorous distinctions beneath the level sea of pantheistic unity. All drops, however driven forth, scalded in deserts or frozen on mountains, belong to the ocean, and, by omnipotent attractions, will finally find their way home, to repose and flow with the tidal uniformity of the all-embracing deep. Vice and virtue, purity and corruption, birth and decay, cruelty and tenderness,—all antagonistic elements and processes are equally the manifestations and workings of God. From him all spirits proceeded, and to him they are ever returning; or in the temple, or on the gibbet, groaning in sinks of degraded sensuality and want, or exulting in palaces of refinement and splendor, they are equally climbing by irresistible affinities and propulsions towards their native seat in Deity.

"Yet spake yon purple mountain,
Yet said yon ancient wood,
That night or day, that love or crime,
Leads all souls to the good."

This optimist denial of the reality of evil is frequently brought out by the Sufi, with a sudden emphasis, an unflinching thoroughness, in forms and guises of mystic reason, wondrous beauty, and bewildering subtlety, which must astound a Christian moralist. The Sufi's brain is a magazine of transcendent mysteries and prodigious conceits, his faith an ocean of dusky bliss, his illuminated tenderness a beacon of the Infinite Light.

An important trait of the Sufi belief is contained in the idea, zealously held by them all, and suffusing most of their poetry, that death is ecstasy.

"A lover on his deathbed lay, and o'er his face the while,
Though anguish racked his wasted frame, there swept a fitful smile:
A flush his sunken cheek o'erspread, and to his faded eye
Came light that less spoke earthly bliss than heaven-breathed ecstasy.
And one that weeping o'er him bent, and watched the ebbing breath,
Marveled what thought gave mastery o'er that dread hour of death.
'Ah! when the Fair, adored through life, lifts up at length,' he cried,
'The veil that sought from mortal eye immortal charms to hide,
'Tis thus true lovers, fevered long with that sweet mystic fire,
Exulting meet the Loved One's gaze, and in that glance expire!'"

Death plunges the heated, weary, thirsting soul into a flood of delicious relief and repose, the unalloyed and ceaseless fruition of a divine delight. The past was one sweet ocean of Divinity; the future is another; the present interposes, a blistering and dreary strand, between. To their hushed ear

"Some Seraph whispers from the verge of space:
'Make not these hollow shores thy resting place,
Born to a portion in thy Maker's bliss,
Why linger idly in a waste like this?'"

From their heavenly yearning breaks the exclamation: "Oh, the bliss of that day when I shall depart from this desolate mansion, and my soul shall find rest, and I shall follow the traces of my Beloved!" From their exhilarating anticipation of pleasure and glory yet untasted and unglimpsed behind the veil, rises the rejoiceful cry:—

"Blest time that frees me from the bonds of clay,
To track the Lost One through his airy course:
Like motes exulting in their parent ray,
My kindling spirit rushes to its Source!"

There are thoughts and sentiments in these poems which ought, however suggested, and wherever recognized, to smite us with subduing wonder, and to fill us with sympathetic longing; which ought magnetically to strike with opening life and desire that side of our souls which looks upon infinity and eternity, and wherethrough, in favored hours, we thrill to the visiting influences of boundless Mystery and nameless Love, with a rapture of calmness, a vision of heaven, a perfect communion of the Father confessing with electric shudders of awe and joy the motions of the Spirit, as God's hand wanders solemnly among the chords of the heart.

In conclusion, I will specify the principal traits which belong in a distinctive degree to Oriental poetry. The first one that attracts notice is an airy, winged, exultant liberty of spirit, an unimpeded largeness and ease of movement, and intense enthusiasm. This gives birth to extravagance. Compare in this respect the «Arabian Nights' Entertainments» with the «Waverley Novels.» Its lower form is a revelling or deliberate fancy, abounding in lawless conceits, sometimes puerile, sometimes amazing. «The bird of understanding hath fled from the nest of my brain.» «The sun in the zenith is a golden falcon hovering over his azure nest.» The higher form of this trait is the spontaneous transport of an inspired and free imagination, producing the most stupendous conceptions, infusing a divine soul through all dead substance, melting everything into its own molds, filling a new universe with new marvels of beauty and delight.

From the «Poetry of the East.»

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON

(1792–1867)

It is said by one of the biographers of Sir Archibald Alison that between 1842, when his «History of Europe» was completed, and 1867, five hundred and forty-seven thousand volumes of the work had been sold in versions representing the principal languages of Europe as well as Arabic and Hindustani. If his essays, of which three volumes were collected in 1859, do not fully explain this popularity of his history, they show that with his strong conservative prejudices he had an intellect which no prejudice could confine. Though himself an opponent of Democracy for England, his prophecy of its results in America, published in 1835 as a review of De Tocqueville, can be read in the last year of the nineteenth century with admiration for the clearness of its foresight. Alison was willing to concede limitless possibilities to «democratic vigor duly coerced by patrician power,» and in his own edition of the essay he italicized the qualifying clause.

He was born December 29th, 1792, from a distinguished Scottish family, his father, Rev. Archibald Alison, author of «The Nature and Principles of Taste,» being an author of wide reputation in his own generation. Educated at Edinburgh University, the younger Alison showed there the taste for the great Greek poets which appears in his essay on «Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo.» He was admitted to the bar, and in 1822 became one of the four «advocates depute» for Scotland. His essays on the «Criminal Law of Scotland» won him the admiration and patronage of Sir Robert Peel. After the appearance of his history Lord Derby made him a baronet. He died May 23d, 1867. Besides his essays and his «History of Europe,» he published «The Principles of Population,» in opposition to Malthus, and other works on historical and political subjects.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

If we examine the history of the world with attention, we shall find that amidst great occasional variations produced by secondary and inferior causes, two great powers have been at work from the earliest times; and, like the antagonist expansive and compressing force in physical nature, have, by their mutual and counteracting influence, produced the greatest revolutions and settlements in human affairs. These opposing forces are northern conquest and civilized democracy. Their agency appears clear and forcible at the present times, and the spheres of their action are different; but mighty ultimate results are to attend their irresistible operation in the theatres destined by nature for their respective operation.

We, who have, for eighteen years, so invariably and resolutely opposed the advances of democracy, and that equally when it raised its voice aloft on the seat of government, as when it lurked under the specious guise of free trade or liberality, will not be accused of being blinded in favor of its effects. We claim, therefore, full credit for sincerity, and deem some weight due to our opinion, when we assert that it is the great moving power in human affairs,—the source of the greatest efforts of human genius,—and, when duly restrained from running into excess, the grand instrument of human advancement. It is not from ignorance of, or insensibility to, its prodigious effects, that we have proved ourselves so resolute in resisting its undue expansion: it is, on the contrary, from a full appreciation of them, from a thorough knowledge of the vast results, whether for good or evil, which it invariably produces.

It is the nature of the democratic passion to produce an inextinguishable degree of vigor and activity among the middling classes of society—to develop an unknown energy among their widespread ranks—to fill their bosoms with insatiable and often visionary projects of advancement and amelioration, and inspire them with an ardent desire to raise themselves individually and collectively in the world. Thence the astonishing results—sometimes for good, sometimes for evil—which it produces. Its grand characteristic is energy, and energy not rousing the exertions merely of a portion of society, but awakening the dormant strength of millions; not producing merely the chivalrous valor of the high-bred cavalier, but drawing forth "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." The greatest achievements of genius, the noblest efforts of heroism, that have illustrated the history of the species, have arisen from the efforts of this principle. Thence the fight of Marathon and the glories of Salamis—the genius of Greece and the conquests of Rome—the heroism of Sempach and the devotion of Haarlem—the paintings of

Raphael and the poetry of Tasso — the energy which covered with a velvet carpet the slopes of the Alps, and the industry which bridled the stormy seas of the German Ocean — the burning passions which carried the French legions to Cadiz and the Kremlin, and the sustained fortitude which gave to Britain the dominion of the waves. Thence, too, in its wider and unrestrained excesses, the greatest crimes which have disfigured the dark annals of human wickedness — the massacres of Athens and the banishments of Florence — the carnage of Marius and the proscriptions of the Triumvirate — the murders of Cromwell and the bloodshed of Robespierre.

As the democratic passion is thus a principle of such vital and searching energy, so it is from it, when acting under due regulation and control, that the greatest and most durable advances in social existence have sprung. Why are the shores of the Mediterranean the scene to which the pilgrim from every quarter of the globe journeys to visit at once the cradles of civilization, the birthplace of arts, of arms, of philosophy, of poetry, and the scenes of their highest and most glorious achievements? Because freedom spread along its smiling shores; because the ruins of Athens and Sparta, of Rome and Carthage, of Tyre and Syracuse, lie on its margin; because civilization, advancing with the white sails which glittered on its blue expanse, pierced, as if impelled by central heat, through the dark and barbarous regions of the Celtic race who peopled its shores. What gave Rome the empire of the world and brought the venerable ensigns bearing the words, "*Senatus populusque Romanus*," to the wall of Antoninus and the foot of the Atlas, the waters of the Euphrates and the Atlantic Ocean? Democratic vigor! Democratic vigor, be it observed, duly coerced by patrician power; the insatiable ambition of successive consuls, guided by the wisdom of the senate; the unconquerable and inexhaustible bands which, for centuries, issued from the Roman Forum. What has spread the British dominions over the habitable globe, and converted the ocean into a peaceful lake for its internal carriage, and made the winds the instruments of its blessings to mankind, and spread its race in vast and inextinguishable multitudes through the new world? Democratic ambition; democratic ambition, restrained and regulated at home by an adequate weight of aristocratic power; a government which, guided by the stability of the patrician, but invigorated by the activity of the plebeian race, steadily advanced in conquest, renown, and moral ascendency, till its fleets overspread the sea, and it has become a matter of certainty, that half the globe must be peopled by its descendants.

The continued operation of this undying vigor and energy is still more clearly evinced in the Anglo-American race, which originally sprung from the stern Puritans of Charles the First's age, which have developed all the peculiarities of the democratic character in unrestrained profusion amidst the boundless wastes which lie open to their enterprise. M. Tocqueville has described, with equal justice and eloquence, the extraordinary activity of these principles in the United States:—

> "The inhabitants of the United States are never fettered by the axioms of their profession; they escape from all the prejudices of their present station; they are not more attached to one line of operation than to another; they are not more prone to employ an old method than a new one; they have no rooted habits, and they easily shake off the influence which the habits of other nations might exercise upon their minds, from a conviction that their country is unlike any other, and that its situation is without a precedent in the world. America is a land of wonders, in which everything is in constant motion, and every movement seems an improvement. The idea of novelty is there indissolubly connected with the idea of amelioration. No natural boundary seems to be set to the efforts of man; and what is not yet done is only what he has not yet attempted to do."

From a review of De Tocqueville.

HOMER, DANTE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO

NEVER did artist work with more persevering vigor than Michael Angelo. He himself said that he labored harder for fame than ever poor artist did for bread. Born of a noble family, the heir to considerable possessions, he took to the arts from his earliest years from enthusiastic passion and conscious power. During a long life of ninety years, he prosecuted them with the ardent zeal of youth. He was consumed by the thirst for fame, the desire of great achievements, the invariable mark of heroic minds; and which, as it is altogether beyond the reach of the great bulk of mankind, so is the feeling of all others which to them is most incomprehensible. Nor was that noble enthusiasm without its reward. It was his extraordinary good fortune to be called to form, at the same time, the « Last Judgment » on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, the glorious dome of St. Peter's, and the group of « Notre Dame de Pitié,» which now adorns the chapel of the Crucifix, under the roof of that august edifice. The « Holy Family » in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, and the « Three Fates » in the same collection, give an idea of his powers in oil painting; thus he carried to the highest perfection, at the same time, the rival arts of architecture, sculpture, fresco, and oil painting. He may truly be called the founder of Italian painting, as Homer was of the ancient epic, and Dante of the great style in modern poetry. None but a colossal mind could have done such things. Raphael took lessons from him in painting, and professed through life the most unbounded respect for his great preceptor. None have attempted to approach him in architecture; the cupola of St. Peter's stands alone in the world.

But notwithstanding all this, Michael Angelo had some defects. He created the great style in painting, a style which has made modern Italy as immortal as the arms of the legions did the ancient. But the very grandeur of his conceptions, the vigor of his drawing, his incomparable command of bone and muscle, his lofty expression and impassioned mind, made him neglect, and perhaps despise, the lesser details of his art. Ardent in the pursuit of expression, he often overlooked execution. When he painted the « Last Judgment » or the « Fall of the Titans » in fresco, on the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel, he was incomparable; but that gigantic style was unsuitable for lesser pictures or rooms of ordinary proportions. By the study of his masterpieces, subsequent painters have often been led astray; they have aimed at force of expression to the neglect of delicacy in execution. This defect is, in an especial manner, conspicuous in Sir Joshua Reynolds, who worshiped Michael Angelo with the most devoted fervor; and through him it has descended to Lawrence, and nearly the whole modern school of England. When we see Sir Joshua's noble glass window in Magdalen College, Oxford, we behold the work of a worthy pupil of Michael Angelo; we see the great style of painting in its proper place, and applied to its appropriate object: but when we compare his portraits, or imaginary pieces, in oil, with those of Titian, Velasquez, or Vandyke, the inferiority is manifest. It is not in the design, but the finishing; not in the conception, but the execution. The colors are frequently raw and harsh; the details or distant parts of the piece ill-finished or neglected. The bold neglect of Michael Angelo is very apparent. Raphael, with less original genius than his immortal master, had more taste and much greater delicacy of pencil; his conceptions, less extensive and varied, are more perfect; his finishing is always exquisite. Unity of emotion was his great object in design; equal delicacy of finishing in execution. Thence he has attained by universal consent the highest place in painting.

"Nothing," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." These words should ever be present to the minds of all who aspire to rival the great of former days; who feel in their bosoms a spark of the spirit which led Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo to immortality. In a luxurious age, comfort or station is deemed the chief good of life; in a commercial community, money becomes the universal object of ambition. Thence our acknowledged deficiency in the fine arts; thence our growing weakness in the higher branches of literature Talent looks for its reward too soon. Genius seeks an immediate recompense; long protracted exertions are never attempted; great things are not done because great efforts are not made.

None will work now without the prospect of an immediate return. Very possibly it is so; but then let us not hope or wish for immortality. "Present time and future," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are rivals; he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other." It is not that we want genius; what we want is the great and heroic spirit which will devote itself, by strenuous efforts, to great things, without seeking any reward but their accomplishment.

Nor let it be said that great subjects for the painter's pencil, the poet's muse, are not to be found — that they are exhausted by former efforts, and nothing remains to us but imitation. Nature is inexhaustible; the events of men are unceasing, their variety is endless. Philosophers were mourning the monotony of time, historians were deploring the sameness of events, in the years preceding the French Revolution — on the eve of the Reign of Terror, the flames of Moscow, the retreat from Russia. What was the strife around Troy to the battle of Leipsic? The contests of Florence and Pisa to the Revolutionary War? What ancient naval victory to that of Trafalgar? Rely upon it, subjects for genius are not wanting; genius itself, steadily and perseveringly directed, is the thing required. But genius and energy alone are not sufficient; courage and disinterestedness are needed more than all. Courage to withstand the assaults of envy, to despise the ridicule of mediocrity—disinterestedness to trample under foot the seductions of ease, and disregard the attractions of opulence. A heroic mind is more wanted in the library or the studio than in the field. It is wealth and cowardice that extinguish the light of genius, and dig the grave of literature as of nations.

From an essay in Blackwood's for January, 1845.

GRANT ALLEN

(1848–1899)

Grant Allen, one of the most popular scientific essayists of his day, was born at Kingston, Canada, February 24th, 1848. His sponsors christened him «Charles Grant Blairfindie» Allen, but, as a result of his well-deserved international celebrity, this has been shortened to «Grant.» As «Cecil Powers» and «J. Arbuthnot Wilson» he has done no inconsiderable work as a novelist and miscellaneous writer, but it is on his scientific essays, published in English periodicals, that his enduring reputation will rest. Except in the late Prof. R. A. Proctor, he has had no rival in popularizing science, and in the lightness of his touch he surpasses Proctor. His sense of humor is delicate, and, while it appears in such works as his essay on the «Scientific Aspects of Falling in Love,» he does not allow it to discredit him or to lower him in the eyes of the reader from the plane of the scientist to that of the humorist. His uncollected essays published during the last twenty years are numbered by the score. The article on «Apparitions» in the current edition of the British Encyclopædia is from his pen. He died in London, October 25th, 1899.

SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF FALLING IN LOVE

An ancient and famous human institution is in pressing danger. Sir George Campbell has set his face against the time-honored practice of Falling in Love. Parents innumerable, it is true, have set their faces against it already from immemorial antiquity; but then they only attacked the particular instance, without venturing to impugn the institution itself on general principles. An old Indian administrator, however, goes to work in all things on a different pattern He would always like to regulate human life generally as a department of the India Office; and so Sir George Campbell would fain have husbands and wives selected for one another (perhaps on Doctor Johnson's principle, by the Lord Chancellor) with a view to the future development of the race, in the process which he not very felicitously or elegantly describes as « man-breeding.» « Probably,» he says, as reported in Nature, « we have enough physiological knowledge to effect a vast improvement in the pairing of individuals of the same or allied races, if we could only apply that knowledge to make fitting marriages, instead of giving way to foolish ideas about love and the tastes of young people, whom we can hardly trust to choose their own bonnets, much less to choose in a graver matter in which they are most likely to be influenced by frivolous prejudices.» He wants us, in other words, to discard the deep-seated inner physiological promptings of inherited instinct, and to substitute for them some calm and dispassionate but artificial selection of a fitting partner as the father or mother of future generations.

Now this is of course a serious subject, and it ought to be treated seriously and reverently. But, it seems to me, Sir George Campbell's conclusion is exactly the opposite one from the conclusion now being forced upon men of science by a study of the biological and psychological elements in this very complex problem of heredity. So far from considering love as a « foolish idea,» opposed to the best interests of the race, I believe most competent physiologists and psychologists, especially those of the modern evolutionary school, would regard it rather as an essentially beneficent and conservative instinct, developed and maintained in us by natural causes, for the very purpose of insuring just those precise advantages and improvements which Sir George Campbell thinks he could himself effect by a conscious and deliberate process of selection. More than that, I believe, for my own part (and I feel sure most evolutionists would cordially agree with me), that this beneficent inherited instinct of Falling in Love effects the object it has in view far more admirably, subtly, and satisfactorily, on the average of instances, than any clumsy human selective substitute could possibly effect it.

In short, my doctrine is simply the old-fashioned and confiding belief that marriages are made in heaven, with the further corollary that heaven manages them, one time with another, a great deal better than Sir George Campbell.

Let us first look how Falling in Love affects the standard of human efficiency· and then let us consider what would be the probable result of any definite conscious attempt to substitute for it some more deliberate external agency.

Falling in Love, as modern biology teaches us to believe, is nothing more than the latest, highest, and most involved exemplification, in the human race, of that almost universal selective process which Mr. Darwin has enabled us to recognize throughout the whole long series of the animal kingdom. The butterfly that circles and eddies in his aërial dance around his observant mate is endeavoring to charm her by the delicacy of his coloring, and to overcome her coyness by the display of his skill. The peacock that struts about in imperial pride under the eyes of his attentive hens is really contributing to the future beauty and strength of his race by collecting to himself a harem through which he hands down to posterity the valuable qualities which have gained the admiration of his mates in his own person. Mr. Wallace has shown that to be beautiful is to be efficient; and sexual selection is thus, as it were, a mere lateral form of natural selection,—a survival of the fittest in the guise of mutual attractiveness and mutual adaptability, producing on the average a maximum of the best properties of the race in the resulting offspring. I need not dwell here upon this aspect of the case, because it is one with which, since the publication of the « Descent of Man,» all the world has been sufficiently familiar.

In our own species, the selective process is marked by all the features common to selection throughout the whole animal kingdom; but it is also, as might be expected, far more specialized, far more individualized, far more cognizant of personal traits and minor peculiarities. It is furthermore exerted to a far greater extent upon mental and moral as well as physical peculiarities in the individual.

We cannot fall in love with everybody alike. Some of us fall in love with one person, some with another. This instinctive and deep-seated differential feeling we may regard as the outcome of complementary features, mental, moral, or physical, in the two persons concerned; and experience shows us that, in nine cases out of ten, it is a reciprocal affection, that is to say, in other words, an affection roused in unison by varying qualities in the respective individuals.

Of its eminently conservative and even upward tendency, very little doubt can be reasonably entertained. We *do* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the young, the beautiful, the strong, and the healthy; we do *not* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the aged, the ugly, the feeble, and the sickly. The prohibition of the Church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother. Moralists have always borne a special grudge to pretty faces; but as Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably put it (long before the appearance of Darwin's selective theory), "the saying that beauty is but skin-deep is itself but a skin-deep saying." In reality, beauty is one of the very best guides we can possibly have to the desirability, so far as race preservation is concerned, of any man or any woman as a partner in marriage. . . .

What we all fall in love with, then, as a race, is in most cases efficiency and ability. What we each fall in love with individually is, I believe, our moral, mental, and physical complement. Not our like, nor our counterpart, quite the contrary; within healthy limits, our unlike and our opposite. That this is so has long been more or less a commonplace of ordinary conversation; that it is scientifically true, one time with another, when we take an extended range of cases, may, I think, be almost demonstrated by sure and certain warranty of human nature. . . .

In minor matters, it is of course universally admitted that short men, as a rule, prefer tall women, while tall men admire little women. Dark pairs by preference with fair; the commonplace often runs after the original. People have long noticed that this attraction toward one's opposite tends to keep true the standard of the race; they have not, perhaps, so generally observed that it also indicates roughly the existence in either individual of a desire for its own natural complement. It is difficult here to give definite examples, but everybody knows how, in the subtle psychology of Falling in Love, there are involved innumerable minor elements, physical and mental, which strike us exactly because of their absolute adaptation to form with ourselves an adequate union. Of course we do not definitely seek out and discover such qualities,—instinct works far more intuitively than that; but we find at last, by subsequent observation, how true and how trustworthy were its immediate indications. That is to say, those men do so who were wise enough or fortunate enough to follow the earliest promptings of their own hearts, and not to be ashamed of that divinest and deepest of human intuitions, love at first sight.

How very subtle this intuition is, we can only guess in part by the apparent capriciousness and incomprehensibility of its occasional action. We know that some men and women fall in love easily, while others are only moved to love by some very special and singular combination of peculiarities. We know that one man is readily stirred by every pretty face he sees, while another man can only be roused by intellectual qualities or by moral beauty. We know that sometimes we meet people possessing every virtue and grace under heaven, and yet for some unknown and incomprehensible reason we could no more fall in love with them than we could fall in love with the Ten Commandments. I don't, of course, for a moment accept the silly romantic notion that men and women fall in love only once in their lives, or that each one of us has somewhere on earth his or her exact Affinity, whom we must sooner or later meet, or else die unsatisfied. Almost every healthy normal man and woman has probably fallen in love over and over again in the course of a lifetime (except in case of very early marriage), and could easily find dozens of persons with whom they would be capable of falling in love again if due occasion offered. We are not all created in pairs, like the Exchequer tallies, exactly intended to fit into one another's minor idiosyncrasies. Men and women as a rule very sensibly fall in love with one another in the particular places and the particular societies they happen to be cast among. A man at Ashby-de-la-Zouch does not hunt the world over to find his pre-established harmony at Paray-le-Monial or at Denver, Colorado. But among the women he actually meets, a vast number are purely indifferent to him: only one or two, here and there, strike him in the light of possible wives, and only one in the last resort (outside Salt Lake City) approves herself to his inmost nature as the actual wife of his final selection.

Now this very indifference to the vast mass of our fellow-countrymen or fellow-countrywomen, this extreme pitch of selective preference in the human species, is just one mark of our extraordinary specialization, one stamp and token of our high supremacy. The brutes do not so pick and choose. Though even there, as Darwin has shown, selection plays a large part (for the very butterflies are coy, and must be wooed and won); it is only in the human race itself that selection descends into such minute, such subtle, such indefinable discriminations. Why should a universal and common impulse have in our case these special limits? Why should we be by nature so fastidious and so diversely affected? Surely for some good and sufficient purpose. No deep-seated want of our complex life would be so narrowly restricted without a law and a meaning. Sometimes we can in part explain its conditions. Here, we see that beauty plays a great *rôle;* there, we recognize the importance of strength, of manner, of grace, of moral qualities. Vivacity, as Mr. Galton justly remarks, is one of the most powerful among human attractions, and often accounts for what might otherwise seem unaccountable preferences. But after all is said and done, there remains a vast mass of instinctive and inexplicable elements: a power deeper and more marvelous in its inscrutable ramifications than human consciousness. «What on earth,» we say, «could So-and-so see in So-and-so to fall in love with?» This very inexplicability I take to be the sign and seal of a profound importance. An instinct so conditioned, so curious, so vague, so unfathomable, as we may guess by analogy with all other instincts, must be Nature's guiding voice within us, speaking for the good of the human race in all future generations.

On the other hand, let us suppose for a moment (impossible supposition!) that mankind could conceivably divest itself of «these foolish ideas about love and the tastes of young people,» and could hand over the choice of partners for life to a committee of anthropologists, presided over by Sir George Campbell. Would the committee manage things, I wonder, very much better than the Creator has managed them? Where would they obtain that intimate knowledge of individual structures and functions and differences which would enable them to join together in holy matrimony fitting and complementary idiosyncrasies? Is a living man, with all his organs, and powers, and faculties, and dispositions, so simple and easy a problem to read that anybody else can readily undertake to pick out offhand a helpmeet for him? I trow not! . . .

I do not doubt that, as the world goes on, a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring these our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go; marriage for rank may go; marriage for position may go; but marriage for love, I believe and trust, will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse, is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel, in spite of doctrinaires, that the voice of nature is better far than the voice of the Lord Chancellor or the Royal Society; and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness, both of the race and of the individual, than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked, and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders.

From an essay in the Fortnightly Review.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

(1779–1843)

One of the first painters of assured genius developed in the United States, Washington Allston lacks nothing except the quantity of his literary work to give him, as an essayist on art, the same high rank he attained by expressing his intellect with his brush. He is governed by the same reverence for nature, the same belief in its supernatural origin and in the possibility of learning more from it than can be expressed in words, which governed Sir Joshua Reynolds and Ruskin.

He was born near Georgetown, South Carolina, November 5th, 1779. After graduating at Harvard, he sold his estate in South Carolina and went to Europe that he might devote himself wholly to art. He spent nearly eighteen years in London, Paris, and Rome, and, on his return to America, took up his residence in Massachusetts, where he painted many of his best pictures, notably «The Angel Uriel in the Sun» and the unfinished «Belshazzar's Feast.» Besides his essays and lectures on art, he published a volume of poems which were included in the collection edited after his death by Richard H. Dana, Junior. He died July 9th, 1843, at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HUMAN ART AND INFINITE TRUTH

As to what some have called «our creative powers,» we take it for granted that no correct thinker has ever applied such expressions literally. Strictly speaking, we can make nothing; we can only construct. But how vast a theatre is here laid open to the constructive powers of the finite creature; where the physical eye is permitted to travel for millions and millions of miles, while that of the mind, swifter than light, may follow out the journey, from star to star, till it falls back on itself with the humbling conviction that the measureless journey is then but begun! It is needless to dwell on the immeasurable mass of materials which a world like this may supply to the Artist.

The very thought of its vastness darkens into wonder. Yet how much deeper the wonder, when the created mind looks into itself, and contemplates the power of impressing its thoughts on all things visible; nay, of giving the likeness of life to things inanimate; and, still more marvelous, by the mere combination of words or colors, of evolving into shape its own Idea, till some unknown form, having no type in the actual, is made to seem to us an organized being. When such is the result of any unknown combination, then it is that we achieve the Possible. And here the realizing principle may strictly be said to prove itself.

That such an effect should follow a cause which we know to be purely imaginary, suppose, as we have said, something in ourselves which holds, of necessity, a predetermined relation to every object either outwardly existing or projected from the mind, which we thus recognize as true. If so, then the Possible and the Ideal are convertible terms, having their existence, *ab initio*, in the nature of the mind. The soundness of this inference is also supported negatively, as just observed, by the opposite result, as in the case of those fantastic combinations, which we sometimes meet with both in Poetry and Painting, and which we do not hesitate to pronounce unnatural, that is, false.

And here we would not be understood as implying the preexistence of all possible forms, as so many patterns, but only of that constructive Power which imparts its own Truth to the unseen real, and under certain conditions reflects the image or semblance of its truth on all things imagined, and which must be assumed in order to account for the phenomena presented in the frequent coincidence of effect between the real and the feigned. Nor does the absence of consciousness in particular individuals, as to this Power in themselves, fairly affect its universality, at least potentially; since by the same rule there would be equal ground for denying the existence of any faculty of the mind which is of slow or gradual development. All that we may reasonably infer in such cases is that the whole mind is not yet revealed to itself. In some of the greatest artists the inventive powers have been of late development; as in Claude, and the sculptor Falconet. And can any one believe that while the latter was hewing his master's marble, and the former making pastry, either of them was conscious of the sublime Ideas which afterwards took form for the admiration of the world? When Raphael, then a youth, was selected to execute the noble works which now live on the walls of the Vatican, "he had done little or nothing," says Reynolds, "to justify so high a trust." Nor could he have been certain, from what he knew of himself, that he was equal to the task. He could only hope to succeed; and his hope was no doubt founded on his experience of the progressive development of his mind in former efforts, rationally concluding that the originally seeming blank from which had arisen so many admirable forms was still teeming with others that only wanted the occasion, or excitement, to come forth at his bidding.

To return to that which, as the interpreting medium of his thoughts and conceptions, connects the artist with his fellowmen, we remark that only on the ground of some self-realizing power, like what we have termed Poetic Truth, could what we call the Ideal ever be intelligible.

That some such power is inherent and fundamental in our nature, though differenced in individuals by more or less activity, seems more confirmed in this latter branch of the subject, where the phenomena presented are exclusively of the Possible. Indeed, we cannot conceive how without it there could ever be such a thing as true Art; for what might be received as such in one age might also be overruled in the next,—as we know to be the case with most things depending on opinion. But, happily for Art, if once established on this immutable base, there it must rest,—and rest unchanged, amidst the endless fluctuations of manners, habits, and opinions; for its truth of a thousand years is as the truth of yesterday. Hence the beings described by Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton are as true to us now as the recent characters of Scott. Nor is it the least characteristic of this important Truth, that the only thing needed for its full reception is simply its presence,—being its own evidence.

How otherwise could such a being as Caliban ever be true to us? We have never seen his race; nay, we knew not that such a creature could exist, until he started upon us from the mind of Shakespeare. Yet who ever stopped to ask if he were a real being? His existence to the mind is instantly felt; not as a matter of faith, but of fact, and a fact, too, which the imagination cannot get rid of if it would, but which must ever remain there, verifying itself, from the first to the last moment of consciousness. From whatever point we view this singular creature, his reality is felt. His very language, his habits, his feelings, whenever they recur to us, are all issues from a living thing, acting upon us, nay, forcing the mind, in some instances, even to speculate on his nature, till it finds itself classing him in the chain of being as the intermediate link between man and the brute. And this we do, not by an ingenious effort, but almost by involuntary induction; for we perceive speech and intellect, and yet without a soul. What but an intellectual brute could have uttered the imprecations of Caliban? They would not be natural in man, whether savage or civilized. Hear him in his wrath against Prospero and Miranda:—

> "A wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
> With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
> Light on you both!"

The wild malignity of this curse, fierce as it is, yet wants the moral venom, the devilish leaven, of a consenting spirit; it is all but human.

In this we may add a similar example, from our own art, in the "Puck," or "Robin Goodfellow," of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Who can look at this exquisite little creature, seated on its toadstool cushion, and not acknowledge its prerogative of life,—that mysterious influence which in spite of the stubborn understanding masters the mind,—sending it back to days long past, when care was but a dream, and its most serious business a childish frolic? But we no longer think of childhood as the past, still less as an abstraction; we see it embodied before us in all its mirth and fun and glee; and the grave man becomes again a child, to feel as a child, and to follow the little enchanter through all his wiles and never-ending labyrinth of pranks. What can be real, if that is not which so takes us out of our present selves, that the weight of years falls from us as a garment,—that the freshness of life seems to begin anew, and the heart and the fancy, resuming their first joyous consciousness, to launch again into this moving world, as on a sunny sea whose pliant waves yield to the touch, yet, sparkling and buoyant, carry them onward in their merry gambols? Where all the purposes of reality are answered, if there be no philosophy in admitting, we see no wisdom in disputing it.

Of the immutable nature of this peculiar Truth we have a like instance in the "Farnese Hercules," the work of the Grecian sculptor Glycon,—we had almost said his immortal offspring. Since the time of its birth, cities and empires, even whole nations, have disappeared, giving place to others more or less barbarous or civilized; yet these are as nothing to the countless revolutions which have marked the interval in the manners, habits, and opinions of men Is it reasonable, then, to suppose that anything not immutable in its nature could possibly have withstood such continual fluctuation? But how have all these changes affected this visible image of Truth? In no wise; not a jot; and because what is true is independent of opinion: it is the same to us now as it was to the men of the dust of antiquity. The unlearned spectator of the present day may not, indeed, see in it the demigod of Greece, but he can never mistake it for a mere exaggeration of the human form; though of mortal mold, he cannot doubt its possession of more than mortal powers; he feels its essential life, for he feels before it as in the stirring presence of a superior being.

Perhaps the attempt to give form and substance to a pure Idea was never so perfectly accomplished as in this wonderful figure. Who has ever seen the ocean in repose, in its awful sleep, that smooths it like glass, yet cannot level its unfathomed swell? So seems to us the repose of this tremendous personification of strength: the laboring eye heaves on its slumbering sea of muscles, and trembles like a skiff as it passes over them; but the silent intimations of the spirit beneath at length become audible; the startled imagination hears it in its rage, sees it in motion, and sees its resistless might in the passive wrecks that follow the uproar. And this from a piece of marble, cold, immovable, lifeless! Surely there is that in man, which the senses cannot reach, nor the plumb of the understanding sound.

Let us turn now to the Apollo called « Belvedere.» In this supernal being, the human form seems to have been assumed as if to make visible the harmonious confluence of the pure ideas of grace, fleetness, and majesty; nor do we think it too fanciful to add celestial splendor; for such, in effect, are the thoughts which crowd, or rather rush, into the mind on first beholding it. Who that saw it in what may be called the place of its glory, the Gallery of Napoleon, ever thought of it as a man, much less as a statue; but did not feel rather as if the vision before him were of another world,—of one who had just lighted on the earth, and with a step so ethereal, that the next instant he would vault into the air? If I may be permitted to recall the impression which it made on myself, I know not that I could better describe it than as a sudden intellectual flash, filling the whole mind with light,—and light in motion. It seemed to the mind what the first sight of the sun is to the senses, as it emerges from the ocean; when from a point of light the whole orb at once appears to bound from the waters, and to dart its rays, as by a visible explosion, through the profound of space. But, as the deified Sun, how completely is the conception verified in the thoughts that follow the effulgent original and its marble counterpart! Perennial youth, perennial brightness, follow them both. Who can imagine the old age of the sun? As soon may we think of an old Apollo. Now all this may be ascribed to the imagination of the beholder. Granted,— yet will it not thus be explained away. For that is the very faculty addressed by every work of Genius,— whose nature is suggestive; and only when it excites to or awakens congenial thoughts and emotions, filling the imagination with corresponding images, does it attain its proper end. The false and the commonplace can never do this.

It were easy to multiply similar examples; the bare mention of a single name in modern art might conjure up a host,— the name of Michael Angelo, the mighty sovereign of the Ideal, than whom no one ever trod so near, yet so securely, the dizzy brink of the Impossible.

From his discourses on Art.

PRAISE AS A DUTY

There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can give, but which every one, however poor, is bound to pay. This is Praise. He cannot give it, because it is not his own,— since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another can never become to him a possession; nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a consequence As praise, then, cannot be made a gift, so, neither, when not his due, can any man receive it: he may think he does, but he receives only words; for desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other. This is no fanciful statement, for, though praise may be withheld by the ignorant or envious, it cannot be but that, in the course of time, an existing merit will, on some one, produce its effects; inasmuch as the existence of any cause without its effect is an impossibility. A fearful truth lies at the bottom of this, an irreversible justice for the weal or woe of him who confirms or violates it.

Written on his studio wall.

LIFE AS A TEST OF FITNESS

LET no man trust to the gentleness, the generosity, or seeming goodness of his heart, in the hope that they alone can safely bear him through the temptations of this world. This is a state of probation, and a perilous passage to the true beginning of life, where even the best natures need continually to be reminded of their weakness, and to find their only security in steadily referring all their thoughts, acts, affections, to the ultimate end of their being: yet where, imperfect as we are, there is no obstacle too mighty, no temptation too strong, to the truly humble in heart, who, distrusting themselves, seek to be sustained only by that holy Being who is life and power, and who, in his love and mercy, has promised to give to those that ask.

Written on the back of a pencil sketch.

ART AND RELIGION

A REAL debt of gratitude — that is, founded on a disinterested act of kindness — cannot be canceled by any subsequent unkindness on the part of our benefactor. If the favor be of a pecuniary nature, we may, indeed, by returning an equal or greater sum, balance the moneyed part; but we cannot liquidate the kind motive by the setting off against it any number of unkind ones. For an after injury can no more undo a previous kindness than we can prevent in the future what has happened in the past. So neither can a good act undo an ill one: a fearful truth! For good and evil have a moral life, which nothing in time can extinguish; the instant they exist, they start for Eternity. How, then, can a man who has once sinned, and who has not of himself cleansed his soul, be fit for heaven where no sin can enter? I seek not to enter into the mystery of the atonement, «which even the angels sought to comprehend and could not»; but I feel its truth in an unutterable conviction, and that, without it, all flesh must perish. Equally deep, too, and unalienable, is my conviction that «the fruit of sin is misery.» A second birth to the soul is therefore a necessity which sin forces upon us Aye,— but not against the desperate will that rejects it.

This conclusion was not anticipated when I wrote the first sentence of the preceding paragraph. But it does not surprise me, for it is but a recurrence of what I have repeatedly experienced, namely, that I never lighted on any truth which I inwardly felt as such, however apparently remote from our religious being (as, for instance, in the philosophy of my art), that, by following it out, did not find its illustration and confirmation in some great doctrine of the Bible,—the only true philosophy, the sole fountain of light, where the dark questions of the understanding which have so long stood, like chaotic spectres, between the fallen soul and its reason, at once lose their darkness and their terror.

Written in his sketchbook.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

(1846–)

EDMONDO DE AMICIS, one of the most attractive prose writers of modern Italy, was born at Oneglia, October 21st, 1846. From 1865 to 1870, he served in the Italian army from which he retired to devote himself to literature. His books of travel have been extensively translated,— a fact due chiefly to the quality of the intellect they express, but also, no doubt, to the method which is illustrated in his « Studies of Paris.» It is a collection of essays on the various phases of Parisian life, written with strength and candor, but without malice, from the standpoint of an observer to whom Parisian habits are still strange and Parisian ethics still unassimilated. It is doubtful if any English or American writer has written of Paris and the Parisians so well and truly as Amicis has done. « They are a frivolous people, but one in whom a noble and resolute word always finds an echo,» he says of the Parisians. As their favorite Voltaire has said so much worse things of them, they are not likely to complain that Amicis does them less than justice when he adds to this that « little by little we persuade ourselves that many of the diseases which we believed to be caused by guilt are here only the efflorescence of a too rich blood.»

THE SHAMS, SHAMELESSNESS, AND DELIGHTS OF PARIS

THE idea of having been born at Paris, of having had that sign of predilection from God, is the leading thought of the Parisian, like a star, which irradiates his whole life with a heavenly consolation. The benevolence he shows to all strangers is inspired to a great degree, by a feeling of commiseration for them, and his dislike of them is not a profound one, simply from the fact that he considers his enemies sufficiently punished by the fate which caused them to be born where they were. For this reason he worships all the childishness and vices of his native city, and is proud of them, only because they belong to Paris, which, to his mind, is above all human criticism. Can one find any capital city which is more insolent to the people from the provinces, represented by its writers as a mass of cretins? and authors who offer incense to their city with a more outrageous imprudence, not only to any other national *amour propre*, but to all human dignity? They will tell you to your face from the stage that the smoke from its chimneys are the ideas of the universe! All lie prostrate on the ground before this enormous courtesan, mother and nurse of all vanities; of that rabid vanity of pleasing her first among them all, of obtaining from her, at any cost, at least one single glance; of that disgusting vanity which induces a writer to declare himself, in the preface of an infamous novel, capable of all the baseness and all the crimes of Heliogabalus and Nero. Take then, joking aside, their prefaces full of grimaces, puerilities, boasts, and impostures. Vanity is stamped upon them all. There is not in all contemporary literature one of those grand, modest, benevolent, and logical characters which write with the splendors of the mind, the dignity of life; one of those lofty and pure figures, before which one uncovers his head with hesitation and reserve, and whose name is a title of nobility and a comfort to humanity. All is overpowered and spoiled by the mania for pose; pose in literature, pose in religion, pose in love, pose even in the greatest afflictions. An immense and diseased sensuality constitutes the foundation of that life, and is revealed in letters, music, architecture, fashions, in the sound of the voice, glances, and even in the gait. Amusement! All the rest is only a means of attaining this end. From one limit to the other of those superb boulevards resounds a loud laugh of derision for all the scruples and all the modesty of the human soul. And a day arrives at last in which you become indignant at that life; a day in which you find yourself fearfully weary of that theatre, impregnated with the odor of gas and patchouli, where every spectacle ends in a canzonet; in which you are satiated with puns, blague, dances, dyes, puffery, cracked voices, false smiles, and purchased pleasures; then you despise that shameless city, and it seems to you that in order to purify yourself after three months of that life you ought to live for a year on the summit of a mountain, and you feel an irresistible desire to run through green fields in the open air, to smell the odor of the ground and to refresh your soul and blood in solitude, face to face with nature.

The fit of passion is over, that is well. « Let us stand aside so that it may pass," as the Spanish say. At Paris you can say whatever you choose; she takes no more notice of us than do the elephants in the zoölogical gardens of the children whom they carry upon their backs on holidays. But these are not our last impressions of Paris.

The period in which everything looks rose color and that in which everything seems black, is followed by a third that is a return in the direction of the first; that period in which one commences to live peacefully in a circle of choice and well-tried friends. And one must confess it: the friend found there, the good, honest Frenchman, is really worth two. In no other European do you find a more amiable harmony of mind, heart, and manner. Between the friendship, more expansive than profound, of the southern Europeans, and that deep, but reserved one of the north, you prefer this, so warm and cold at a time and so full of solemnity and delicacy. How charming it is, when one is weary of the noise of the great city, to go in the evening to the other bank of the Seine, into a silent street, to visit the quiet, little family, which lives, as it were, on an island in the middle of that turbulent ocean. What a warm welcome you receive, what unreserved gayety you find at that refined but modest table, and how thoroughly your mind rests there. Paris itself offers you many retreats from its dangers and a thousand remedies for its fevers. After an exciting night, with what inexpressible pleasure do you dash through its beautiful groves, and the gay suburbs of the Seine, where you find the gayety of a country festival, and with its vast gardens in the midst of an enormous hive of children, or through one of its immense and solitary avenues, in which the heart and mind expand, and the sad image of the Babylon on the boulevards seems to you so far away. Everywhere you find a people who reveal more defects the more you study them; but in whom every defect is counterbalanced by some admirable quality.

They are a frivolous people, but one in whom a noble and resolute word always finds an echo. There is always an open and safe road by which to arrive at their hearts. There is no elevated sentiment or beautiful idea which does not take root in their souls. Their quick intelligence makes all the communications of the mind both easy and agreeable. The chance word, shading, half-uttered suggestion, that which is taken for granted, the accent and the hint are seized on the wing. A thousand people reunited have but one soul with which to feel and comprehend. It is impossible not to be attracted by those fêtes, tumultuous gatherings, in which enjoyment makes all states and conditions equal, and an innumerable crowd is nothing but one immense assembly of happy thoughtless friends. Their most obstinate enemy must burst out into a hearty laugh and open his heart to all this benevolence, because underneath all the childishness of the Parisian there lies as surely a fund of goodness as under a splendid froth an excellent wine. He is naturally unreserved, (his manners do not reveal this fact); not diffident; easier to be deceived than to deceive; inclined to forgive injuries; conciliating; scornful of trivial rancor and all the petty niggardliness of life. He is constantly, by nature, in a state of mind in which one finds every one after a gay banquet where wine flows freely; equally ready to commit some great folly or do something grand, to embrace a sworn enemy, to provoke his neighbors by a word, to play a buffoon trick standing on the table, or to take pity on some little beggar who is asking for bread at the door. When he gets beyond the little circle of his ordinary existence, the spectacle of that immense life of Paris exalts all his faculties and all his good and bad feelings. We too are similarly affected. The aggrandizement in the proportions of everything gives us little by little another idea of the things themselves. Even the corruption — enormous and enticing as it is — ends by fascinating us like a vast and varied field of study, rather than repelling us by its ugliness; and we accustom ourselves to it almost as if it were a needful feature of life, or a grand and terrible school, containing a great number of experiences and ideas and set in motion by the springs of a thousand powerful minds.

In the Bullier Hall, amid that whirlpool of three hundred girls dancing together and singing in a perruque-blonde voice, instead of an outcry against corruption there springs from our hearts an inspiring hymn to Truth and Life. Disgusted with the countries where not even vice and its language are original, we find here, at least, the absence of that lowest and vilest form of corruption, which is the mania for feigning it out of vainglory, when one has neither the strength nor means of enjoying it in its tremendous fullness. Little by little, we persuade ourselves that many of the diseases which we believed to be caused by guilt are here only the efflorescence of a too rich blood, while it is the lack of vitality which makes other nations flaunt certain negative virtues in the face of Paris, to whom one might say, as the Messalina of Cossa did to Silio, "You are so corrupt that you do not support the greatness of Vice." Thus in all the different phases of life you find there (with a feeling of mingled regret for yourself and admiration of Paris) the original of a thousand things, of which at home you have seen the counterfeit reduced to pocket form for a more diminutive people.

There you feel disposed to lay much to pride, when you observe things at no great distance, and can put yourself in the place of a people who see themselves imitated by the universe; who see gathered and carried all about the crumbs from their table, renowned works made from the cuttings of their own; busts raised at certain times and in certain places to people who have no other merit than that of being subscribers to the Revue des Deux Mondes; their language purloined and mixed with many foreign ones, their novels and theatres stolen, all the hearsays of their history and chronicles treasured up; the whole city known like the psalm of one's heart; Tortoni more famous than many an immortal monument; the Maison Dorée, the first of all the dreams of the dissolute of the whole world; their fashions copied, their laughs repeated, their jokes rehearsed, their caprices adored; and one can also understand how angry they grow when one of their most pedantic scholars insults them. Why should one be astonished that people think only of themselves in a country so ardently admired, by deed if not by word? But this defect is not injurious to them or to others, since it arises from a profound knowledge of her own affairs, from regarding them with an excess of affection, and from the belief that the entire world regards with the same esteem that warm, high-colored, original, and vital something, which they exhibit in all the manifestations of themselves. They have a small field to traverse, as Schiller said of himself to Goethe; but traverse it in less time in all its parts. For this reason there is an unending continuation and combination of direct ideas and thoughts toward the same point, a great frequency of attrition which emits light and heat; every inch of space is disputed by a thousand contestants;

instead of walking they all run, instead of controversy there is the fray. And in this perpetual conflict all superfluous baggage is thrown aside; everything is made a weapon of offense or defense; thought stripped of its leaves; language restricted and action hastened; art and life equally bold and rapid; and all encouraged by the great gay voice of the great city, which speaks in shrill, crystalline tones, heard throughout the world.

The more you become absorbed in the study of that life the more astonished you are in seeing the immense amount of work accomplished under that appearance of universal dissipation. How many workmen labor in solitude; how many prepare, with incredible fatigue, in obscurity — for public combats; how, not only every kind of genius, but any particular faculty scarcely more than mediocre, finds this way in which to exercise itself to its own and to general advantage; how quickly and spontaneously a circle of amicable and cultured minds (who aid it in rising and becoming known) gather around every genius; how the slightest promise of success in the field of intellect awakens in all classes a pleasant feeling of curiosity and respect, eliciting from all that anticipatory tribute of glory which goes so far toward making it a reality; what an extraordinary impulse to human strength is the certainty of the sudden and broad change of fortune which a great success produces there; how grand and intoxicating in that city is the triumph of genius, which, scarcely noticed by her, receives the salutations of unknown admirers, and offers and counsels from every part of the globe; how, to the man unsuccessful in one direction, a hundred other roads remain open if he be willing to lower to a very slight degree his pretension to glory; how the forgetful nature of that great city, which, not permitting any one to rest upon one triumph, obliges all to represent themselves continually at the contest, produces that marvelously busy life, those obstinately warlike old men, whose example inspires coming generations with the passion for work; and, in fine, what an enormous quantity of unfinished work, of attempts, sketches, of material spoiled by some, but not useless to others, and of creations in all fields praiseworthy, but condemned to die where they arise, because they are crushed by the abundance of something better.

When one has observed all this, the sojourn in Paris becomes agreeable and useful, if only in watching the workings of that immense machine as she polishes, perfects, transforms, squeezes out, and grinds the inexhaustible material of genius, wealth, youth, ambition, and courage, which France and the world continually throw under her formidable wheels, and how she casts from the opposite side great names, frustrated celebrities, masterpieces, immortal words, broken bones, weapons, gems, and fragments, which France and the world hasten to gather and comment upon. Censure this Colossus? Cry out against her workmen because they drink absinthe, sing falsetto, and have a woman awaiting them at the door? What pedantry!

But even this is not the last impression which one receives of Paris. In remaining there for some time, one passes through another set of enthusiasms and disillusions. Many an evening do you return home, between those interminable rows of lights, melancholy and weary unto death of everything, with a raging love for your country in your heart. Then you become reconciled with the city on a beautiful autumn day, in witnessing one of those noisy expansions of joy which calm the darkened soul. At another time a little humiliation, a stupid play of words, repeated by a million mouths, a scene of nauseating obscenity, a dark and gloomy sky change the aspect of everything, and such violent antipathies and dislikes arise within you, that you would like to see that city disappear like an encampment carried off by a hurricane. But you will be ashamed of that feeling some other day, in thinking of the immensity of the vacuum in your mind if all that the city has placed there from the time of your infancy to the present day should suddenly leave it.

Up to the last moment Paris will cause you many annoyances and give you many caresses, like a beautiful but nervous woman, and you will experience all the heights and depths of a passion — to-day at her feet in humility, to-morrow seized by a desire to insult her, and then again to ask her pardon, so fascinated are you. Yet every day you will find the ties that bind you to her growing stronger. And this you feel more than ever on going away; the evening you pass rapidly for the last time through that immense splendor of boulevards, which is suddenly succeeded by the half darkness of an enormous and gloomy station. Then, despite of the desire you have to see your home, you are seized by a feeling of sadness at the thought of returning into that dormitory of a city from which you started, and you listen for the last time to the distant noise of Paris with an inexplicable feeling of desire and envy. And from the end of the coupé in the darkness, you see the city once more, as you saw it one beautiful July morning from a tower of Notre Dame; traversed by the enormous blue arch of the Seine, with its distant violet-hued horizons, immense and smoky at the moment, when, from a square lying beneath, the drums of a regiment sent up to you an echo of the battle of Magenta. "Oh, beautiful and tremendous sinner," you then exclaim, "I absolve thee, and at the risk of the damnation of my soul I love thee!"

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HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL

(1821–1881)

AMIEL'S «Journal Intime» represents a form of essay writing which has many advantages over the ordinary, but as it requires the essayist to look forward to his own death as prerequisite to the publication of the work which is to give him literary immortality, its popularity with writers themselves is never likely to be great. With readers, however, if Amiel's imitators equal his work, it is not likely to fail of the highest favor. When published in England and America in the translation of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Amiel's «Journal» took its place at once among the classics of the language, and Mrs. Ward may be remembered by it among generations not well enough informed of the merits of nineteenth-century fiction to remember even the titles of her excellent novels.

Though unmistakably written for ultimate publication, the literary pretext of privacy given Amiel's work by its inscription in a journal of the writer's inner life allows a freedom which could not have been attained otherwise and, as an incident of this freedom of expression, a scope as wide as the daily reflections suggested to a man of high cultivation by close observation of all the manifold phenomena of a highly organized civilization. Perhaps no other single book represents the cultured life of the last half of the nineteenth century so well as Amiel's «Journal,» though he himself was far removed from that positivism which, in France and Germany as well as in England and America, did so much to give its tone to the literature of the period.

In their style, the entries in the «Journal,» whether «Essays» or «Pensées,» represent the best results of careful method. Seemingly the unstudied expression of unpremeditated ideas, they win the reader's friendship and draw him into the most confidential relations with the writer. If they have a vitiating quality, it is suggested by their form itself and by their author's action in leaving them to achieve for him a posthumous celebrity. They are sometimes almost too delicate, and they have an inspiration of «Weltschmerz,»—a mild dissatisfaction with life which, if it is at times inevitable, even in the best-regulated lives, ought the more on that account to be kept out of literature in a world which needs «Heave-ho» songs for the men at its capstans more than it does new dirges for its dead.

Of Amiel Mrs. Ward writes that he «lived alone and died sadly persuaded that his life had been a barren mistake, whereas, all the while,—such is the irony of things,—he had been in reality working out the mission assigned him in the spiritual economy, and faithfully obeying the secret mandate which had impressed itself upon his youthful consciousness: ‹Let the living live; and you, gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feelings and ideas, and you will be most useful so.›»

Amiel was born at Geneva in 1821. After completing his scholastic education at Berlin in 1848, he became professor of Æsthetics and French Literature in the Academy of Geneva. After four years (in 1853) he became professor of Moral Philosophy in the same institution. He made no reputation during his life and attempted to make none. Not until his «Journal» was read after his death, did any one suspect that another of the immortals had come and gone unrecognized.

W. V. B.

A SOAP BUBBLE HANGING FROM A REED

Our life is but a soap bubble hanging from a reed; it is formed, expands to its full size, clothes itself with the loveliest colors of the prism, and even escapes at moments from the law of gravitation; but soon the black speck appears in it, and the globe of emerald and gold vanishes into space, leaving behind it nothing but a simple drop of turbid water. All the poets have made this comparison, it is so striking and so true. To appear, to shine, to disappear; to be born, to suffer, and to die; is it not the whole sum of life, for a butterfly, for a nation, for a star?

Time is but the measure of the difficulty of a conception. Pure thought has scarcely any need of time, since it perceives the two ends of an idea almost at the same moment. The thought of a planet can only be worked out by nature with labor and effort, but supreme intelligence sums up the whole in an instant. Time is then the successive dispersion of being, just as speech is the successive analysis of an intuition or of an act of will. In itself it is relative and negative, and disappears within the absolute being. God is outside time because he thinks all thought at once; Nature is within time because she is only speech,—the discursive unfolding of each thought contained within the infinite thought. But Nature exhausts herself in this impossible task, for the analysis of the infinite is a contradiction.

With limitless duration, boundless space, and number without end, Nature does at least what she can to translate into visible form the wealth of the creative formula. By the vastness of the abysses into which she penetrates, in the effort—the unsuccessful effort—to house and contain the eternal thought, we may measure the greatness of the Divine mind. For as soon as this mind goes out of itself and seeks to explain itself, the effort at utterance heaps universe upon universe, during myriads of centuries, and still it is not expressed, and the great harangue must go on forever and ever.

The East prefers immobility as the form of the Infinite: the West, movement. It is because the West is infected by the passion for details, and sets proud store by individual worth. Like a child upon whom a hundred thousand francs have been bestowed, he thinks she is multiplying her fortune by counting it out in pieces of twenty sous, or five centimes. Her passion for progress is in great part the product of an infatuation, which consists in forgetting the goal to be aimed at, and absorbing herself in the pride and delight of each tiny step, one after the other. Child that she is, she is even capable of confounding change with improvement—beginning over again, with growth in perfectness.

At the bottom of the modern man there is always a great thirst for self-forgetfulness, self-distraction; he has a secret horror of all which makes him feel his own littleness; the eternal, the infinite, perfection, therefore scare and terrify him. He wishes to approve himself, to admire and congratulate himself; and therefore he turns away from all those problems and abysses which might recall to him his own nothingness. This is what makes the real pettiness of so many of our great minds, and accounts for the lack of personal dignity among us—civilized parrots that we are—as compared with the Arab of the desert; or explains the growing frivolity of our masses, more and more educated, no doubt, but also more and more superficial in all their conceptions of happiness.

Here, then, is the service which Christianity—the Oriental element in our culture—renders to us Westerners. It checks and counterbalances our natural tendency toward the passing, the finite, and the changeable, by fixing the mind upon the contemplation of eternal things, and by Platonizing our affections, which otherwise would have too little outlook upon the ideal world.

Christianity leads us back from dispersion to concentration, from worldliness to self-recollection. It restores to our souls, fevered with a thousand sordid desires, nobleness, gravity, and calm. Just as sleep is a bath of refreshing for our actual life, so religion is a bath of refreshing for our immortal being. What is sacred has a purifying virtue; religious emotion crowns the brow with an aureole, and thrills the heart with an ineffable joy.

I think that the adversaries of religion as such deceive themselves as to the needs of the Western man, and that the modern world will lose its balance as soon as it has passed over altogether to the crude doctrine of progress. We have always need of the infinite, the eternal, the absolute; and since science contents itself with what is relative, it necessarily leaves a void, which it is good for man to fill with contemplation, worship, and adoration. "Religion," said Bacon, "is the spice which is meant to keep life from corruption," and this is especially true to-day of religion taken in the Platonist and Oriental sense. A capacity for self-recollection — for withdrawal from the outward to the inward — is in fact the condition of all noble and useful activity.

This return, indeed, to what is serious, divine, and sacred is becoming more and more difficult, because of the growth of critical anxiety within the Church itself, the increasing worldliness of religious preaching, and the universal agitation and disquiet of society. But such a return is more and more necessary. Without it there is no inner life, and the inner life is the only means whereby we may oppose a profitable resistance to circumstance. If the sailor did not carry with him his own temperature, he could not go from the pole to the equator, and remain himself in spite of all. The man who has no refuge in himself, who lives, so to speak, in his front rooms, in the outer whirlwind of things and opinions, is not properly a personality at all; he is not distinct, free, original, a cause — in a word, *some one*. He is one of a crowd, a taxpayer, an elector, an anonymity, but not a man. He helps to make up the mass — to fill up the number of human consumers or producers; but he interests nobody but the economist and the statistician, who take the heap of sand as a whole into consideration, without troubling themselves about the uninteresting uniformity of the individual grains. The crowd counts only as a massive elementary force — why? because its constituent parts are individually insignificant; they are all like each other, and we add them up like the molecules of water in a river, gauging them by the fathom instead of appreciating them as individuals. Such men are reckoned and weighed merely as so many bodies; they have never been individualized by conscience, after the manner of souls.

He who floats with the current, who does not guide himself according to higher principles, who has no ideal, no convictions,—such a man is a mere article of the world's furniture—a thing moved, instead of a living and moving being—an echo, not a voice. The man who has no inner life is the slave of his surroundings, as the barometer is the obedient servant of the air at rest, and the weathercock the humble servant of the air in motion.

January 7th, 1866.

«JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN»

The novel by Miss Mulock, "John Halifax, Gentleman," is a bolder book than it seems, for it attacks in the English way the social problem of equality. And the solution reached is that every one may become a gentleman, even though he may be born in the gutter. In its way the story protests against conventional superiorities, and shows that true nobility consists in character, in personal merit, in moral distinction, in elevation of feeling and of language, in dignity of life, and in self-respect. This is better than Jacobinism, and the opposite of the mere brutal passion for equality. Instead of dragging everybody down, the author simply proclaims the right of every one to rise. A man may be born rich and noble—he is not born a gentleman. This word is the Shibboleth of England; it divides her into halves, and civilized society into two castes. Among gentlemen—courtesy, equality, and politeness; toward those below—contempt, disdain, coldness, and indifference. It is the old separation between the *ingenui* and all others; between the ἐλεύθεροι and the βάναυσοι, the continuation of the feudal division between the gentry and the *roturiers*.

What, then, is a gentleman? Apparently he is the free man, the man who is stronger than things, and believes in personality as superior to all the accessory attributes of fortune, such as rank and power, and as constituting what is essential, real, and intrinsically valuable in the individual. Tell me what you are, and I will tell you what you are worth. "God and my Right"; there is the only motto he believes in. Such an ideal is happily opposed to that vulgar ideal which is equally English, the ideal of wealth, with its formula, « How much is he worth ? » In a country where poverty is a crime, it is good to be able to say that a nabob need not as such be a gentleman. The mercantile ideal and the chivalrous ideal counterbalance each other; and if the one produces the ugliness of English society and its brutal side, the other serves as a compensation.

The gentleman, then, is the man who is master of himself, who respects himself, and makes others respect him. The essence of gentlemanliness is self-rule, the sovereignty of the soul. It means a character which possesses itself, a force which governs itself, a liberty which affirms and regulates itself, according to the type of true dignity. Such an ideal is closely akin to the Roman type of *dignitas cum auctoritate.* It is more moral than intellectual, and is particularly suited to England, which is preeminently the country of will. But from self-respect a thousand other things are derived — such as the care of a man's person, of his language, of his manners; watchfulness over his body and over his soul; dominion over his instincts and his passions; the effort to be self-sufficient; the pride which will accept no favor; carefulness not to expose himself to any humiliation or mortification, and to maintain himself independent of any human caprice; the constant protection of his honor and of his self-respect. Such a condition of sovereignty, insomuch as it is only easy to the man who is well-born, well-bred, and rich, was naturally long identified with birth, rank, and above all with property. The idea « gentleman » is, then, derived from feudality; it is, as it were, a milder version of the seigneur.

In order to lay himself open to no reproach, a gentleman will keep himself irreproachable; in order to be treated with consideration, he will always be careful himself to observe distances, to apportion respect, and to observe all the gradations of conventional politeness, according to rank, age, and situation. Hence it follows that he will be imperturbably cautious in the presence of a stranger, whose name and worth are unknown to him, and to whom he might perhaps show too much or too little courtesy. He ignores and avoids him; if he is approached, he turns away; if he is addressed, he answers shortly and with hauteur. His politeness is not human and general, but individual and relative to persons. This is why every Englishman contains two different men — one turned toward the world, and another. The first, the outer man, is a citadel,— a cold and angular wall; the other, the inner man, is a sensible, affectionate, cordial, and loving creature. Such a type is only formed in a moral climate full of icicles, where, in the face of an indifferent world, the hearth alone is hospitable.

So that an analysis of the national type of gentleman reveals to us the nature and the history of the nation, as the fruit reveals the tree. April 6th, 1866.

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN

THE work of Mozart, penetrated as it is with mind and thought, represents a solved problem, a balance struck between aspiration and executive capacity, the sovereignty of a grace which is always mistress of itself, marvelous harmony and perfect unity. His quartet describes a day in one of those Attic souls who prefigure on earth the serenity of Elysium. The first scene is a pleasant conversation, like that of Socrates on the banks of the Ilissus; its chief mark is an exquisite urbanity. The second scene is deeply pathetic. A cloud has risen in the blue of this Greek heaven. A storm, such as life inevitably brings with it, even in the case of great souls who love and esteem each other, has come to trouble the original harmony. What is the cause of it — a misunderstanding, a piece of neglect? Impossible to say, but it breaks out notwithstanding. The andante is a scene of reproach and complaint, but as between immortals. What loftiness in complaint; what dignity, what feeling, what noble sweetness in reproach! The voice trembles and grows graver, but remains affectionate and dignified. Then, the storm has passed, the sun has come back, the explanation has taken place, peace is re-established. The third scene paints the brightness of reconciliation. Love, in its restored confidence, and as though in sly self-testing, permits itself even gentle mocking and friendly badinage. And the *finale* brings us back to that tempered gayety and happy serenity, that supreme freedom, flower of the inner life, which is the leading motive of the whole composition.

In Beethoven on the other hand, a spirit of tragic irony paints for you the mad tumult of existence as it dances forever above the threatening abyss of the infinite. No more unity, no more satisfaction, no more serenity! We are spectators of the eternal duel between the great forces, that of the abyss which absorbs all finite things, and that of life which defends and asserts itself, expands, and enjoys. The first bars break the seals and open the caverns of the great deep. The struggle begins. It is long. Life is born, and disports itself gay and careless as the butterfly which flutters above a precipice. Then it expands the realm of its conquests, and chants its successes. It founds a kingdom, it constructs a system of nature. But the typhon rises from the yawning gulf, and the Titans beat upon the gates of the new empire. A battle of giants begins. You hear the tumultuous efforts of the powers of chaos. Life triumphs at last, but the victory is not final, and through all the intoxication of it there is a certain note of terror and bewilderment. The soul of Beethoven was a tormented soul. The passion and the awe of the infinite seemed to toss it to and fro from heaven to hell. Hence its vastness. Which is the greater, Mozart or Beethoven? Idle question! The one is more perfect, the other more colossal. The first gives you the peace of perfect art, beauty at first sight. The second gives you sublimity, terror, pity, a beauty of second impression. The one gives that for which the other rouses a desire. Mozart has the classic purity of light and the blue ocean; Beethoven the romantic grandeur which belongs to the storms of air and sea, and while the soul of Mozart seems to dwell on the ethereal peaks of Olympus, that of Beethoven climbs shuddering the storm-beaten sides of a Sinai. Blessed be they both! Each represents a moment of the ideal life, each does us good. Our love is due to both.

December 17th, 1856.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS

(*c.* 1225–1274)

THOMAS AQUINAS, the greatest theologian of the Middle Ages, was called the «Father of Moral Philosophy» and the «Angelic Doctor» by his contemporaries, and he is so far from suffering under modern tests, that he is probably in greater favor in the Catholic Church at the beginning of the twentieth century than he was in the thirteenth. He was born near Aquino, Italy, in 1225, according to some authorities, while others put the date of his birth two years later. He owed the first great stimulus his intellect received to Albertus Magnus, under whom he studied in the Dominican School at Cologne. He followed Albertus to Paris, and, after graduating there in theology, entered on the career as teacher and lecturer, which made him famous throughout Europe. As a scholastic philosopher Saint Thomas used the mode of Aristotle in developing and illustrating the principles of Christian theology. It is to his skill in this that he owes the attractiveness he has for the modern mind. The resemblance of his style as an essayist to that of Lord Bacon is unquestionably due to the fact that both had Aristotle for a model. While on his way to Rome to attempt the settlement of differences between the Eastern and Western churches, he died in the monastery of Fossa Nuova, near Terracina in Italy, March 7th, 1274. He was canonized by Pope John XXII. in 1323.

THE EFFECTS OF LOVE

THERE are three regards of union to love. One union is the cause of love: in the love with which one loves oneself this is a substantial union; while in the love with which one loves other beings, it is a union of likeness. Another union is essentially love itself; and this is union of hearts: which is likened to substantial union, inasmuch as the lover is to the object of his love as to himself in the love of friendship; as to something belonging to himself in the love of desire. A third union is the effect of love; and this is a real union which the lover seeks with the object of his love, that they should live together, converse together, and in other relations be conjoined.

Zeal, whichever way we look at it, comes of intensity of love. For clearly, the greater the intensity wherewith any power tends to an end, the more vigorously does it bear down all opposition or resistance. Since therefore love is a certain movement towards the object loved, intense love seeks to banish all opposition, but in different ways, according as it is the love of desire or of friendship. In the love of desire, he who desires intensely is moved against all that stands in the way of his gaining or quietly enjoying the object of his love; and in this way those who seek pre-eminence are moved against men of seeming eminence as being hindrances to their pre-eminence; and this is the zeal of envy. But the love of friendship seeks the good of the friend: hence, when it is intense, it makes a man bestir himself against all that conflicts with the good of his friend. And in this way we are said to be zealous on behalf of a friend, when if anything is said or done against our friend's good, we endeavor to repel it. In this way also we are zealous for God, when we endeavor according to our power to repel what goes against the honor and will of God, according to the text, « With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of hosts.» And on the text, « The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up,» the gloss (on St. John ii. 17) says: « He is eaten up with a good zeal, who endeavors to correct all the evil that he sees; and if he cannot, tolerates and laments it.»

Love denotes a certain conformation of the appetitive power to some good. Now nothing is wasted away or injured by simple conformation to an object suited to itself, but rather, if possible, it is perfected and bettered thereby; whereas what is conformed to an object not suited to it is thereby wasted and altered for the worse. The love of a proper good is therefore apt to perfect and better the lover, while the love of a good that is not proper to the lover is apt to waste away the lover and alter him for the worse. Hence a man is perfected and improved most of all by the love of God; and wasted and altered for the worse by the love of sin, according to the text: « They became abominable as those things were which they loved" This is said of love in respect of its formal element, which is on the part of the appetite. But in respect of the material element, which is some bodily alteration, we do find that love wastes and wears a man away on account of the excess of the alteration: as happens in every act of a spiritual faculty which is exercised by alteration of a bodily organ.

Every agent acts for some end. But the end is the good desired and loved by each. Hence it is manifest that every agent, whatever it be, does its every action from some love.

The objection that love is a passion, and that not all things which a man does are done from passion, is valid, touching that love which is a passion existing in the sensitive appetite; but we are speaking now of love in the general sense of the term, including under itself intellectual, rational, animal, and physical love.

Question XXVIII of the «Ethics,» complete.

OF HATRED

Love is a certain attuning of the appetite to that which is apprehended as suitable, while hatred is a sort of dissonance of the appetite from that which is apprehended as unsuitable and hurtful. But as everything suitable, as such, bears the stamp of good, so everything unsuitable, as such, bears the stamp of evil; and therefore as good is the object of love, so evil is the object of hatred.

Being, as being, has nothing in it of variance, but only of concord, because all things agree in being: but being, inasmuch as it is this determinate being, is at variance with some other determinate being; and in this way one being is hateful to another, and is evil, not in itself, but in relation to another.

As things are apprehended as good, which are not really good, so things are apprehended as evil which are not really evil; hence it happens sometimes that neither hatred of evil nor love of good is good.

In every case we should consider what agrees with a thing before we consider what disagrees with it; for to disagree with a thing is to mar or hinder what agrees with it. Hence love must be prior to hatred; and nothing can be hated except what is contrary to some agreeable thing that is loved. And thus all hatred is caused by love.

Love and hatred are contraries when they both turn on the same object; but when they are about contrary objects, they are not contraries, but consequences one of the other: for it is on one and the same ground that a thing is loved and its contrary hated; and thus the love of one thing is the cause of its contrary being hated.

Is it possible for any one to hate himself?

Properly speaking, it is impossible for any one to hate himself. For naturally everything seeks good, and cannot seek for itself anything except in the light of good. But to love any one is to wish him good. Hence a man needs must love himself, and cannot possibly hate himself, properly speaking. Accidentally, however, it comes about that a man hates himself, and this in two ways: in one way in regard of the good which he wishes for himself, for it happens sometimes that what is sought as being in a certain respect good is simply evil; and in this way one accidentally wishes evil to himself, which is to hate. The same may happen in another way in regard of the being to whom he wishes good, namely, himself. Every being is that especially which is the leading element in its composition: hence the State is said to do what the King does, as though the King were the whole State. It is clear then that man is especially the mind of man. But it happens that some men take themselves to be that especially which they are in their bodily and sensitive nature. Hence they love themselves according to that which they take themselves to be, but hate that which they really are, in that they will things contrary to reason. And in both of these ways «he that loveth iniquity, hateth» not only «his own soul,» but also himself.

From the «Ethics.»

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

IS HAPPINESS something uncreated? The word end has two meanings. In one meaning it stands for the thing itself which we desire to gain: thus the miser's end is money. In another meaning it stands for the near attainment, or possession, or use, or enjoyment of the thing desired, as if one should say that the possession of money is the miser's end, or the enjoyment of something pleasant the end of the sensualist. In the first meaning of the word, therefore, the end of man is the Uncreated Good, namely God, who alone of his infinite goodness can perfectly satisfy the will of man. But according to the second meaning, the last end of man is something created, existing in himself, which is nothing else than the attainment or enjoyment of the last end. Now the last end is called happiness. If therefore the happiness of a man is considered in its cause or object, in that way it is something uncreated; but if it is considered in essence, in that way happiness is a created thing.

Happiness is said to be the sovereign good of man, because it is the attainment or enjoyment of the sovereign good.

So far as the happiness of man is something created, existing in the man himself, we must say that the happiness of man is an act. For happiness is the last perfection of man. But everything is perfect so far as it is in act; for potentiality without actuality is imperfect. Happiness therefore must consist in the last and crowning act of man. But it is manifest that activity is the last and crowning act of an active being; whence also it is called by the philosopher « the second act.» And hence it is that each thing is said to be for the sake of its activity. It needs must be therefore that the happiness of man is a certain activity.

Life has two meanings. One way it means the very being of the living, and in that way happiness is not life; for of God alone can it be said that his own being is his happiness. In another way life is taken to mean the activity on the part of the living thing by which activity the principle of life is reduced to act. Thus we speak of an active or contemplative life, or of a life of pleasure; and in this way the last end is called life everlasting, as is clear from the text: « This is life everlasting, that they know thee, the only true God.»

By the definition of Boëtius, that happiness is «a state made perfect by the aggregate sum of all things good,» nothing else is meant than that the happy man is in a state of perfect good. But Aristotle has expressed the proper essence of happiness, showing by what it is that man is constituted in such a state, namely, by a certain activity.

Action is twofold. There is one variety that proceeds from the agent to exterior matter, as the action of cutting and burning, and such an activity cannot be happiness, for such activity is not an act and perfection of the agent, but rather of the patient. There is another action immanent, or remaining in the agent himself, as feeling, understanding, and willing. Such action is a perfection and act of the agent, and an activity of this sort may possibly be happiness.

Since happiness means some manner of final perfection, happiness must have different meanings according to the different grades of perfection that there are attainable by different beings capable of happiness. In God is happiness by essence, because his very being is his activity, because he does not enjoy any other thing than himself. In the angels final perfection is by way of a certain activity, whereby they are united to the uncreated good; and this activity is in them one and everlasting. In men, in the state of the present life, final perfection is by way of an activity whereby they are united to God. But this activity cannot be everlasting or continuous, and by consequence it is not one, because an act is multiplied by interruption; and, therefore, in this state of the present life, perfect happiness is not to be had by man. Hence the philosopher, placing the happiness of man in this life, says that it is imperfect, and after much discussion he comes to this conclusion: « We call them happy, so far as happiness can be predicated of men.» But we have a promise from God of perfect happiness, when we shall be « like the angels in Heaven.» As regards this perfect happiness, the objection drops, because in this state of happiness the mind of man is united to God by one continuous and everlasting activity. But in the present life, so far as we fall short of the unity and continuity of such an activity, so much do we lose of the perfection of happiness. There is, however, granted us a certain participation in happiness, and the more continuous and undivided the activity can be the more will it come up to the idea of happiness. And therefore in the active life, which is busied with many things, there is less of the essence of happiness than in the contemplative life, which is busy with the one occupation of the contemplation of truth.

From the third question of the « Ethics.»

FRANÇOIS JEAN DOMINIQUE ARAGO

(1786–1853)

ARAGO, one of the founders of nineteenth-century science, was born near Perpignan, France, February 26th, 1786. His discoveries in magnetism and optics combined with his work as an astronomer to make him one of the most famous men of his day, and he increased his celebrity by his uncompromising republicanism. As a member of the French Chamber of Deputies in 1830, he was one of the leaders of the most advanced section of the Republican party. In 1848, after the fall of Louis Philippe, he became Minister of War and Marine, using his influence in the ministry to secure the abolition of slavery in the French colonies and of flogging in the army and navy. After the *coup d'état* he refused allegiance to Louis Napoleon, and offered his resignation from a scientific board of which he was a member. With a good taste he could show on occasion, Louis refused to accept it, and when Arago died, October 2d, 1853, decreed him a funeral with the highest possible honors. Besides his numerous scientific works, Arago wrote a volume of studies of the lives of scientific men, which has become a part of popular literature in English as well as in French.

THE CENTRAL FIRES OF THE EARTH

IN ALL places of the earth, as soon as we descend to a certain depth, the thermometer no longer experiences either diurnal or annual variation. It marks the same degree, and the same fraction of a degree, from day to day, and from year to year. Such is the fact: what says theory?

Let us suppose, for a moment, that the earth has constantly received all its heat from the sun. Descend into its mass to a sufficient depth, and you will find, with Fourier, by the aid of calculation, a constant temperature for each day of the year. You will recognize further, that this solar temperature of the inferior strata varies from one climate to another; that in each country, finally, it ought to be always the same, so long as we do not descend to depths which are too great relatively to the earth's radius.

Well, the phenomena of nature stand in manifest contradiction to this result. The observations made in a multitude of mines, observations of the temperature of hot springs coming from different depths, have all given an increase of one degree of the centigrade for every twenty or thirty metres of depth. Thus, there was some inaccuracy in the hypothesis which we were discussing upon the footsteps of our colleague. It is not true that the temperature of the terrestrial strata may be attributed solely to the action of the solar rays.

This being established, the increase of heat which is observed in all climates when we penetrate into the interior of the globe is the manifest indication of an intrinsic heat. The earth, as Descartes and Leibnitz maintained it to be, but without being able to support their assertions by any demonstrative reasoning, —thanks to a combination of the observations of physical inquirers with the analytical calculations of Fourier,—is an incrusted sun, the high temperature of which may be boldly invoked every time that the explanation of ancient geological phenomena will require it.

After having established that there is in our earth an inherent heat,—a heat the source of which is not the sun, and which, if we may judge of it by the rapid increase which observation indicates, ought to be already sufficiently intense at the depth of only seven or eight leagues to hold in fusion all known substances,—there arises the question, What is its precise value at the surface of the earth; what weight are we to attach to it in the determination of terrestrial temperatures; what part does it play in the phenomena of life?

According to Mairan, Buffon, and Bailly, this part is immense. For France, they estimate the heat which escapes from the interior of the earth, at twenty-nine times in summer, and four hundred times in winter, the heat which comes to us from the sun. Thus, contrary to general opinion, the heat of the body which illuminates us would form only a very small part of that whose propitious influence we feel.

This idea was developed with ability and great eloquence in the "Memoirs of the Academy," in "Les Époques de la Nature" of Buffon, in the letters from Bailly to Voltaire upon the "Origin of the Sciences" and upon the "Atlantide." But the ingenious romance to which it has served as a base has vanished like a shadow before the torch of mathematical science.

Fourier, having discovered that the excess of the aggregate temperature of the earth's surface above that which would result from the sole action of the solar rays has a determinate relation to the increase of temperature at different depths, succeeded in deducing from the experimental value of this increase a numerical determination of the excess in question. This excess is the thermometric effect which the solar heat produces at the surface; now, instead of the large numbers adopted by Mairan, Bailly, and Buffon, what has our colleague found? A thirtieth of a degree, not more.

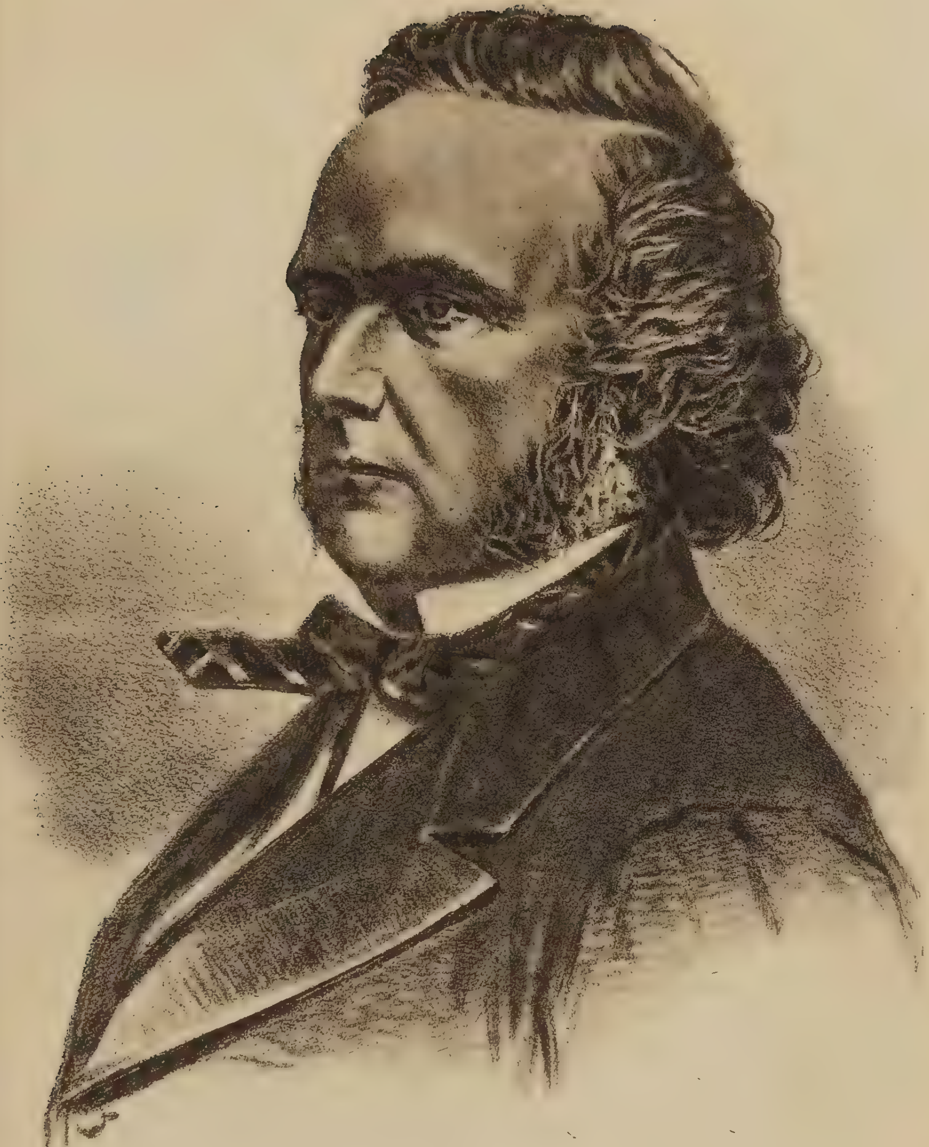
The surface of the earth, which originally was perhaps incandescent, has cooled then, in the course of ages, so as hardly to preserve any sensible trace of its primitive heat. However, at great depths, the original heat is still enormous. Time will alter sensibly the internal temperature; but at the surface (and the phenomena of the surface can alone modify or compromise the existence of living beings), all the changes are almost accomplished. The frightful freezing of the earth, the epoch of which Buffon fixed at the instant when the central heat would be totally dissipated, is then a pure dream. At the surface the earth is no longer impregnated except by the solar heat. So long as the sun shall continue to preserve the same brightness, mankind will find, from pole to pole, under each latitude, the climates which have permitted them to live and to establish their residence. These are great results. While recording them in the annals of science, historians will not neglect to draw attention to this singular peculiarity: that the geometer, to whom we owe the first certain demonstration of the existence of a heat independent of a solar influence in the interior of the earth, has annihilated the immense part which this primitive heat was made to play in the explanation of the phenomena of terrestrial temperature.

Besides divesting the theory of climates of an error which occupied a prominent place in science, supported as it was by the imposing authority of Mairan, of Bailly, and of Buffon, Fourier is entitled to the merit of a still more striking achievement: he has introduced into this theory a consideration which hitherto had been totally neglected; he has pointed out the influence exercised by the temperature of the celestial regions, amid which the earth describes its immense orbit around the sun.

When we perceive, even under the equator, certain mountains covered with eternal snow, upon observing the rapid diminution of temperature which the strata of the atmosphere undergo during ascents in balloons, meteorologists have supposed that in the regions wherein the extreme rarity of the air will always exclude the presence of mankind, and that especially beyond the limits of the atmosphere, there ought to prevail a prodigious intensity of cold. It was not merely by hundreds, it was by thousands of degrees, that they had arbitrarily measured it. But, as usual, the imagination (*cette folie de la maison*) had exceeded all reasonable limits. The hundreds, the tens of thousands of degrees, have dwindled down, after the rigorous researches of Fourier, to fifty or sixty degrees only. Fifty or sixty degrees beneath zero, such is the temperature which the radiation of heat from the stars has established in the regions furrowed indefinitely by the planets of our system.

You recollect, gentlemen, with what delight Fourier used to converse on this subject. You know well that he thought himself sure of having assigned the temperature of space within eight or ten degrees. By what fatality has it happened that the memoir, wherein no doubt our colleague had recorded all the elements of that important determination, is not to be found? May that irreparable loss prove at least to so many observers, that instead of pursuing obstinately an ideal perfection, which it is not allotted to man to attain, they will act wisely in taking the public, as soon as possible, into the confidence of their labors.

From the essay on «Fourier,» read before
the French Academy of Sciences.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLE

(1823–1900)

George Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyle, whose «Reign of Law» and kindred essays published during the last half of the nineteenth century gave him international celebrity, was born in Dumbartonshire, Scotland, April 30th, 1823. Both in politics and literature he represented the best tradition of English aristocratic liberalism. At various times during his public career he was Lord Privy Seal, Postmaster-General, and Secretary for India. Among his works are «The Reign of Law»; «Primeval War»; «The Unity of Nature»; «Geology and the Deluge,» and «The Unseen Foundations of Society.» He died April 23d 1900.

THE UNITY OF NATURE

It is a part of the unity of nature that the clear perception of any one truth leads almost always to the perception of some other, which follows from or is connected with the first. The same analysis which establishes a necessary connection between the self-consciousness of man and the one fundamental element of all religious emotion and belief establishes an equally natural connection between another part of the same self-consciousness and certain tendencies in the development of religion which we know to have been widely prevalent. For although in the operations of our own mind and spirit, with their strong and often violent emotions, we are familiar with a powerful agency which is in itself invisible, yet it is equally true that we are familiar with that agency as always working in and through a body. It is natural, therefore, when we think of living agencies in nature other than our own, to think of them as having some form, or at least as having some abode. Seeing, however, and knowing the work of those agencies to be work exhibiting power and resources so much greater than our own, there is obviously unlimited scope for the imagination in conceiving what that form and where that abode may be. Given, therefore, these two inevitable tendencies of the human mind — the tendency to believe in the existence of personalities other than our own, and the tendency to think of them as living in some shape and in some place — we have a natural and sufficient explanation, not only of the existence of religion, but of the thousand forms in which it has found expression in the world. For as man since he became man, in respect to the existing powers and apparatus of his mind, has never been without the consciousness of self, nor without some desire of interpreting the things around him in terms of his own thoughts, so neither has he been without the power of imagination. By virtue of it he recombines into countless new forms not only the images of sense, but his own instinctive interpretations of them. Obviously we have in this faculty the prolific source of an infinite variety of conceptions, which may be pure and simple or foul and unnatural, according to the elements supplied out of the moral and intellectual character of the minds which are imagining. Obviously, too, we have in this process an unlimited field for the development of good or of evil germs. The work which in the last chapter I have shown to be the inevitable work of reason when it starts from any datum which is false, must be, in religious conceptions above all others, a work of rapid and continuous evolution. The steps of natural consequence, when they are downward here, must be downward along the steepest gradients. It must be so because the conceptions which men have formed respecting the supreme agencies in nature are of necessity conceptions which give energy to all the springs of action. They touch the deepest roots of motive. In thought they open the most copious fountains of suggestion. In conduct they affect the supreme influence of authority, and the next most powerful of all influences, the influence of example. Whatever may have been false or wrong, therefore, from the first, in any religious conception, must inevitably tend to become worse and worse with time, and with the temptation under which men have lain to follow up the steps of evil consequence to their most extreme conclusions.

Armed with the certainties which thus arise out of the very nature of the conceptions we are dealing with when we inquire into the origin of religion, we can now approach that question by consulting the only other sources of authentic information, which are, first, the facts which religion presents among the existing generations of men, and, secondly, such facts as can be safely gathered from the records of the past.

On one main point which has been questioned respecting existing facts, the progress of inquiry seems to have established beyond any reasonable doubt that no race of men now exists so savage and degraded as to be, or to have been when discovered, wholly destitute of any conceptions of a religious nature. It is now well understood that all the cases in which the existence of such savages has been reported are cases which break down upon more intimate knowledge and more scientific inquiry.

Such is the conclusion arrived at by a careful modern inquirer, Professor Tiele, who says: « The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion, rests either on inaccurate observations or on a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of belief in any higher beings, and travelers who asserted their existence have been afterward refuted by facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call religion, in its most general sense, a universal phenomenon of humanity.»

Although this conclusion on a matter of fact is satisfactory, it must be remembered that, even if it had been true that some savages do exist with no conception whatever of living beings higher than themselves, it would be no proof whatever that such was the primeval condition of man. The arguments adduced in a former chapter, that the most degraded savagery of the present day is or may be the result of evolution working upon highly unfavorable conditions, are arguments which deprive such facts, even if they existed, of all value in support of the assumption that the lowest savagery was the condition of the first progenitors of our race. Degradation being a process which has certainly operated, and is now operating, upon some races, and to some extent, it must always remain a question how far this process may go in paralyzing the activity of our higher powers or in setting them, as it were, to sleep. It is well, however, that we have no such problem to discuss. Whether any savages exist with absolutely no religious conceptions is, after all, a question of subordinate importance; because it is certain that, if they exist at all, they are a very extreme case and a very rare exception. It is notorious that, in the case of most savages and of all barbarians, not only have they some religion, but their religion is one of the very worst elements in their savagery or their barbarism.

Looking now to the facts presented by the existing religions of the world, there is one of these facts which at once arrests attention, and that is the tendency of all religions, whether savage or civilized, to connect the personal agencies who are feared or worshiped with some material object. The nature of that connection may not be always—it may not be even in any case—perfectly clear and definite. The rigorous analysis of our own thoughts upon such subjects is difficult, even to the most enlightened men. To rude and savage men it is impossible. There is no mystery, therefore, in the fact that the connection which exists between various material objects and the beings who are worshiped in them or through them is a connection which remains generally vague in the mind of the worshiper himself. Sometimes the material object is an embodiment; sometimes it is a symbol; often it may be only an abode. Nor is it wonderful that there should be a like variety in the particular objects which have come to be so regarded. Sometimes they are such material objects as the heavenly bodies. Sometimes they are natural productions of our own planet, such as particular trees, or particular animals, or particular things in themselves inanimate, such as springs, or streams, or mountains. Sometimes they are manufactured articles, stones, or blocks of wood cut into some shape which has a meaning either obvious or traditional.

The universality of this tendency to connect some material objects with religious worship, and the immense variety of modes in which this tendency has been manifested, is a fact which receives a full and adequate explanation in our natural disposition to conceive of all personal agencies as living in some form and in some place, or as having some other special connection with particular things in nature. Nor is it difficult to understand how the embodiments, or the symbols, or the abodes, which may be imagined and devised by men, will vary according as their mental condition has been developed in a good or in a wrong direction. And as these imaginings and devices are never, as we see them now among savages, the work of any one generation of men, but are the accumulated inheritance of many generations, all existing systems of worship among them must be regarded as presumably very wide departures from the conceptions which were primeval. And this presumption gains additional force when we observe the distinction which exists between the fundamental conceptions of religious belief and the forms of worship which have come to be the expression and embodiment of these. In the religion of the highest and best races, in Christianity itself, we know the wide difference which obtains between the theology of the church and the popular superstitions which have been developed under it. These superstitions may be, and often are, of the grossest kind. They may be, indeed, and in many cases are known to be, vestiges of pagan worship which have survived all religious revolutions and reforms; but in other cases they are the natural and legitimate development of some erroneous belief accepted as part of the Christian creed. Here, as elsewhere, reason working on false data has been, as under such conditions it must always be, the great agent in degradation and decay.

From essays on «Nature and Religion.»

ARISTOTLE

(384–322 B. C.)

If a vote of the learned of the last five centuries could be taken to decide what essay has had the greatest effect on literature, it is probable that at least nine voices in every ten would be for the «Poetics» of Aristotle, a treatise, which, though written more than two thousand years ago, is still accepted as the best expression of the principles of literary art ever put into words. «The ‹Poetics› of Aristotle,» writes Professor Morley in his preface to the translation here given complete, «is a book which has been honored by all critics, idolized by some, and has throughout Europe influenced the higher literary criticism since the Revival of Learning. It is intellectually one of the great books of the world; substantially it is so small a book that it can be contained in one-half of this volume, and still leave room enough for the whole of another book of highest mark, Longinus's ‹On the Sublime.›»*

If it were safe to make comparisons or generalizations, it would be allowable in the case of Aristotle to pronounce his intellect the greatest of the Greek world, and among moderns, surpassed, if surpassed at all, only by that of Lord Bacon. When we remember that this puts him above Homer and Plato among the Greeks and above the great thinkers and scientists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we may prefer not to generalize, but it is impossible to go far in the study of history without being forced to recognize the extent and strength of the influence he exerted over the development of rational intellect. His influence over classical and post-classical thought was great; but as the mind of civilization began to quicken the Dark Ages, it became evident that the progress of the world towards modern times was destined to express his thought, to follow his guidance, to borrow his methods. Even when the possibilities of modern times and the science of universal empiricism were condensed into the «Novum Organum» of Bacon, it was the thought of Aristotle which, by its contraries, inspired him.

Born at Stagira in Macedonia 384 B. C., Aristotle was for twenty years a pupil in Plato's school at Athens where, during much of the period of his own studies, it is said that he carried on a school of his own. Plato called him «the intellect of the school.» After Plato's death (347 B. C.), Aristotle, then in his thirty-seventh year, opened a school at the Court of Hermias, king of a province in Mysia, who had been his fellow-student under Plato. In the year 342 B. C., on the invitation of King Philip, Aristotle went to Macedonia and became the tutor of Alexander the Great. From Macedonia he returned to Athens and opened there his celebrated school in the Lyceum, near the temple of the Lycian Apollo. He taught in the Lyceum for thirteen years; and from his habit of discussing philosophy with his pupils in its covered walk (*peripatos*), his disciples came to be called Peripatetics. Of his one hundred and forty-six separate treatises, forty-six still remain. Among these the «Poetics» is the masterpiece of its class, but the «Politics,» the «Rhetoric,» the treatises on logic and on natural science, belong to the literature without which the human mind could not have utilized its powers as we see them manifested in the achievements of our own civilization.

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*Longinus's «On the Sublime» appears in proper alphabetical order in the World's Best Essays.

«Aristotle's mind was logical,» writes Professor Morley; «he was a master of analysis; and his keen search into the nature of man, of society, and of the world outside us, made him the first founder of more sciences than one. He made, by experimental research, advances in natural science that were taken as all-sufficient till the sixteenth century. He stood between the Sophists and all later time as founder of the study of rhetoric. He founded the scientific study of politics, as well as of ethics; and although he was himself a man of science rather than a poet, his analytical power made his treatise chiefly upon the character of tragic and epic poetry a masterpiece in its own way.»

Aristotle died 322 B. C. at Chalcis, whither he had gone a fugitive from the anger of the Athenians, who, after the death of Alexander the Great, attacked Aristotle as his former teacher. After leaving Athens the great philosopher was condemned for «impiety,» but his death from a disease of the stomach deprived him of the actual martyrdom to which as the master intellect of the age of Demosthenes and the heir of the mind of Socrates, he was certainly not less entitled than they.

W. V. B.

THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE

Part I

My design is to treat of poetry in general, and of its several species; to inquire what is the proper effect of each — what construction of a fable, or plan, is essential to a good poem — of what, and how many, parts each species consists; with whatever else belongs to the same subject: which I shall consider in the order that most naturally presents itself.

Epic poetry, tragedy, comedy, dithyrambics, as also, for the most part, the music of the flute and of the lyre — all these are, in the most general view of them, imitations; differing, however, from each other in three respects, according to the different means, the different objects, or the different manner of their imitation.

For, as men, some through art and some through habit, imitate various objects by means of color and figure, and others, again, by voice, so, with respect to the arts above mentioned, rhythm, words, and melody are the different means by which, either single or variously combined, they all produce their imitation.

For example, in the imitations of the flute and the lyre, and of any other instruments capable of producing a similar effect,— as the syrinx or pipe,— melody and rhythm only are employed. In those of dance, rhythm alone, without melody; for there are dancers who, by rhythm applied to gesture, express manners, passions, and actions.

The epopœia imitates by words alone, or by verse; and that verse may either be composed of various metres, or confined, according to the practice hitherto established, to a single species. For we should, otherwise, have no general name which would comprehend the mimes of Sophron and Xenarchus and the Socratic dialogues; or poems in iambic, elegiac, or other metres, in which the epic species of imitation may be conveyed. Custom, indeed, connecting the poetry or making with the metre, has denominated some elegiac poets, *i. e.*, makers of elegiac verse; others, epic poets, *i. e.*, makers of hexameter verse; thus distinguishing poets, not according to the nature of their imitation, but according to that of their metre only. For even they who compose treatises of medicine or natural philosophy in verse are denominated poets: yet Homer and Empedocles have nothing in common, except their metre; the former, therefore, justly merits the name of poet, while the other should rather be called a physiologist than a poet.

So, also, though any one should choose to convey his imitation in every kind of metre promiscuously, as Chæremon has done in his "Centaur," which is a medley of all sorts of verse, it would not immediately follow that, on that account merely, he was entitled to the name of poet. But of this enough.

There are, again, other species of poetry which make use of all the means of imitation,—rhythm, melody, and verse. Such are the dithyrambic, that of nomes, tragedy, and comedy: with this difference, however, that in some of these they are employed all together, in others separately. And such are the differences of these arts with respect to the means by which they imitate.

But as the objects of imitation are the actions of men, and these men must of necessity be either good or bad (for on this does character principally depend; the manners being, in all men, most strongly marked by virtue and vice), it follows that we can only represent men, either as better than they actually are, or worse, or exactly as they are: just as, in painting, the pictures of Polygnotus were above the common level of nature; those of Pauson below it; those of Dionysius faithful likenesses.

Now, it is evident that each of the imitations above mentioned will admit of these differences, and become a different kind of imitation as it imitates objects that differ in this respect. This may be the case with dancing; with the music of the flute and of the lyre; and also with the poetry which employs words, or verse only, without melody or rhythm: thus, Homer has drawn men superior to what they are; Cleophon as they are; Hegemon the Thasian, the inventor of parodies, and Nicochares, the author of the "Deliad," worse than they are.

So, again, with respect to dithyrambics and nomes: in these, too, the imitation may be as different as that of the "Persians" by Timotheus, and the "Cyclops" by Philoxenus.

Tragedy, also, and comedy are distinguished in the same manner; the aim of comedy being to exhibit men worse than we find them, that of tragedy better.

There remains the third difference—that of the manner in which each of these objects may be imitated. For the poet, imitating the same object, and by the same means, may do it either in narration — and that, again, either personating other characters, as Homer does, or, in his own person throughout, without change; — or he may imitate by representing all his characters as real, and employed in the very action itself.

These, then, are the three differences by which, as I said in the beginning, all imitation is distinguished: those of the means, the object, and the manner; so that Sophocles is, in one respect, an imitator of the same kind with Homer, as elevated characters are the objects of both; in another respect, of the same kind with Aristophanes, as both imitate in the way of action; whence, according to some, the application of the term Drama (*i. e.*, action) to such poems. Upon this it is that the Dorians ground their claim to the invention both of tragedy and comedy. For comedy is claimed by the Megarians: both by those of Greece, who contend that it took its rise in their popular government, and by those of Sicily, among whom the poet Epicharmus flourished long before Chionides and Magnes; and tragedy, also, is claimed by some of the Dorians of Peloponnesus. In support of these claims they argue from the words themselves. They allege that the Doric word for a village is *comé*, the Attic *demos;* and that comedians were so called, not from *comazein*,— to revel,— but from their strolling about the *comai*, or villages, before they were tolerated in the city. They say, further, that to do, or act, they express by the word *dran;* the Athenians by *prattein.*

And thus much as to the differences of imitation — how many, and what, they are.

Poetry, in general, seems to have derived its origin from two causes, each of them natural.

1. To imitate is instinctive in man from his infancy. By this he is distinguished from other animals, that he is of all the most imitative, and through this instinct receives his earliest education. All men likewise naturally receive pleasure from imitation. This is evident from what we experience in viewing the works of imitative art; for in them we contemplate with pleasure, and with the more pleasure the more exactly they are imitated, such objects as, if real, we could not see without pain: as the figures of the meanest and most disgusting animals, dead bodies, and the like. And the reason of this is that to learn is a natural pleasure, not confined to philosophers, but common to all men; with this difference only, that the multitude partake of it in a

more transient and compendious manner. Hence the pleasure they receive from a picture: in viewing it they learn, they infer, they discover what every object is; that this, for instance, is such a particular man, etc. For if we suppose the object represented to be something which the spectator had never seen, his pleasure in that case will not arise from the imitation, but from the workmanship, the colors, or some such cause.

2. Imitation, then, being thus natural to us, and, secondly, melody and rhythm being also natural (for as to metre, it is plainly a species of rhythm), those persons in whom originally these propensities were the strongest were naturally led to rude and extemporaneous attempts, which, gradually improved, gave birth to poetry.

But this poetry, following the different characters of its authors, naturally divided itself into two different kinds. They who were of a grave and lofty spirit chose for their imitation the actions and the adventures of elevated characters; while poets of a lighter turn represented those of the vicious and contemptible. And these composed originally satires, as the former did hymns and encomia.

Of the lighter kind, we have no poem earlier than the time of Homer, though many such in all probability there were; but from his time we have, as his « Margites, » and others of the same species, in which the iambic was introduced as the most proper measure; and hence, indeed, the name of iambic, because it was the measure in which they used to iambize (*i. e.*, to satirize) each other.

And thus these old poets were divided into two classes: those who used the heroic, and those who used the iambic verse.

And as, in the serious kind, Homer alone may be said to deserve the name of poet, not only on account of his other excellences, but also of the dramatic spirit of his imitations, so was he likewise the first who suggested the idea of comedy, by substituting ridicule for invective, and giving that ridicule a dramatic cast; for his « Margites » bears the same analogy to comedy as his « Iliad » and « Odyssey » to tragedy. But when tragedy and comedy had once made their appearance, succeeding poets, according to the turn of their genius, attached themselves to the one or the other of these new species: the lighter sort, instead of iambic, became comic poets; the graver, tragic, instead of heroic; and that on account of the superior dignity and higher estimation of these latter forms of poetry.

Whether tragedy has now, with respect to its constituent parts, received the utmost improvement of which it is capable, considered both in itself and relatively to the theatre, is a question that belongs not to this place.

Both tragedy, then, and comedy, having originated in a rude and unpremeditated manner,—the first from the dithyrambic hymns, the other from those Phallic songs which in many cities remain still in use,—each advanced gradually towards perfection by such successive improvements as were most obvious.

Tragedy, after various changes, reposed at length in the completion of its proper form. Æschylus first added a second actor; he also abridged the chorus, and made the dialogue the principal part of tragedy. Sophocles increased the number of actors to three, and added the decoration of painted scenery. It was also late before tragedy threw aside the short and simple fable and ludicrous language of its satyric original, and attained its proper magnitude and dignity. The iambic measure was then first adopted; for originally the trochaic tetrameter was made use of, as better suited to the satyric and saltatorial genius of the poem at that time; but when the dialogue was formed, nature itself pointed out the proper metre. For the iambic is, of all metres, the most colloquial, as appears evidently from this fact, that our common conversation frequently falls into iambic verse; seldom into hexameter, and only when we depart from the usual melody of speech. Episodes were also multiplied, and every other part of the drama successively improved and polished.

But of this enough: to enter into a minute detail would, perhaps, be a task of some length.

Comedy, as was said before, is an imitation of bad characters, bad, not with respect to every sort of vice, but to the ridiculous only, as being a species of turpitude or deformity, since it may be defined to be a fault or deformity of such a sort as is neither painful nor destructive. A ridiculous face, for example, is something ugly and distorted, but not so as to cause pain.

The successive improvements of tragedy, and the respective authors of them, have not escaped our knowledge; but those of comedy, from the little attention that was paid to it in its origin, remain in obscurity. For it was not till late that comedy was authorized by the magistrate, and carried on at the public expense; it was at first a private and voluntary exhibition. From the time, indeed, when it began to acquire some degree of form, its poets have been recorded; but who first introduced masks, or prologues, or augmented the number of actors—these, and other particulars of the same kind, are unknown.

Epicharmus and Phormis were the first who invented comic fables. This improvement, therefore, is of Sicilian origin. But, of Athenian poets, Crates was the first who abandoned the iambic form of comedy, and made use of invented and general stories, or fables.

Epic poetry agrees so far with tragic as it is an imitation of great characters and actions by means of words; but in this it differs, that it makes use of only one kind of metre throughout, and that it is narrative. It also differs in length; for tragedy endeavors, as far as possible, to confine its action within the limits of a single revolution of the sun, or nearly so; but the time of epic action is indefinite. This, however, at first, was equally the case with tragedy itself.

Of their constituent parts, some are common to both, some peculiar to tragedy. He, therefore, who is a judge of the beauties and defects of tragedy is, of course, equally a judge with respect to those of epic poetry; for all the parts of the epic poem are to be found in tragedy; not all those of tragedy in the epic poem.

PART II

OF TRAGEDY

OF THE species of poetry which imitates in hexameters, and of comedy, we shall speak hereafter. Let us now consider tragedy, collecting first, from what has been already said, its true and essential definition.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some action that is important, entire, and of a proper magnitude—by language, embellished and rendered pleasurable, but by different means in different parts—in the way, not of narration, but of action, effecting through pity and terror the correction and refinement of such passions.

By pleasurable language I mean a language that has the embellishments of rhythm, melody, and metre. And I add, by different means in different parts, because in some parts metre alone is employed—in others, melody

Now, as tragedy imitates by acting, the decoration, in the first place, must necessarily be one of its parts; then the *melopœia*, or music, and the diction,— for these last include the means of tragic imitation. By diction, I mean the metrical composition. The meaning of *melopœia* is obvious to every one.

Again, tragedy being an imitation of an action, and the persons employed in that action being necessarily characterized by their manners and their sentiments (since it is from these that actions themselves derive their character), it follows that there must also be manners and sentiments as the two causes of actions, and, consequently, of the happiness or unhappiness of all men. The imitation of the action is the fable; for by fable I now mean the contexture of incidents, or the plot By manners I mean whatever marks the characters of the persons; by sentiments whatever they say, whether proving anything or delivering a general sentiment, etc.

Hence, all tragedy must necessarily contain six parts, which, together, constitute its peculiar character, or quality — fable, manners, diction, sentiments, decoration, and music. Of these parts, two relate to the means, one to the manner, and three to the object of imitation. And these are all. These specific parts, if we may so call them, have been employed by most poets, and are all to be found in almost every tragedy.

But of all these parts the most important is the combination of incidents, or the fable. Because tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of actions — of life, of happiness and unhappiness; for happiness consists in action, and the supreme good itself — the very end of life — is action of a certain kind, not quality. Now, the manners of men constitute only their quality or characters; but it is by their actions that they are happy, or the contrary. Tragedy, therefore, does not imitate action for the sake of imitating manners, but in the imitation of action that of manners is of course involved; so that the action and the fable are the end of tragedy; and in everything the end is of principal importance.

Again, tragedy cannot subsist without action; without manners it may. The tragedies of most modern poets have this defect — a defect common, indeed, among poets in general. As among painters also, this is the case with Zeuxis, compared with Polygnotus; the latter excels in the expression of manners. There is no such expression in the pictures of Zeuxis.

Further, suppose any one to string together a number of speeches in which the manners are strongly marked, the language and the sentiments well turned—this will not be sufficient to produce the proper effect of tragedy; that end will much rather be answered by a piece defective in each of those particulars, but furnished with a proper fable and contexture of incidents. Just as in painting, the most brilliant colors, spread at random and without design, will give far less pleasure than the simplest outline of a figure.

Add to this, that those parts of tragedy by means of which it becomes most interesting and affecting are parts of the fable: I mean revolutions and discoveries.

As a further proof, adventurers in tragic writing are sooner able to arrive at excellence in the language and the manners than in the construction of a plot, as appears from almost all our earlier poets.

The fable, then, is the principal part,—the soul, as it were,—of tragedy, and the manners are next in rank; tragedy being an imitation of an action, and through that principally of the agents.

In the third place stand the sentiments. To this part it belongs to say such things as are true and proper, which in the dialogue depend on the political and rhetorical arts; for the ancients made their characters speak in the style of political and popular eloquence, but now the rhetorical manner prevails.

The manners are whatever manifests the disposition of the speaker There are speeches, therefore, which are without manners or character, as not containing anything by which the propensities or aversions of the person who delivers them can be known. The sentiments comprehend whatever is said, whether proving anything affirmatively or negatively, or expressing some general reflection, etc.

Fourth in order is the diction—that is, as I have already said, the expression of the sentiments by words, the power and effect of which is the same, whether in verse or prose.

Of the remaining two parts the music stands next—of all the pleasurable accompaniments and embellishments of tragedy the most delightful.

The decoration has also a great effect, but, of all the parts, is most foreign to the art; for the power of tragedy is felt without representation and actors, and the beauty of the decorations depends more on the art of the mechanic than on that of the poet.

These things being thus adjusted, let us go on to examine in what manner the fable should be constructed, since this is the first and most important part of tragedy.

Now, we have defined tragedy to be an imitation of an action that is complete and entire, and that has also a certain magnitude; for a thing may be entire and a whole, and yet not be of any magnitude.

1. By entire I mean that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. A beginning is that which does not necessarily suppose anything before it, but which requires something to follow it. An end, on the contrary, is that which supposes something to precede it, either necessarily or probably, but which nothing is required to follow. A middle is that which both supposes something to precede and requires something to follow. The poet, therefore, who would construct his fable properly is not at liberty to begin or end where he pleases, but must conform to these definitions.

2. Again: whatever is beautiful, whether it be an animal, or any other thing composed of different parts, must not only have those parts arranged in a certain manner, but must also be of a certain magnitude; for beauty consists in magnitude and order. Hence it is that no very minute animal can be beautiful; the eye comprehends the whole too instantaneously to distinguish and compare the parts. Neither, on the contrary, can one of a prodigious size be beautiful; because, as all its parts cannot be seen at once, the whole (the unity of object) is lost to the spectator,— as it would be, for example, if he were surveying an animal of many miles in length. As, therefore, in animals and other objects, a certain magnitude is requisite, but that magnitude must be such as to present a whole easily comprehended by the eye, so in the fable a certain length is requisite, but that length must be such as to present a whole easily comprehended by the memory.

With respect to the measure of this length — if referred to actual representation in the dramatic contests, it is a matter foreign to the art itself; for if a hundred tragedies were to be exhibited in concurrence, the length of each performance must be regulated by the hourglass,— a practice of which, it is said, there have formerly been instances. But if we determine this measure by the nature of the thing itself, the more extensive the fable, consistently with the clear and easy comprehension of the whole, the more beautiful will it be with respect to magnitude. In general, we may say that an action is sufficiently extended when it is long enough to admit of a change of fortune, from happy to unhappy, or the reverse, brought about by a succession, necessary or probable, of well-connected incidents.

A fable is not one, as some conceive it to be, merely because the hero of it is one. For numberless events happen to one man, many of which are such as cannot be connected into one event; and so, likewise, there are many actions of one man which cannot be connected into any one action. Hence appears the mistake of all those poets who have composed « Herculeids,» « Theseids,» and other poems of that kind. They conclude that because Hercules was one, so also must be the fable of which he is the subject. But Homer, among his many other excellences, seems also to have been perfectly aware of this mistake, either from art or genius. For when he composed his « Odyssey,» he did not introduce all the events of his hero's life — such, for instance, as the wound he received upon Parnassus; his feigned madness when the Grecian army was assembling, etc.,— events not connected, either by necessary or probable consequence, with each other; but he comprehended those only which have relation to one action; for such we call that of the « Odyssey.» And in the same manner he composed his « Iliad.»

As, therefore, in other mimetic arts, one imitation is an imitation of one thing, so here the fable, being an imitation of an action, should be an imitation of an action that is one and entire, the parts of it being so connected that if any one of them be either transposed or taken away the whole will be destroyed or changed; for whatever may be either retained or omitted, without making any sensible difference, is not properly a part.

It appears, further, from what has been said, that it is not the poet's province to relate such things as have actually happened, but such as might have happened — such as are possible, according either to probable or necessary consequence.

For it is not by writing in verse or prose that the historian and the poet are distinguished; the work of Herodotus might be versified, but it would still be a species of history, no less with metre than without. They are distinguished by this — that the one relates what has been, the other what might be. On this account poetry is a more philosophical and a more excellent thing than history; for poetry is chiefly conversant about general truth, history about particular. In what manner, for example, any person of a certain character would speak or act, probably or necessarily — this is general; and this is the object of poetry, even while it makes use of particular names. But what Alcibiades did, or what happened to him — this is particular truth.

With respect to comedy, this is now become obvious; for here the poet, when he has formed his plot of probable incidents, gives to his characters whatever names he pleases, and is not, like the iambic poets, particular and personal.

Tragedy, indeed, retains the use of real names; and the reason is, that what we are disposed to believe we must think possible. Now, what has never actually happened we are not apt to regard as possible; but what has been is unquestionably so, or it could not have been at all. There are, however, some tragedies in which one or two of the names are historical, and the rest feigned. There are even some in which none of the names are historical,— such is Agatho's tragedy called "The Flower"; for in that all is invention, both incidents and names, and yet it pleases. It is by no means, therefore, essential that a poet should confine himself to the known and established subjects of tragedy. Such a restraint would, indeed, be ridiculous, since even those subjects that are known are known comparatively but to few, and yet are interesting to all.

From all this it is manifest that a poet should be a poet, or maker, of fables rather than of verses, since it is imitation that constitutes the poet, and of this imitation actions are the object; nor is he the less a poet though the incidents of his fable should chance to be such as have actually happened; for nothing hinders, but that some true events may possess that probability, the invention of which entitles him to the name of poet.

Of simple fables or actions the episodic are the worst. I call that an episodic fable the episodes of which follow each other without any probable or necessary connection,— a fault into which bad poets are betrayed by their want of skill, and good poets by the players; for in order to accommodate their pieces to the purposes of rival performers in the dramatic contests, they spin out the action beyond their powers, and are thus frequently forced to break the connection and continuity of its parts.

But tragedy is an imitation not only of a complete action, but also of an action exciting terror and pity. Now, that purpose is best answered by such events as are not only unexpected, but unexpected consequences of each other; for by this means they will have more of the wonderful than if they appeared to be the effects of chance; since we find that, among events merely casual, those are the most wonderful and striking which seem to imply design: as when, for instance, the statue of Mitys at Argos killed the very man who had murdered Mitys, by falling down upon him as he was surveying it,—events of this kind not having the appearance of accident. It follows, then, that such fables as are formed on these principles must be the best.

Fables are of two sorts, simple and complicated: for so also are the actions themselves of which they are imitations. An action (having the continuity and unity prescribed) I call simple when its catastrophe is produced without either revolution or discovery; complicated, when with one or both. And these should arise from the structure of the fable itself, so as to be the natural consequences, necessary or probable, of what has preceded in the action. For there is a wide difference between incidents that follow from and incidents that follow only after each other.

A revolution is a change (such as has already been mentioned) into the reverse of what is expected from the circumstances of the action, and that produced, as we have said, by probable or necessary consequence.

Thus, in the "Œdipus," the messenger, meaning to make Œdipus happy, and to relieve him from the dread he was under with respect to his mother, by making known to him his real birth, produces an effect directly contrary to his intention. Thus, also, in the tragedy of "Lynceus," Lynceus is led to suffer death, Danaus follows to inflict it; but the event, resulting from the course of the incidents, is that Danaus is killed and Lynceus saved.

A discovery—as, indeed, the word implies—is a change from unknown to known, happening between those characters whose happiness or unhappiness forms the catastrophe of the drama, and terminating in friendship or enmity.

The best sort of discovery is that which is accompanied by a revolution, as in the "Œdipus."

There are also other discoveries, for inanimate things of any kind may be recognized in the same manner, and we may discover whether such a particular thing was, or was not, done by such a person. But the discovery most appropriated to the fable and the action is that above defined, because such discoveries and revolutions must excite either pity or terror; and tragedy we have defined to be an imitation of pitiable and terrible actions, and because, also, by them the event, happy or unhappy, is produced.

Now discoveries, being relative things, are sometimes of one of the persons only, the other being already known; and sometimes they are reciprocal. Thus Iphigenia is discovered to Orestes by the letter which she charges him to deliver; and Orestes is obliged, by other means, to make himself known to her.

These, then, are two parts of the fable — revolution and discovery. There is a third which we denominate disasters. The two former have been explained. Disasters comprehend all painful or destructive actions: the exhibition of death, bodily anguish, wounds, and everything of that kind.

The parts of tragedy which are necessary to constitute its quality have been already enumerated. Its parts of quantity — the distinct parts into which it is divided — are these: prologue, episode, exode, and chorus, which last is also divided into the parode and the stasimon. These are common to all tragedies. The commoi are found in some only.

The prologue is all that part of a tragedy which precedes the parode of the chorus; the episode, all that part which is included between entire choral odes; the exode, that part which has no choral ode after it.

Of the choral part, the parode is the first speech of the whole chorus; the stasimon includes all those choral odes that are without anapests and trochees.

The commos is a general lamentation of the chorus and the actors together.

Such are the separate parts into which tragedy is divided. Its parts of quality were before explained.

The order of the subject leads us to consider, in the next place, what the poet should aim at, and what avoid, in the construction of his fable; and by what means the purpose of tragedy may be best effected.

Now, since it is requisite to the perfection of a tragedy that its plot should be of the complicated, not of the simple kind, and that it should imitate such actions as excite terror and pity (this being the peculiar property of the tragic imitation), it follows evidently, in the first place, that the change from prosperity to adversity should not be represented as happening to a virtuous character; for this raises disgust rather than terror or compassion. Neither should the contrary change, from adversity to prosperity, be exhibited in a vicious character: this, of all plans, is the most opposite to the genius of tragedy, having no one property that it ought to have; for it is neither gratifying in a moral view, nor affecting, nor terrible. Nor, again, should the fall of a very bad man from prosperous to adverse fortune be represented: because, though such a subject may be pleasing from its moral tendency, it will produce neither pity nor terror. For our pity is excited by misfortunes undeservedly suffered, and our terror by some resemblance between the sufferer and ourselves. Neither of these effects will, therefore, be produced by such an event.

There remains, then, for our choice, the character between these extremes: that of a person neither eminently virtuous or just, nor yet involved in misfortune by deliberate vice or villainy, but by some error of human frailty; and this person should also be some one of high fame and flourishing prosperity. For example, Œdipus, Thyestes, or other illustrious men of such families.

Hence it appears that, to be well constructed, a fable, contrary to the opinion of some, should be single rather than double; that the change of fortune should not be from adverse to prosperous, but the reverse; and that it should be the consequence, not of vice, but of some great frailty, in a character such as has been described, or better rather than worse.

These principles are confirmed by experience, for poets, formerly, admitted almost any story into the number of tragic subjects; but now the subjects of the best tragedies are confined to a few families,—to Alcmæon, Œdipus, Orestes, Meleager, Thyestes, Telephus, and others, the sufferers or the authors of some terrible calamity.

The most perfect tragedy, then, according to the principles of the art, is of this construction: whence appears the mistake of those critics who censure Euripides for this practice in his tragedies, many of which terminate unhappily; for this, as we have shown, is right. And, as the strongest proof of it, we find that upon the stage and in the dramatic contests such tragedies, if they succeed, have always the most tragic effect; and Euripides, though, in other respects faulty in the conduct of his subjects, seems clearly to be the most tragic of all poets.

I place in the second rank that kind of fable to which some assign the first: that which is of a double construction, like the "Odyssey," and also ends in two opposite events, to the good and to the bad characters. That this passes for the best is owing to the weakness of the spectators, to whose wishes the poets accommodate their productions. This kind of pleasure, however, is not the proper pleasure of tragedy, but belongs rather to comedy, for there, if even the bitterest enemies, like Orestes and Ægisthus, are introduced, they quit the scene at last in perfect friendship, and no blood is shed on either side.

Terror and pity may be raised by the decoration,— the mere spectacle; but they may also arise from the circumstances of the action itself, which is far preferable and shows a superior poet. For the fable should be so constructed that, without the assistance of the sight, its incidents may excite horror and commiseration in those who hear them only: an effect which every one who hears the fable of the « Œdipus » must experience. But to produce this effect by means of the decoration discovers want of art in the poet, who must also be supplied, by the public, with an expensive apparatus.

As to those poets who make use of the decoration in order to produce, not the terrible, but the marvelous only, their purpose has nothing in common with that of tragedy. For we are not to seek for every sort of pleasure from tragedy, but for that only which is proper to the species.

Since, therefore, it is the business of the tragic poet to give that pleasure which arises from pity and terror, through imitation, it is evident that he ought to produce that effect by the circumstances of the action itself.

Let us then see of what kind those incidents are which appear most terrible or piteous.

Now, such actions must, of necessity, happen between persons who are either friends or enemies, or indifferent to each other. If an enemy kills, or purposes to kill, an enemy, in neither case is any commiseration raised in us beyond what necessarily arises from the nature of the action itself.

The case is the same when the persons are neither friends nor enemies. But when such disasters happen between friends — when, for instance, the brother kills or is going to kill his brother, the son his father, the mother her son, or the reverse — these, and others of a similar kind, are the proper incidents for the poet's choice. The received tragic subjects, therefore, he is not at liberty essentially to alter; Clytemnestra must die by the hand of Orestes, and Eriphyle by that of Alcmæon; but it is his province to invent other subjects, and to make a skillful use of those which he finds already established. What I mean by a skillful use I proceed to explain.

The atrocious action may be perpetrated knowingly and intentionally, as was usual with the earlier poets, and as Euripides, also, has represented Medea destroying her children.

It may, likewise, be perpetrated by those who are ignorant, at the time, of the connection between them and the injured person, which they afterwards discover; like Œdipus, in Sophocles. There, indeed, the action itself does not make a part of the drama: the "Alcmæon" of Astydamas, and Telegonus in the "Ulysses Wounded," furnish instances within the tragedy.

There is yet a third way, where a person upon the point of perpetrating, through ignorance, some dreadful deed, is prevented by a sudden discovery.

Beside these there is no other proper way,—for the action must of necessity be either done or not done, and that either with knowledge or without, but of all these ways, that of being ready to execute, knowingly, and yet not executing, is the worst; for this is, at the same time, shocking and yet not tragic, because it exhibits no disastrous event. It is, therefore, never, or very rarely, made use of. The attempt of Hæmon to kill Creon in the "Antigone" is an example.

Next to this is the actual execution of the purpose.

To execute, through ignorance, and afterwards to discover, is better; for thus the shocking atrociousness is avoided, and, at the same time, the discovery is striking.

But the best of all these ways is the last. Thus in the tragedy of "Cresphontes," Merope, in the very act of putting her son to death, discovers him and is prevented. In the "Iphigenia," the sister in the same manner discovers her brother; and in the "Helle" the son discovers his mother at the instant when he is going to betray her.

On this account it is that the subjects of tragedy, as before remarked, are confined to a small number of families, for it was not to art, but to fortune, that poets applied themselves to find incidents of this nature. Hence the necessity of having recourse to those families in which such calamities have happened.

Of the plot or fable and its requisites enough has now been said

With respect to the manners four things are to be attended to by the poet.

First and principally, they should be good. Now, manners or character belong, as we have said before, to any speech or action that manifests a certain disposition; and they are bad or good as the disposition manifested is bad or good. This goodness of manners may be found in persons of every description; the manners of a woman or of a slave may be good, though, in general, women are, perhaps, rather bad than good, and slaves altogether bad.

The second requisite of the manners is propriety. There is a manly character of bravery and fierceness which cannot, with propriety, be given to a woman.

The third requisite is resemblance; for this is a different thing from their being good and proper, as above described.

The fourth is consistency; for even though the model of the poet's imitation be some person of inconsistent manners, still that person must be represented as consistently inconsistent.

We have an example of manners unnecessarily bad, in the character of Menelaus in the tragedy of "Orestes"; of improper and unbecoming manners in the lamentation of Ulysses in "Scylla," and in the speech of Menalippe; of inconsistent manners in the "Iphigenia at Aulis,"—for there the Iphigenia who supplicates for life has no resemblance to the Iphigenia of the conclusion.

In the manners, as in the fable, the poet should always aim, either at what is necessary, or what is probable; so that such a character shall appear to speak or act, necessarily or probably, in such a manner, and this event to be the necessary or probable consequence of that. Hence it is evident that the development also of a fable should arise out of the fable itself, and not depend upon machinery, as in the "Medea," or in the incidents relative to the return of the Greeks, in the "Ilaid." The proper application of machinery is to such circumstances as are extraneous to the drama; such as either happened before the time of the action and could not by human means be known, or are to happen after and require to be foretold; for to the gods we attribute the knowledge of all things. But nothing improbable should be admitted in the incidents of the fable; or, if it cannot be avoided, it should at least be confined to such as are without the tragedy itself, as in the "Œdipus" of Sophocles.

Since tragedy is an imitation of what is best, we should follow the example of skillful portrait painters; who, while they express the peculiar lineaments and produce a likeness, at the same time improve upon the original. And thus, too, the poet, when he imitates the manners of passionate men (or of indolent, or any other of a similar kind), should draw an example approaching rather to a good than to a hard and ferocious character: as Achilles is drawn by Agatho and by Homer. These things the poet should keep in view; and, besides these, whatever relates to those senses which have a necessary connection with poetry; for here, also, he may often err. But of this enough has been said in the treatises already published.

What is meant by a discovery has already been explained. Its kinds are the following:—

First. The most inartificial of all, and to which, from poverty of invention, the generality of poets have recourse,—the discovery by visible signs. Of these signs, some are natural; as the lance with which the family of the earth-born Thebans was marked, or the stars which Carcinus has made use of in his "Thyestes"; others are adventitious, and of these some are corporal, as scars; some external, as necklaces, bracelets, etc., or the little boat by which the discovery is made in the tragedy of "Tyro." Even these, however, may be employed with more or less skill. The discovery of Ulysses, for example, to his nurse, by means of his scar, is very different from his discovery, by the same means, to the herdsmen. For all those discoveries, in which the sign is produced by way of proof, are inartificial. Those which, like that in the washing of Ulysses, happen suddenly and casually, are better.

Second. Discoveries invented at pleasure, by the poet, and, on that account, still inartificial. For example: in the "Iphigenia," Orestes, after having discovered his sister, discovers himself to her. She, indeed, is discovered by the letter, but Orestes by verbal proofs; and these are such as the poet chooses to make him produce, not such as arise from the circumstances of the fable. This kind of discovery, therefore, borders upon the fault of that first mentioned; for some of the things from which those proofs are drawn are even such as might have been actually produced as visible signs.

Another instance is the discovery by the sound of the shuttle in the "Tereus" of Sophocles.

Third. The discovery occasioned by memory; as when some recollection is excited by the view of a particular object. Thus, in the "Cyprians" of Dicæogenes, a discovery is produced by tears shed at the sight of a picture; and thus, in the tale of Alcinous, Ulysses, listening to the bard, recollects, weeps, and is discovered.

Fourth. The discovery occasioned by reasoning or inference; such as that in the "Choëphoræ": "The person who is arrived resembles me — no one resembles me but Orestes — it must be he!" And that of Polyides the Sophist in his "Iphigenia"; for the conclusion of Orestes was natural. "It had been his sister's lot to be sacrificed, and it was now his own!" That, also, in the "Tydeus" of Theodectes: — "He came to find his son, and he himself must perish!" And thus, the daughters of Phineus, in the tragedy named from them, viewing the place to which they were led, infer their fate: — "there they were to die, for there they were exposed!" There is also a compound sort of discovery, arising from false inference in the audience: as in "Ulysses the False Messenger," he asserts that he shall know the bow, which he had not seen; the audience falsely infer that a discovery by that means will follow.

But, of all discoveries, the best is that which arises from the action itself, and in which a striking effect is produced by probable incidents. Such is that in the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, and that in the "Iphigenia"; for nothing more natural than her desire of conveying the letter. Such discoveries are the best, because they alone are effected without the help of invented proofs, or bracelets, etc.

Next to these are the discoveries by inference.

The poet, both when he plans and when he writes his tragedy, should put himself as much as possible in the place of a spectator; for by this means, seeing everything distinctly, as if present at the action, he will discern what is proper, and no inconsistencies will escape him. The fault objected to Carcinus is a proof of this. Amphiaraus had left the temple. This the poet, for want of conceiving the action to pass before his eyes, overlooked; but in the representation the audience was disgusted and the piece condemned.

In composing, the poet should even, as much as possible, be an actor; for by natural sympathy they are most persuasive and affecting who are under the influence of actual passion. We share the agitation of those who appear to be truly agitated; the anger of those who appear to be truly angry.

Hence it is that poetry demands either great natural quickness of parts or an enthusiasm allied to madness. By the first of these we mold ourselves with facility to the imitation of every form; by the other, transported out of ourselves, we become what we imagine.

When the poet invents a subject, he should first draw a general sketch of it, and afterwards give it the detail of its episodes and extend it. The general argument, for instance, of the « Iphigenia » should be considered in this way: « A virgin, on the point of being sacrificed, is imperceptibly conveyed away from the altar and transported to another country, where it was the custom to sacrifice all strangers to Diana. Of these rites she is appointed priestess. It happens, some time after, that her brother arrives there. » But why? Because an oracle had commanded him, for some reason exterior to the general plan. For what purpose? This also is exterior to the plan. « He arrives, is seized, and, at the instant that he is going to be sacrificed, the discovery is made. » And this may be, either in the way of Euripides, or like that of Polyides, by the natural reflection of Orestes, that « it was his fate also, as it had been his sister's, to be sacrificed »; by which exclamation he is saved.

After this the poet, when he has given names to his characters, should proceed to the episodes of his action; and he must take care that these belong properly to the subject; like that of the madness of Orestes, which occasions his being taken, and his escape by means of the ablution. In dramatic poetry the episodes are short; but in the epic they are the means of drawing out the poem to its proper length. The general story of the « Odyssey, » for example, lies in a small compass. « A certain man is supposed to be absent from his own country for many years; he is persecuted by Neptune, deprived of all his companions, and left alone. At home his affairs are in disorder — the suitors of his wife dissipating his wealth and plotting the destruction of his son. Tossed by many tempests, he at length arrives, and, making himself known to some of his family, attacks his enemies, destroys them, and remains himself in safety. » This is the essential; the rest is episode.

Every tragedy consists of two parts — the complication and the development. The complication is often formed by incidents supposed prior to the action, and by a part also of those that are within the action; the rest form the development. I call complication all that is between the beginning of the piece and the last part, where the change of fortune commences; development all between the beginning of that change and the conclusion. Thus in the "Lynceus" of Theodectes the events antecedent to the action and the seizure of the child constitute the complication; the development is from the accusation of murder to the end.

There are four kinds of tragedy, deducible from so many parts, which have been mentioned. One kind is the complicated; where all depends on revolution and discovery. Another is the disastrous, such as those on the subject of "Ajax," or "Ixion." Another, the moral, as the "Phthiotides" and the "Peleus." And, fourthly, the simple, such as the "Phorcides," the "Prometheus," and all those tragedies the scene of which is laid in the infernal regions.

It should be the poet's aim to make himself master of all these manners; of as many of them, at least, as possible, and those the best: especially considering the captious criticism to which in these days he is exposed. For the public, having now seen different poets excel in each of these different kinds, expect every single poet to unite in himself and to surpass the peculiar excellences of them all.

One tragedy may justly be considered as the same with another, or different, not according as the subjects, but rather according as the complication and development are the same or different. Many poets, when they have complicated well, develop badly. They should endeavor to deserve equal applause in both.

We must also be attentive to what has been often mentioned, and not construct a tragedy upon an epic plan. By an epic plan I mean a fable composed of many fables; as if any one, for instance, should take the entire fable of the "Iliad" for the subject of a tragedy. In the epic poem the length of the whole admits of a proper magnitude in the parts; but in the drama the effect of such a plan is far different from what is expected. As a proof of this, those poets who have formed the whole of the destruction of Troy into a tragedy, instead of confining themselves (as Euripides, but not Æschylus, has done in the story of Niobe) to a part, have either been condemned in the representation or have contended without success. Even Agatho has failed on this account, and on this only; for in revolutions, and in actions also of the simple kind, these poets succeed wonderfully in what they aim at; and that is, the union of tragic effect with moral tendency. As when, for example, a character of great wisdom, but without integrity, is deceived, like Sisyphus, or a brave, but unjust man, conquered. Such events, as Agatho says, are probable, "as it is probable, in general, that many things should happen contrary to probability."

The chorus should be considered as one of the persons in the drama; should be a part of the whole and a sharer in the action. Not as in Euripides, but as in Sophocles. As for other poets, their choral songs have no more connection with their subject than with that of any other tragedy, and hence they are now become detached pieces, inserted at pleasure; a practice first introduced by Agatho. Yet where is the difference between this arbitrary insertion of an ode and the transposition of a speech, or even of a whole episode, from one tragedy to another?

Of the other parts of tragedy enough has now been said. We are next to consider the diction and the sentiments.

For what concerns the sentiments we refer to the principles laid down in the books on rhetoric, for to that subject they more properly belong. The sentiments include whatever is the object of speech; as, for instance, to prove, to confute, to move the passions — pity, terror, anger, and the like; to amplify, or to diminish. But it is evident that, with respect to the things themselves also, when the poet would make them appear pitiable, or terrible, or great, or probable, he must draw from the same sources, with this difference only, that in the drama these things must appear to be such without being shown to be such, whereas in oratory they must be made to appear so by the speaker, and in consequence of what he says; otherwise, what need of an orator if they already appear so in themselves and not through his eloquence?

With respect to diction, one part of its theory is that which treats of the figures of speech, such as commanding, entreating, relating, menacing, interrogating, answering, and the like. But this belongs, properly, to the art of acting and to the professed masters of that kind. The poet's knowledge or ignorance of these things cannot in any way materially affect the credit of his art. For who will suppose there is any justice in the cavil of Protagoras — that, in the words, "The wrath, O goddess, sing," the poet, where he intended a prayer, had expressed a command;

for he insists that to say, Do this, or do it not, is to command. This subject, therefore, we pass over, as belonging to an art distinct from that of poetry.

To all diction belong the following parts: the letter, the syllable, the conjunction, the noun, the verb, the article, the case, the discourse or speech.

1. A letter is an indivisible sound; yet not all such sounds are letters, but those only that are capable of forming an intelligible sound. For there are indivisible sounds of brute creatures; but no such sounds are called letters. Letters are of three kinds: vowels, semi-vowels, and mutes. The vowel is that which has a distinct sound without articulation, as *a* or *o*. The semi-vowel, that which has a distinct sound with articulation, as *s* and *r*. The mute, that which, with articulation, has yet no sound by itself; but, joined with one of those letters that have some sound, becomes audible, as *g* and *d*. These all differ from each other, as they are produced by different configurations, and in different parts of the mouth; as they are aspirated or smooth, long or short; as their tone is acute, grave, or intermediate: the detail of all which is the business of the metrical treatises.

2. A syllable is a sound without signification, composed of a mute and a vowel; for *g r*, without *a*, is not a syllable; with *a*, as *g r a*, it is. But these differences also are the subject of the metrical art.

3. A conjunction is a sound without signification, . . . of such a nature as, out of several sounds, each of them significant, to form one significant sound.

4. An article is a sound without signification, which marks the beginning or the end of a sentence, or distinguishes, as when we say, Τὸ *φημὶ*, or Τὸ *περὶ*, etc.

5. A noun is a sound composed of other sounds; significant, without expression of time, and of which no part is by itself significant; for even in double words the parts are not taken in the sense that separately belongs to them. Thus, in the word Theodorus, dorus is not significant.

6. A verb is a sound composed of other sounds; significant — with expression of time — and of which, as of the noun, no part is by itself significant. Thus, in the words, man, white, indication of time is not included; in the words, he walks, he walked, etc., it is included; the one expressing the present time, the other the past.

7. Cases belong to nouns and verbs. Some cases express relation, as, of, to, and the like; others number, as man, or men, etc. Others relate to action or pronunciation, as those of interrogation, of command, etc.; for ἐβάδισεν (did he go?) and βάδιζε (go) are verbal cases of that kind.

8. Discourse, or speech, is a sound significant composed of other sounds, some of which are significant by themselves; for all discourse is not composed of verbs and nouns — the definition of man, for instance. Discourse, or speech, may subsist without a verb; some significant part, however, it must contain: significant as the word Cleon is in « Cleon walks.»

A discourse or speech is one in two senses, either as it signifies one thing or several things made one by conjunction. Thus, the « Iliad » is one by conjunction, the definition of man by signifying one thing.

Of words, some are single — by which I mean composed of parts not significant — and some double; of which last some have one part significant and the other not significant, and some both parts significant. A word may also be triple, quadruple, etc., like many of those used by the Megaliotæ, as *Hermocaïcoxanthus*. Every word is either common, or foreign, or metaphorical, or ornamental, or invented, or extended, or contracted, or altered.

By common words I mean such as are in general and established use; by foreign, such as belong to a different language: so that the same word may evidently be both common and foreign, though not to the same people. The word Σιγύνον to the Cyprians is common, to us foreign.

A metaphorical word is a word transferred from its proper sense; either from genus to species, or from species to genus, or from one species to another, or in the way of analogy.

1. From genus to species, as: —

« Secure in yonder port my vessel stands.»

For to be at anchor is one species of standing or being fixed.

2. From species to genus, as: —

« to Ulysses
A thousand generous deeds we owe.»

For a thousand is a certain definite many, which is here used for many in general.

3. From one species to another, as:—

Χαλκῶ ἀπὸ ψυχὴν ἐρύσας.
(The brazen falchion drew away his life.)

And

Τάμ᾽ ἀτειρέϊ χαλκῶ.
(Cut by the ruthless sword.)

For here the poet uses ταμεῖν, to cut off, instead of ἐρυσαι, to draw forth, and ἐρυσαι instead of ταμεῖν: each being a species of taking away.

4. In the way of analogy—when, of four terms, the second bears the same relation to the first as the fourth to the third; in which case the fourth may be substituted for the second, and the second for the fourth. And sometimes the proper term is also introduced besides its relative term.

Thus, a cup bears the same relation to Bacchus as a shield to Mars. A shield, therefore, may be called the cup of Mars, and a cup the shield of Bacchus. Again, evening being to day what old age is to life, the evening may be called the old age of the day, and old age the evening of life; or, as Empedocles has expressed it, "Life's setting sun." It sometimes happens that there is no proper analogous term answering to the term borrowed; which yet may be used in the same manner, as if there were. For instance: to sow is the term appropriated to the action of dispersing seed upon the earth; but the dispersion of rays from the sun is expressed by no appropriated term; it is, however, with respect to the sun's light, what sowing is with respect to seed. Hence the poet's expression of the sun—

"—sowing abroad
His heaven-created flame."

There is, also, another way of using this kind of metaphor, by adding to the borrowed word a negation of some of those qualities which belong to it in its proper sense: as if, instead of calling a shield the cup of Mars, we should call it the wineless cup.

An invented word is a word never before used by any one, but coined by the poet himself; for such, it appears, there are, as ἐρνύται for κέρατα, horns, or ἀρητήρ for ἱερεύς, a priest.

A word is extended, when for the proper vowel a longer is substituted, or a syllable is inserted. A word is contracted when some part of it is retrenched. Thus, *πόληος* for *πόλεως*, and *Πηληιάδεω* for *Πηλείδου*, are extended words; contracted, such as *κρι*, and *δω*, and *οψ*, *e. g.* —

—*μία γίνγεται ἀμφοτερων όψ*

An altered word is a word of which part remains in its usual state, and part is of the poet's making: as in,

δεξιτερὸν κατὰ μαζόν,

δεξιτερόν is for *δεξιόν*.

Further, nouns are divided into masculine, feminine, and neuter. The masculine are those which end in *ν*, *ρ*, *σ*, or in some letter compounded of *σ* and a mute; these are two, *ψ* and *ξ*. The feminine are those which end in the vowels always long, as *η* or *ω*; or in *α*, of the doubtful vowels: so that the masculine and the feminine terminations are equal in number; for as to *ψ* and *ξ*, they are the same with terminations in *σ*. No noun ends in a mute or a short vowel. There are but three ending in *ι*: *μέλι*, *κόμμι*, *πέπερι*; five ending in *υ*: *πῶυ*, *νάπυ*, *γόνυ*, *δόρυ*, *ἄστυ*.

The neuter terminate in these two last-mentioned vowels, and in *ν* and *σ*.

The excellence of diction consists in being perspicuous without being mean. The most perspicuous is that which is composed of common words; but, at the same time, it is mean. Such is the poetry of Cleophon and that of Sthenelus. That language, on the contrary, is elevated and remote from the vulgar idiom which employs unusual words; by unusual I mean foreign, metaphorical, extended,—all, in short, that are not common words. Yet, should a poet compose his diction entirely of such words, the result would be either an enigma or a barbarous jargon: an enigma, if composed of metaphors; a barbarous jargon, if composed of foreign words. For the essence of an enigma consists of putting together things apparently inconsistent and impossible, and, at the same time, saying nothing but what is true. Now this cannot be effected by the mere arrangement of the words; by the metaphorical use of them, it may; as in this enigma:—

> "A man I once beheld (and wondering viewed),*
> Who on another brass with fire had glued."

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* The operation of "cupping" performed by the Greeks with a brass cup.

With respect to barbarism, it arises from the use of foreign words. A judicious intermixture is, therefore, requisite.

Thus the foreign word, the metaphorical, the ornamental, and the other species before mentioned, will raise the language above the vulgar idiom, and common words will give it perspicuity. But nothing contributes more considerably to produce clearness, without vulgarity of diction, than extensions, contractions, and alterations of words: for here, the variation from the proper form being unusual, will give elevation to the expression; and, at the same time, what is retained of usual speech will give it clearness. It is without reason, therefore, that some critics have censured these modes of speech, and ridiculed the poet for the use of them; as old Euclid did, objecting that "versification would be an easy business, if it were permitted to lengthen words at pleasure," — and then giving a burlesque example of that sort of diction.

Undoubtedly, when these licenses appear to be thus purposely used, the thing becomes ridiculous. In the employment of all the species of unusual words, moderation is necessary: for metaphors, foreign words, or any of the others, improperly used, and with a design to be ridiculous, would produce the same effect. But how great a difference is made by a proper and temperate use of such words may be seen in heroic verse. Let any one only substitute common words in the place of the metaphorical, the foreign, and others of the same kind, and he will be convinced of the truth of what I say. For example: the same iambic verse occurs in Æschylus and in Euripides; but, by means of a single alteration — the substitution of a foreign for a common and usual word, one of these verses appears beautiful, the other ordinary. For Æschylus, in his "Philoctetes," says: —

"Lo! on my foot a wasting ulcer feeds";

but Euripides, instead of "feeds" has written "feasts."

The same difference will appear, if, in this verse,

Νῦν δέ μ᾽ ἐὼν ὀλίγος τε καὶ οὐτιδανὸς καὶ ἄκικυς,

we substitute common words, and say,

Νῦν δέ μ᾽ ἐὼν μικρός τε καὶ ἀσθενικὸς καὶ ἀειδής.

So, again, should we for the following—

Δίφρον ἀεικέλιον καταθεὶς, ὀλίγην τε τράπεζαν,

substitute this—

Δίφρον μοχθηρὸν καταθεὶς, μικράν τε τράπεζαν.

Or change Ἠϊόνες βοόωσιν (the cliffs rebellow) to Ἠϊόνες κράζουσιν (the cliffs croak or screech).

Ariphrades also endeavored to throw ridicule upon the tragic poets, for making use of such expressions as no one would think of using in common speech—as δωμάτων ἄπο, instead of ἀπὸ δωμάτων; and σέθεν, and ἐγὼ δέ νιν, and Ἀχιλλέως πέρι, instead of περὶ Ἀχιλλέως, etc. Now it is precisely owing to their being not in common use that such expressions have the effect of giving elevation to the diction. But this he did not know.

To employ with propriety any of these modes of speech—the double words, the foreign, etc.—is a great excellence. But the greatest of all is to be happy in the use of metaphor; for it is this alone which cannot be acquired, and which, consisting in a quick discernment of resemblances, is a certain mark of genius.

Of the different kinds of words, the double are best suited to dithyrambic poetry, the foreign to heroic, the metaphorical to iambic. In heroic poetry, indeed, they have all their place; but to iambic verse, which is, as much as may be, an imitation of common speech, those words which are used in common speech are best adapted, and such are—the common, the metaphorical, and the ornamental.

Concerning tragedy and the imitation by action, enough has now been said.

PART III

OF THE EPIC POEM

WITH respect to that species of poetry which imitates by narration and in hexameter verse, it is obvious that the fable ought to be dramatically constructed, like that of tragedy, and that it should have for its subject one entire and perfect action, having a beginning, a middle, and an end; so that, forming, like an animal, a complete whole, it may afford its proper pleasure, widely differing in its construction from history, which necessarily treats not of one action, but of one time and of all the events that happened to one person, or to many, during that time — events the relation of which to each other is merely casual. For, as the naval action at Salamis, and the battle with the Carthaginians in Sicily, were events of the same time, unconnected by any relation to a common end or purpose, so also, in successive events, we sometimes see one thing follow another without being connected to it by such relation. And this is the practice of the generality of poets. Even in this, therefore, as we have before observed, the superiority of Homer's genius is apparent — that he did not attempt to bring the whole war, though an entire action with beginning and end, into his poem. It would have been too vast an object, and not easily comprehended in one view; or had he forced it into a moderate compass, it would have been perplexed by its variety. Instead of this, selecting one part only of the war, he has from the rest introduced many episodes — such as the catalogue of the ships, and others — by which he has diversified his poem. Other poets take for their subject the actions of one person or of one period of time; or an action which, though one, is composed of too many parts. Thus the author of the «Cypriacs» and of the «Little Iliad.» Hence it is that the «Iliad» and the «Odyssey,» each of them furnishes matter for one tragedy, two at most; but from the «Cypriacs» many may be taken, and from the «Little Iliad» more than eight, as the Contest for the Armor, Philoctetes, Neoptolemus, Eurypylus, the Vagrant, the Spartan Women, the Fall of Troy, the Return of the Fleet, Sinon, and the Trojan Women.

Again, the epic poem must also agree with the tragic as to its kinds — it must be simple, or complicated, moral, or disastrous. Its parts also, setting aside music and decoration, are the same, for it requires revolutions, discoveries, and disasters, and it must be furnished with proper sentiments and diction, of all which Homer gave both the first and the most perfect example. Thus, of his two poems, the «Iliad» is of the simple and disastrous kind, the «Odyssey» complicated (for it abounds throughout with discoveries) and moral. Add to this, that in language and sentiments he has surpassed all poets.

The epic poem differs from tragedy in the length of its plan and in its metre.

With respect to length, a sufficient measure has already been assigned. It should be such as to admit of our comprehending at one view the beginning and the end; and this would be the case if the epic poem were reduced from its ancient length, so as not to exceed that of such a number of tragedies as are performed successively at one hearing. But there is a circumstance in the nature of epic poetry which affords it peculiar latitude in the extension of its plan. It is not in the power of tragedy to imitate several different actions performed at the same time; it can imitate only that one which occupies the stage, and in which the actors are employed. But the epic imitation, being narrative, admits of many such simultaneous incidents properly related to the subject, which swell the poem to a considerable size.

And this gives it a great advantage, both in point of magnificence, and also as it enables the poet to relieve his hearer and diversify his work by a variety of dissimilar episodes; for it is to the satiety naturally arising from similarity that tragedies frequently owe their ill success.

With respect to metre, the heroic is established by experience as the most proper; so that should any one compose a narrative poem in any other, or in a variety of metres, he would be thought guilty of a great impropriety. For the heroic is the gravest and most majestic of all measures; and hence it is that it peculiarly admits the use of foreign and metaphorical expressions. For in this respect also, the narrative imitation is abundant and various beyond the rest. But the iambic and trochaic have more motion; the latter being adapted to dance, the other to action and business. To mix these different metres, as Chæremon has done, would be still more absurd. No one, therefore, has ever attempted to compose a poem of an extended plan in any other than heroic verse; nature itself, as we before observed, pointing out the proper choice.

Among the many just claims of Homer to our praise, this is one, that he is the only poet who seems to have understood what part in his poem it was proper for him to take himself. The poet, in his own person, should speak as little as possible, for he is not then the imitator. But other poets, ambitious to figure throughout themselves, imitate but little, and seldom. Homer, after a few preparatory lines, immediately introduces a man, a woman, or some other character; for all have their character—nowhere are the manners neglected.

The surprising is necessary in tragedy; but the epic poem goes further, and admits even the improbable and incredible, from which the highest degree of the surprising results, because there the action is not seen. The circumstances, for example, of the pursuit of Hector by Achilles are such as, upon the stage, would appear ridiculous — the Grecian army standing still and taking no part in the pursuit, and Achilles making signs to them, by the motion of his head, not to interfere. But in the epic poem this escapes our notice. Now the wonderful always pleases, as is evident from the additions which men always make in relating anything in order to gratify the hearers.

It is from Homer principally that other poets have learned the art of feigning well. It consists in a sort of sophism. When one thing is observed to be constantly accompanied or followed by another, men are apt to conclude that if the latter is or has happened, the former must also be or must have happened. But this is an error, . . . for, knowing the latter to be true, the mind is betrayed into the false inference that the first is true also.

The poet should prefer impossibilities which appear probable to such things as, though possible, appear improbable. Far from producing a plan made up of improbable incidents, he should, if possible, admit no one circumstance of that kind; or if he does it should be exterior to the action itself, like the ignorance of Œdipus concerning the manner in which Laius died; not within the drama, like the narrative of what happened at the Pythian games in the « Electra »; or in « The Mysians, » the man who travels from Tegea to Mysia without speaking. To say that without these circumstances the fable would have been destroyed is a ridiculous excuse. The poet should take care, from the first, not to construct his fable in that manner. If, however, anything of this kind has been admitted, and yet is made to pass under some color of probability, it may be allowed, though even in itself absurd. Thus, in the « Odyssey » the improbable account of the manner in which Ulysses was landed upon the shore of Ithaca is such as, in the hands of an ordinary poet, would evidently have been intolerable. But here the absurdity is concealed under the various beauties of other kinds, with which the poet has embellished it.

The diction should be most labored in the idle parts of the poem — those in which neither manners nor sentiments prevail; for the manners and the sentiments are only obscured by a too splendid diction.

Part IV

OF CRITICAL OBJECTIONS, AND THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH THEY ARE TO BE ANSWERED

With respect to critical objections and the answers to them, the number and nature of the different sources from which they may be drawn will be clearly understood, if we consider them in the following manner:—

1. The poet, being an imitator like the painter or any other artist of that kind, must necessarily, when he imitates, have in view one of these three objects: he must represent things such as they were or are, or such as they are said to be and believed to be, or such as they should be.

2. Again, all this he is to express in words, either common or foreign and metaphorical; or varied by some of those many modifications and peculiarities of language which are the privilege of poets.

3. To this we must add, that what is right in the poetic art is a distinct consideration from what is right in the political or any other art. The faults of poetry are of two kinds, essential and accidental. If the poet has undertaken to imitate without talents for imitation, his poetry will be essentially faulty. But if he is right in applying himself to poetic imitation, yet in imitating is occasionally wrong,—as if a horse, for example, were represented moving both his right legs at once, or, if he has committed mistakes, or described things impossible, with respect to other arts, that of physic, for instance, or any other,—all such faults, whatever they may be, are not essential, but accidental, faults in the poetry.

To the foregoing considerations, then, we must have recourse, in order to obviate the doubts and objections of the critics.

For, in the first place, suppose the poet to have represented things impossible with respect to some other art. This is certainly a fault. Yet it may be an excusable fault, provided the end of the poet's art be more effectually obtained by it—that is, according to what has already been said of that end, if, by this means, that or any other part of the poem is made to produce a more striking effect. The pursuit of Hector is an instance. If, indeed, this end might as well, or nearly as well, have been attained without departing from the principles of the particular art in question, the fault, in that case, could not be justified, since faults of every kind should, if possible, be avoided.

Still, we are to consider further whether a fault be in things essential to the poetic art or foreign and incidental to it; for it is a far more pardonable fault to be ignorant, for instance, that a hind has no horns than to paint one badly.

Further, if it be objected to the poet that he has not represented things conformably to truth, he may answer that he has represented them as they should be. This was the answer of Sophocles, that "he drew mankind such as they should be; Euripides, such as they are." And this is the proper answer.

But if the poet has represented things in neither of these ways, he may answer that he has represented them as they are said and believed to be. Of this kind are the poetical descriptions of the gods. It cannot, perhaps, be said that they are either what is best or what is true; but, as Xenophanes says, opinions "taken up at random," these are things, however, not "clearly known."

Again, what the poet has exhibited is perhaps, not what is best, but it is the fact; as in the passage about the arms of the sleeping soldiers:—

"fixed upright in the earth
Their spears stood by."

For such was the custom at that time, as it is now among the Illyrians.

In order to judge whether what is said or done by any character be well or ill, we are not to consider that speech or action alone; whether in itself it be good or bad, but also by whom it is spoken or done, to whom, at what time, in what manner, or for what end; whether, for instance, in order to obtain some greater good, or to avoid some greater evil.

For the solution of some objections we must have recourse to the diction. For example:—

οὐρηας μὲν πρῶτον —

On mules and dogs the infection first began.
---*Pope.*

This may be defended by saying that the poet has, perhaps, used the word οὐρηας in its foreign acceptation of sentinels, not in its proper sense, of mules.

So also in the passage where it is said of Dolon:—

εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός.
(Of form unhappy.)

The meaning is not that his person was deformed, but that his face was ugly; for the Cretans use the word *εὐειδὲς*, well-formed, to express a beautiful face.

Again:—

ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιρε.

Here the meaning is not "mix it strong," as for intemperate drinkers, but "mix it quickly."

The following passages may be defended by metaphor:—

Now pleasing sleep had sealed each mortal eye;
Stretched in the tents the Grecian leaders lie;
The immortals slumbered on their thrones above.
—*Pope.*

Again:—

"When on the Trojan plain his anxious eye
Watchful he fixed."

And—

Αὐλῶν συρίγγων θ' ὁμαδόν.

For "all" is put metaphorically instead of "many," all being a species of many.

Here also:—

"The bear alone
Still shines exalted in th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his flaming forehead in the main."

"Alone" is metaphorical the most remarkable thing in any kind we speak of as the only one.

We may have recourse also,

3. To accent, as the following passage—

δίδομεν δέ οἱ—

And this—*τὸ μὲν οὐ καταπύθεται ὄμβρῳ*—were defended by Hippias of Thasos.

4. To punctuation, as in this passage of Empedocles:—

Αἶψα δὲ θνήτ' ἐφύοντο τὰ πρὶν μάθον ἀθάνατ' εἶναι,
Ζωρά τε πρὶν ακρητα,

i. e. (Things, before immortal,
Mortal became, and mixed before unmixed,
Their courses changed.)

5. To ambiguity, as in *παρῴχηκεν δε πλέων νύξ*, where the word *πλέων* is ambiguous.

6. To customary speech: thus, wine mixed with water, or whatever is poured out to drink as wine, is called *οἶνος*, wine; hence Ganymede is said, *Διὶ οἰνοχοεύειν*, to "pour the wine to Jove," though wine is not the liquor of the gods. This, however, may also be defended by metaphor.

Thus, again, artificers in iron are called *Χαλκεῖς*, literally, braziers. Of this kind is the expression of the poet,—*Κνημὶς νεοτεύκτου κασσιτέροιο.*

7. When a word, in any passage, appears to express a contradiction, we must consider in how many different senses it may there be taken. Here, for instance:—

—τῃ 'ρ ἔσχετο χάλκεον ἔγχος—
There stuck the lance.—*Pope.*

the meaning is, was stopped only, or repelled.

Of how many different senses a word is capable may best be discovered by considering the different senses that are opposed to it.

We may also say, with Glauco, that some critics first take things for granted without foundation, and then argue from these previous decisions of their own; and, having once pronounced their judgment, condemn, as an inconsistence, whatever is contrary to their preconceived opinion. Of this kind is the cavil of the critics concerning Icarius. Taking it for granted that he was a Lacedæmonian, they thence infer the absurdity of supposing Telemachus not to have seen him when he went to Lacedæmon. But, perhaps, what the Cephalenians say may be the truth. They assert that the wife of Ulysses was of their country, and that the name of her father was not Icarius, but Icadius. The objection itself, therefore, is probably founded on a mistake.

The impossible, in general, is to be justified by referring, either to the end of poetry itself, or to what is best, or to opinion.

For, with respect to poetry, impossibilities, rendered probable, are preferable to things improbable, though possible.

With respect also to what is best, the imitations of poetry should resemble the paintings of Zeuxis; the example should be more perfect than nature.

To opinion, or what is commonly said to be, may be referred even such things as are improbable and absurd; and it may also be said that events of that kind are, sometimes, not really improbable; since "it is probable that many things should happen contrary to probability."

When things are said which appear to be contradictory, we must examine them as we do in logical confutation: whether the same thing be spoken of; whether in the same respect, and in the same sense.

Improbability, and vicious manners, when excused by no necessity, are just objects of critical censure. Such is the improbability in the "Ægeus" of Euripides, and the vicious character of Menelaus in his "Orestes."

Thus, the sources from which the critics draw their objections are five: they object to things as impossible, or improbable, or of immoral tendency, or contradictory, or contrary to technical accuracy. The answers, which are twelve in number, may be deduced from what has been said.

PART V

OF THE SUPERIORITY OF TRAGIC TO EPIC POETRY

IT MAY be inquired, further, which of the two imitations, the epic, or the tragic, deserves the preference.

If that which is the least vulgar, or popular, of the two, be the best, and that be such which is calculated for the better sort of spectators — the imitation which extends to every circumstance must, evidently, be the most vulgar, or popular; for there the imitators have recourse to every kind of motion and gesticulation, as if the audience, without the aid of action, were incapable of understanding them; like bad flute-players, who whirl themselves round when they would imitate the motion of the discus, and pull the coryphæus when Scylla is the subject. Such is tragedy. It may also be compared to what the modern actors are in the estimation of their predecessors; for Myniscus used to call Callipides, on account of his intemperate action, the ape; and Tyndarus was censured on the same account. What these performers are with respect to their predecessors, the tragic imitation, when entire, is to the epic. The latter, then, it is urged, addresses itself to hearers of the better sort, to whom the addition of gesture is superfluous: but tragedy is for the people; and being, therefore, the most vulgar kind of imitation, is evidently the inferior.

But now, in the first place, this censure falls, not upon the poet's art, but upon that of the actor; for the gesticulation may be equally labored in the recitation of an epic poem, as it was by Sosistratus; and in singing, as by Mnasitheus, the Opuntian.

Again, all gesticulation is not to be condemned; since even all dancing is not, but such only as is unbecoming — such as was objected to Callipides, and is now objected to others, whose gestures resemble those of immodest women.

Further, tragedy, as well as the epic, is capable of producing its effect even without action; we can judge of it perfectly by reading. If, then, in other respects, tragedy be superior, it is sufficient that the fault here objected is not essential to it.

Tragedy has the advantage in the following respects: It possesses all that is possessed by the epic; it might even adopt its metre: and to this it makes no inconsiderable addition in the music and the decoration; by the latter of which the illusion is heightened, and the pleasure arising from the action is rendered more sensible and striking.

It has the advantage of greater clearness and distinctness of impression, as well in reading as in representation.

It has also that of attaining the end of its imitation in a shorter compass; for the effect is more pleasurable when produced by a short and close series of impressions than when weakened by diffusion through a long extent of time, as the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, for example, would be if it were drawn out to the length of the "Iliad."

Further, there is less unity in all epic imitation, as appears from this — that any epic poem will furnish matter for several tragedies. For, supposing the poet to choose a fable strictly one, the consequence must be either that his poem, if proportionably contracted, will appear curtailed and defective, or, if extended to the usual length, will become weak, and, as it were, diluted. If, on the other hand, we suppose him to employ several fables — that is, a fable composed of several actions — his imitation is no longer strictly one. The "Iliad," for example, and the "Odyssey" contain many such subordinate parts, each of which has a certain magnitude and unity of its own; yet is the construction of those poems as perfect and as nearly approaching to the imitation of a single action, as possible.

If, then, tragedy be superior to the epic in all these respects, and also in the peculiar end at which it aims (for each species ought to afford, not any sort of pleasure indiscriminately, but such only as has been pointed out), it evidently follows that tragedy, as it attains more effectually the end of the art itself, must deserve the preference.

And thus much concerning tragic and epic poetry in general and their several species, the number and the differences of their parts, the causes of their beauties and their defects, the censures of critics, and the principles on which they are to be answered.

Complete. Translated by Thomas Twining.

THE DISPOSITIONS CONSEQUENT ON WEALTH

Any one, without any great penetration, may distinguish the dispositions consequent on wealth; for (its possessors) are insolent and overbearing, from being tainted in a certain way by the getting of their wealth. For they are affected as though they possessed every good; since wealth is a sort of standard of the worth of other things; whence everything seems to be purchasable by it. And they are affectedly delicate and purse-proud; they are thus delicate on account of their luxurious lives, and the display they make of their prosperity. They are purse-proud, and violate the rules of good breeding, from the circumstance that every one is wont to dwell upon that which is beloved and admired by him, and because they think that others are emulous of that, of which they are themselves. But at the same time they are thus affected reasonably enough; for many are they who need the aid of men of property. Whence, too, that remark of Simonides addressed to the wife of Hiero respecting the wealthy and the wise; for when she asked him whether it were better to have been born wealthy or wise, he replied, wealthy; for, he said, he used to see the wise hanging on at the doors of the wealthy. And (it is a characteristic of the rich) that they esteem themselves worthy of being in office, for they consider themselves possessed of that on account of which they are entitled to be in office. And, in a word, the disposition of the rich is that of a fool amid prosperity.

However, the dispositions of those who are but lately rich, and of those who have been so from of old, are different; inasmuch as those who have recently become rich have all these faults in a greater and a worse degree; for the having recently become rich is as it were an inexpertness in wealth. And they are guilty of offenses, not of a malicious nature, but such as are either offenses of contumely or intemperance.

Chapter XVI of the treatise on «Rhetoric.»

THE DISPOSITIONS OF MEN IN POWER, AND OF THE FORTUNATE

And in the same way on the subject of power, the most striking almost of its dispositions are evident; for of these power has some in common with wealth, and others which are better. For men in power are more ambitious and more manly in their dispositions than the wealthy; from their aiming at all duties whatsoever, which from their power they have the means of discharging. And they are less given to trifling, because, from a necessity of looking carefully to their power, they are constrained to a diligent attention. And they comport themselves with a dignity which is conciliatory rather than repulsive; for their claims for dignity render them more conspicuous; on which account, they bear themselves moderately: but conciliatory dignity is a softened and graceful sedateness. And, if they do transgress the bounds of right, it is not in small points, but in those which are of importance, that they are guilty.

But good fortune, according to its constituents, is of the disposition of the states which have been described; since those which appear to be the greatest instances of good fortune resolve themselves ultimately into these states: and, besides these, to the excellence of one's progeny, and to personal advantages. But men are usually more overbearing and inconsiderate in consequence of prosperity. But one disposition, and that most excellent, is a concomitant of good fortune, *viz.*, that the fortunate are lovers of the gods, and are disposed toward the Deity with a sort of confidence, in consequence of the goods which have accrued to them from fortune.

The subject, then, of the dispositions as they conform to age and to fortune has been discussed; for from the opposites of my remarks the opposite subjects will be evident; the subject, for example, of the disposition of a poor, or unfortunate person, or of one out of power.

Chapter XVII of the treatise on «Rhetoric.»

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(1822–1888)

As the exponent of the idea of «Sweetness and Light» as qualities of the cultured intellect, Matthew Arnold occupied a distinctive place in the literature of his generation, and it is probable that much of what he has written will survive even after many such marked changes of taste as have already taken place. He represented the realities of that high intellectual refinement to which some of his imitators had no other title than that given them by their desire to be credited with it. In the generation to which he belonged English aristocratic liberalism showed itself ineffective to deal with the rapidly accumulating problems of civilization. The conservatism which means «holding its own and other people's also» under—

> «The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That he can take who has the power
> And he can keep who can,»

was never unequal to its opportunities. But when for aristocratic liberalism, opportunity meant the sacrifice of its own individual and class privileges, the closing years of the century show nothing but hesitation and vacillation, the longing for progress and the lack of courage to advance, which expresses itself in the sadness of the highest intellect of the English literature of this period. The whole æsthetic movement, with its idea that the world can be saved by the sweetness of those high minds whose culture separates them from the rest, seems to be a reaction from politics, due to the indecision of great political leaders who, when trusted with power, feared to use it to carry out what they had advocated in opposition. Even when he is most the poet and essayist, Matthew Arnold is still the sociologist, the student of the fundamental principles of society. The sadness which underlies his work, prose as well as verse, and develops itself in the sudden antithesis of his exquisite:—

> «Strew on her roses, roses,
> But never a spray of yew;
> In quiet she reposes—
> Ah, would that I did too!»

—this and the protest against «Philistinism» are equally symptoms of discontent, with conditions out of which were soon to be developed the rude and vigorous vulgarity of that middle-class Toryism which thrusts itself forward with its insulting and Philistine question, addressed to the ghosts of Tomlinsonian culture:—

«Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought, God wot, and the tale is yet to run!
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer: What have ye done?»

Perhaps the study of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante may yet produce in England a Winkelried in literature who will give a Winkelried's answer to that question, but the Shelleys and Byrons who died expatriated and in disgrace in the first half of the century left no successors in the second half. We had instead the melancholy Tennyson at the Court of Arthur, and the saddened Arnold at Athens in the time of Pericles,—both representatives of the ineffectual protest of poetic souls against an environment they could not control.

The son of the celebrated Doctor Arnold of Rugby, Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham, December 24th, 1822. Graduating at Oxford in 1844, he held the professorship of Poetry there from 1857 to 1867, after having served from 1851 to 1867 as Government Inspector of Schools. In 1883–84 he lectured in the United States, and, on his return to England, showed that the intellectual exclusiveness to which he tended did not make him unfriendly to Republican institutions, or hopeless of a government by the masses—who, according to his view, if incapable of saving themselves, were to be saved nevertheless by a «remnant» of men of high intellect. As a poet, Arnold is at his best in his lyrics, some of which are unsurpassed in English. The style of his essays is a model of highly polished smoothness. He died in Liverpool, April 15th, 1888. W. V. B.

A FINAL WORD ON AMERICA

Sir Henry Maine, in an admirable essay which, though not signed, betrays him for its author by its rare and characteristic qualities of mind and style—Sir Henry Maine in the Quarterly Review adopts and often reiterates a phrase of M. Scherer, to the effect that «democracy is only a form of government.» He holds up to ridicule a sentence of Mr. Bancroft's «History,» in which the American democracy is told that its ascent to power «proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being, and was as certain as the degrees of eternity." Let us be willing to give Sir Henry Maine his way, and to allow no magnificent claim of this kind on behalf of the American democracy. Let us treat as not more solid the assertion in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal, are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let us concede that these natural rights are a figment; that chance and circumstance, as much as deliberate foresight and design, have brought the United States into their present condition; that moreover the British rule which they threw off was not the rule of oppressors and tyrants which declaimers suppose; and that the merit of the Americans was not that of oppressed men rising against tyrants, but rather of sensible young people getting rid of stupid and overweening guardians who misunderstood and mismanaged them.

All this let us concede, if we will; but in conceding it let us not lose sight of the really important point, which is this: that their institutions do in fact suit the people of the United States so well, and that from this suitableness they do derive so much actual benefit. As one watches the play of their institutions, the image suggests itself to one's mind of a man in a suit of clothes which fits him to perfection, leaving all his movements unimpeded and easy. It is loose where it ought to be loose, and it sits close where its sitting close is an advantage. The central government of the United States keeps in its own hands those functions which, if the nation is to have real unity, ought to be kept there; those functions it takes to itself and no others. The State governments and the municipal governments provide people with the fullest liberty of managing their own affairs, and afford, besides, a constant and invaluable school of practical experience. This wonderful suit of clothes, again (to recur to our image), is found also to adapt itself naturally to the wearer's growth, and to admit of all enlargements as they successively arise. I speak of the state of things since the suppression of slavery, of the state of things which meets a spectator's eye at the present time in America. There are points in which the institutions of the United States may call forth criticism. One observer may think that it would be well if the President's term of office were longer, if his ministers sat in Congress or must possess the confidence of Congress. Another observer may say that the marriage laws for the whole nation ought to be fixed by Congress, and not to vary at the will of the legislatures of the several States. I myself was much struck with the inconvenience of not allowing a man to sit in Congress except for his own district; a man like Wendell Phillips was thus excluded, because Boston would not return him. It is as if Mr. Bright could have no other constituency open to him if Rochdale would not send him to Parliament. But all these are really questions of machinery (to use my own term), and ought not so to engage our attention as to prevent our seeing that the capital fact as to the institutions of the United States is this: their suitableness to the American people and their natural and easy working. If we are not to be allowed to say, with Mr. Beecher, that this people has "a genius for the organization of States," then at all events we must admit that in its own organization it has enjoyed the most signal good fortune.

From an essay in the Nineteenth Century.

THE REAL BURNS

By his English poetry Burns in general belongs to the eighteenth century, and has little importance for us.

"Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The lifeblood equal sucks of Right and Wrong!"

Evidently this is not the real Burns, or his name and fame would have disappeared long ago. Nor is Clarinda's love poet, Sylvander, the real Burns either. But he tells us himself: "These English songs gravel me to death. I have not the command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think that my ideas are more barren in English than in Scotch. I have been at 'Duncan Gray' to dress it in English, but all I can do is desperately stupid." We English turn naturally, in Burns, to the poems in our own language, because we can read them easily; but in those poems we have not the real Burns.

The real Burns is of course in his Scotch poems. Let us boldly say that of much of this poetry, a poetry dealing perpetually with Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, a Scotchman's estimate is apt to be personal. A Scotchman is used to this world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners; he has a tenderness for it; he meets its poet half way. In this tender mood he reads pieces like the «Holy Fair» or «Hallowe'en.» But this world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners is against a poet, not for him, when it is not a partial countryman who reads him; for in itself it is not a beautiful world, and no one can deny that it is of advantage to a poet to deal with a beautiful world. Burns's world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners is often a harsh, a sordid, a repulsive world; even the world of his «Cotter's Saturday Night» is not a beautiful world. No doubt a poet's criticism of life may have such truth and power that it triumphs over its world and delights us. Burns may triumph over his world; often he does triumph over his world, but let us observe how and where. Burns is the first case we have had where the bias of the personal estimate tends to mislead; let us look at him closely, he can bear it.

Many of his admirers will tell us that we have Burns, convivial, genuine, delightful, here:—

«Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college;
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whisky gill or penny wheep
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.»

There is a great deal of that sort of thing in Burns, and it is unsatisfactory, not because it is bacchanalian poetry, but because it has not that accent of sincerity which bacchanalian poetry, to do it justice, very often has. There is something in it of bravado, something which makes us feel that we have not the man speaking to us with his real voice; something, therefore, poetically unsound.

With still more confidence will his admirers tell us that we have the genuine Burns, the great poet, when his strain asserts the independence, equality, dignity, of men, as in the famous song "For a' that and a' that":—

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks that a' that."

Here they find his grand, genuine touches; and still more, when this puissant genius, who so often set morality at defiance, falls moralizing:—

"The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing,
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling."

Or in a higher strain:—

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone;
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Or in a better strain yet, a strain, his admirers will say, unsurpassable:—

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

There is criticism of life for you, the admirers of Burns will say to us; there is the application of ideas to life! There is, undoubtedly. The doctrine of the last-quoted lines coincides almost exactly with what was the aim and end, Xenophon tells us, of all the teaching of Socrates. And the application is a powerful one; made by a man of vigorous understanding, and (need I say?) a master of language.

But for supreme poetical success more is required than the powerful application of ideas to life; it must be an application under the conditions fixed by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. Those laws fix as an essential condition, in the poet's treatment of such matters as are here in question, high seriousness — the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity. The accent of high seriousness, born of absolute sincerity, is what gives to such verse as

«*In la sua volontade è nostra pace . . .*»

to such criticism of life as Dante's its power. Is this accent felt in the passages which I have been quoting from Burns? Surely not; surely, if our sense is quick, we must perceive that we have not in those passages a voice from the very inmost soul of the genuine Burns; he is not speaking to us from these depths, he is more or less preaching. And the compensation for admiring such passages less, from missing the perfect poetic accent in them, will be that we shall admire more the poetry where that accent is found.

No; Burns, like Chaucer, comes short of the high seriousness of the great classics, and the virtue of matter and manner which goes with that high seriousness is wanting to his work. At moments he touches it in a profound and passionate melancholy, as in those four immortal lines taken by Byron as a motto for «The Giaour,» but which have in them a depth of poetic quality such as resides in no verse of Byron's own: —

«Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.»

But a whole poem of that quality Burns cannot make; the rest, in the «Farewell to Nancy,» is verbiage.

We arrive best at the real estimate of Burns, I think, by conceiving his work as having truth of matter and truth of manner, but not the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters.

His genuine criticism of life, when the sheer poet in him speaks, is ironic; it is not:—

> "Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
> These woes of mine fulfil,
> Here firm I rest, they must be best
> Because they are Thy will!"

It is far rather: "Whistle owre the lave o't!" Yet we may say of him as of Chaucer, that of life and the world, as they come before him, his view is large, free, shrewd, benignant—truly poetic, therefore; and his manner of rendering what he sees is to match. But we must note, at the same time, his great difference from Chaucer. The freedom of Chaucer is heightened, in Burns, by a fiery, reckless energy; the benignity of Chaucer deepens, in Burns, into an overwhelming sense of the pathos of things—of the pathos of human nature, the pathos, also, of non-human nature. Instead of the fluidity of Chaucer's manner, the manner of Burns has spring, bounding swiftness. Burns is by far the greater force, though he has perhaps less charm. The world of Chaucer is fairer, richer, more significant than that of Burns; but when the largeness and freedom of Burns get full sweep, as in "Tam o' Shanter," or still more in that puissant and splendid production, "The Jolly Beggars," his world may be what it will, his poetic genius triumphs over it. In the world of "The Jolly Beggars" there is more than hideousness and squalor, there is bestiality; yet the piece is a superb poetic success. It has a breadth, truth, and power which make the famous scene in Auerbach's cellar, of Goethe's "Faust," seem artificial and tame beside it, and which are only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes.

Here, where his largeness and freedom serve him so admirably, and also in those poems and songs, where to shrewdness he adds infinite archness and wit, and to benignity infinite pathos, where his manner is flawless, and a perfect poetic whole is the result—in things like the address to the mouse whose home he had ruined, in things like "Duncan Gray," "Tam Glen," "Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad," "Auld Lang Syne" (the list might be made much longer)—here we have the genuine Burns, of whom the real estimate must be high indeed. Not a classic, nor with the excellent σπουδαιότης of the great classics, nor with a verse rising to a criticism of life and a virtue like theirs; but a poet with thorough truth of substance and an answering truth of style, giving us a poetry sound to the core. We all of us have a leaning toward the pathetic, and may be inclined perhaps to prize Burns most for his touches of piercing, sometimes almost intolerable, pathos; for verse like:

«We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne . . .»

where he is as lovely as he is sound. But perhaps it is by the perfection of soundness of his lighter and archer masterpieces that he is poetically most wholesome for us. For the votary misled by a personal estimate of Shelley, as so many of us have been, are, and will be,—of that beautiful spirit building his many-colored haze of words and images

«Pinnacled dim in the intense inane,»—

no contact can be wholesomer than the contact with Burns at his archest and soundest. Side by side with the

«On the brink of the night and the morning
My coursers are wont to respire,
But the Earth has just whispered a warning
That their flight must be swifter than fire»

of «Prometheus Unbound,» how salutary, how very salutary, to place this from «Tam Glen»:—

«My minnie does constantly deave me
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?»

But we enter on burning ground as we approach the poetry of times so near to us, poetry like that of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, of which the estimates are so often not only personal, but personal with passion. For my purpose, it is enough to have taken the single case of Burns, the first poet we come to of whose work the estimate formed is evidently apt to be personal, and to have suggested how we may proceed, using the poetry of the great classics, as a sort of touchstone, to correct this estimate, as we had previously corrected by the same means the historic estimate where we met with it.

«SWEETNESS AND LIGHT»

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this culture, or attach any value to it, as culture at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word curiosity gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the Quarterly Review, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate of it in my judgment it was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word curiosity, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame, if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity,—a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are,—which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: « The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.» This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term curiosity stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses toward action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,— motives eminently such as are called social,— come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a study of perfection. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: « To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!» so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: « To make reason and the will of God prevail!» . . .

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a national glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be real thought and real beauty; real sweetness and real light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely,— nourished, and not bound by them. This is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time, who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it; to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the best knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abélard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abélard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they humanized knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse the sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: « Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth laborers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new laborers to new seedtimes, whereof the harvest shall be not yet. »

From essays on « Culture » and «Anarchy.»

ARRIAN

The « Enchiridion » of Epictetus for which the modern world is indebted to Arrian (L. Flavius Arrianus), is one of the most notable prose works of antiquity. The text here given complete is that of Long. As a handbook of the teachings of Epictetus, the « Enchiridion » has been a source of recreation and solace to the workers and thinkers of the world ever since it was written. It was long regarded as the best compendium of moral philosophy, and it is said that even a man so far removed from scholasticism as Capt. John Smith carried it in his pocket during his voyages. Arrian was born in Nicomedia about 95 A. D. In 136 A. D. he was appointed Governor of Cappadocia by the Emperor Hadrian, and he held several other offices of dignity, including that of priest of Ceres and Proserpine at Nicomedia where he died *c.* 180. He is the author of a history of Alexander's Asiatic conquests, and, in addition to writing the « Handbook » of the teachings of Epictetus, he also reported his lectures, becoming thus the only authority we have for the teachings of that great Stoic.

THE « ENCHIRIDION »

I

Of things some are in our power, and others are not. In our power are opinion (*ὑπόληψις*), movement towards a thing (*ὁρμή*), desire, aversion, (*ἔκκλισις*), turning from a thing; and in a word, whatever are our acts. Not in our power are the body, property, reputation, offices (magisterial power), and, in a word, whatever are not our own acts. And the things in our power are by nature free, not subject to restraint or hindrance; but the things not in our power are weak, slavish, subject to restraint, in the power of others. Remember then, that if you think the things which are by nature slavish to be free, and the things which are in the power of others to be your own, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will blame both gods and men; but if you think that only which is your own to be your own, and if you think that what is another's, as it really is, belongs to another, no man will ever compel you, no man will hinder you, you will never blame any man, you will accuse no man, you will do nothing involuntarily (against your will), no man will harm you, you will have no enemy, for you will not suffer any harm.

If then you desire (aim at) such great things, remember that you must not (attempt to) lay hold of them with a small effort; but you must leave alone some things entirely, and postpone others for the present. But if you wish for these things also (such great things), and power (office) and wealth, perhaps you will not gain even these very things (power and wealth), because you aim also at those former things (such great things); certainly you will fail in those things through which alone happiness and freedom are secured. Straightway then practice saying to every harsh appearance: You are an appearance, and in no manner what you appear to be. Then examine it by the rules which you possess, and by this first and chiefly, whether it relates to the things which are in our power or to things which are not in our power; and if it relates to anything which is not in our power, be ready to say that it does not concern you.

II

Remember that desire contains in it the profession (hope) of obtaining that which you desire; and the profession (hope) in aversion (turning from a thing) is that you will not fall into that which you attempt to avoid; and he who fails in his desire is unfortunate; and he who falls into that which he would avoid is unhappy. If then you attempt to avoid only the things contrary to nature which are within your power, you will not be involved in any of the things which you would avoid. But if you attempt to avoid disease, or death, or poverty, you will be unhappy. Take away then aversion from all things which are not in our power, and transfer it to the things contrary to nature which are in our power. But destroy desire completely for the present. For if you desire anything which is not in our power, you must be unfortunate; but of the things in our power, and which it would be good to desire, nothing yet is before you. But employ only the power of moving towards an object and retiring from it; and these powers indeed only slightly and with exceptions and with remission.

III

In everything which pleases the soul, or supplies a want, or is loved, remember to add this to the (description, notion): What is the nature of each thing, beginning from the smallest? If you love an earthen vessel, say it is an earthen vessel which you love; for when it has been broken you will not be disturbed. If you are kissing your child or wife, say that it is a human being whom you are kissing, for when the wife or child dies you will not be disturbed.

IV

When you are going to take in hand any act, remind yourself what kind of an act it is. If you are going to bathe, place before yourself what happens in the bath; some splashing the water, others pushing against one another, others abusing one another, and some stealing; and thus with more safety you will undertake the matter, if you say to yourself, I now intend to bathe, and to maintain my will in a manner conformable to nature. And so you will do in every act; for thus if any hindrance to bathing shall happen, let this thought be ready. It was not this only that I intended, but I intended also to maintain my will in a way conformable to nature; but I shall not maintain it so if I am vexed at what happens.

V

Men are disturbed not by the things which happen, but by the opinions about the things; for example, death is nothing terrible, for if it were it would have seemed so to Socrates; for the opinion about death that it is terrible, is the terrible thing. When then we are impeded, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never blame others, but ourselves — that is, our opinions. It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed, to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another, nor himself.

VI

Be not elated at any advantage (excellence) which belongs to another. If a horse when he is elated should say, I am beautiful, one might endure it. But when you are elated and say, I have a beautiful horse, you must know that you are elated at having a good horse. What then is your own? The use of appearances. Consequently, when in the use of appearances you are conformable to nature, then be elated, for then you will be elated at something good which is your own.

VII

As on a voyage when the vessel has reached a port, if you go out to get water it is an amusement by the way to pick up a shellfish or some bulb, but your thoughts ought to be directed to the ship, and you ought to be constantly watching if the captain should call, and then you must throw away all those things, that you may not be bound and pitched into the ship like sheep. So in life also, if there be given to you instead of a little bulb and a shell a wife and child, there will be nothing to prevent (you from taking them). But if the captain should call, run to the ship and leave all those things without regard to them. But if you are old, do not even go far from the ship, lest when you are called you make default.

VIII

Seek not that the things which happen should happen as you wish; but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life.

IX

Disease is an impediment to the body, but not to the will, unless the will itself chooses. Lameness is an impediment to the leg, but not to the will. And add this reflection on the occasion of everything that happens; for you will find it an impediment to something else, but not to yourself.

X

On the occasion of every accident (event) that befalls you, remember to turn to yourself and inquire what power you have for turning it to use. If you see a fair man or a fair woman, you will find that the power to resist is temperance (continence). If labor (pain) be presented to you, you will find that it is endurance. If it be abusive words, you will find it to be patience. And if you have been thus formed to the (proper) habit, the appearances will not carry you along with them.

XI

Never say about anything, I have lost it, but say I have restored it. Is your child dead? It has been restored. Is your wife dead? She has been restored. Has your estate been taken from you? Has not then this also been restored? But he who has taken it from me is a bad man. But what is it to you, by whose hands the giver demanded it back? So long as he may allow you, take care of it as a thing which belongs to another, as travelers do with their inn.

XII

If you intend to improve, throw away such thoughts as these: if I neglect my affairs, I shall not have the means of living; unless I chastise my slave, he will be bad. For it is better to die of hunger and so to be released from grief and fear than to live in abundance with perturbation; and it is better for your slave to be bad than for you to be unhappy. Begin then from little things. Is the oil spilled? Is a little wine stolen? Say on the occasion, at such price is sold freedom from perturbation; at such price is sold tranquillity, but nothing is got for nothing. And when you call your slave, consider that it is possible that he does not hear; and if he does hear, that he will do nothing which you wish. But matters are not so well with him, but altogether well with you, that it should be in his power for you to be not disturbed.

XIII

If you would improve, submit to be considered without sense, and foolish with respect to externals. Wish to be considered to know nothing; and if you shall seem to some to be a person of importance, distrust yourself. For you should know that it is not easy both to keep your will in a condition conformable to nature and (to secure) external things; but if a man is careful about the one it is an absolute necessity that he will neglect the other.

XIV

If you would have your children and your wife and your friends to live forever, you are silly; for you would have the things which are not in your power to be in your power, and the things which belong to others to be yours. So if you would have your slave to be free from faults, you are a fool; for you would have badness not to be badness but something else. But if you wish not to fail in your desires, you are able to do that. Practice, then, this which you are able to do. He is the master of every man who has the power over the things which another person wishes or does not wish, the power to confer them on him or to take them away. Whoever, then, wishes to be free, let him neither wish for anything nor avoid anything which depends on others; if he does not observe this rule he must be a slave.

XV

Remember that in life you ought to behave as at a banquet. Suppose that something is carried round and is opposite to you. Stretch out your hand and take a portion with decency. Suppose that it passes by you. Do not detain it. Suppose that it is not yet come to you. Do not send your desire forward to it, but wait till it is opposite to you. Do so with respect to children, so with respect to a wife, so with respect to magisterial offices, so with respect to wealth, and you will be some time a worthy partner of the banquets of the gods. But if you take none of the things which are set before you, and even despise them, then you will be not only a fellow-banqueter with the gods, but also a partner with them in power; for by acting thus Diogenes and Heracleitus, and those like them were deservedly divine, and were so called.

XVI

When you see a person weeping in sorrow either when a child goes abroad or when he is dead, or when the man has lost his property, take care that the appearance does not hurry you away with it, as if he were suffering in external things. But straightway make a distinction in your own mind, and be in readiness to say, it is not that which has happened that afflicts this man, for it does not afflict another, but it is the opinion about this thing which afflicts the man. So far as words, then, do not be unwilling to show him sympathy, and even if it happens so, to lament with him; but take care that you do not lament internally also.

XVII

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a kind as the teacher (author) may choose; if short, of a short one; if long, of a long one: if he wishes you to act the part of a poor man, see that you act the part naturally; if the part of a lame man, of a magistrate, of a private person (do the same). For this is your duty, to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part belongs to another.

XVIII

When a raven has croaked inauspiciously, let not the appearance hurry you away with it; but straightway make a distinction in your mind and say: None of these things is signified to me, but either to my poor body, or to my small property, or to my reputation, or to my children, or to my wife: but to me all significations are auspicious if I choose. For whatever of these things results, it is in my power to derive benefit from it.

XIX

You can be invincible, if you enter into no contest in which it is not in your power to conquer. Take care then when you observe a man honored before others or possessed of great power or highly esteemed for any reason, not to suppose him happy, and be not carried away by the appearance. For if the nature of the good is in our power, neither envy nor jealousy will have a place in us. But you yourself will not wish to be a general or senator (πρύτανις) or consul, but a free man: and there is only one way to this, to despise (care not for) the things which are not in our power.

XX

Remember that it is not he who reviles you or strikes you, who insults you, but it is your opinion about these things as being insulting. When then a man irritates you, you must know that it is your own opinion which has irritated you. Therefore especially try not to be carried away by the appearance; for if you once gain time and delay, you will more easily master yourself.

XXI

Let death and exile and every other thing which appears dreadful be daily before your eyes; but most of all death: and you will never think of anything mean, nor will you desire anything extravagantly.

XXII

If you desire philosophy, prepare yourself from the beginning to be ridiculed, to expect that many will sneer at you, and say: He has all at once returned to us as a philosopher; and whence does he get this supercilious look for us? Do you not show a supercilious look, but hold on to the things which seem to you best as one appointed by God to this station. And remember that if you abide in the same principles, these men who first ridiculed will afterwards admire you; but if you shall have been overpowered by them, you will bring on yourself double ridicule.

XXIII

If it should ever happen to you to be turned to externals in order to please some person, you must know that you have lost your purpose in life. Be satisfied then in everything with being a philosopher; and if you wish to seem also to any person to be a philosopher, appear so to yourself, and you will be able to do this.

XXIV

Let not these thoughts afflict you, I shall live unhonored and be nobody. For if want of honor (*ἀτιμία*) be an evil, you cannot be in evil through the means (fault) of another any more than you can be involved in anything base. Is it then your business to obtain the rank of a magistrate, or to be received at a banquet? By no means. How then can this be want of honor (dishonor)? And how will you be nobody, when you ought to be somebody in those things only which are in your power, in which indeed it is permitted to you to be a man of the greatest worth? But your friends will be without assistance! What do you mean by being without assistance? They will not receive money from you, nor will you make them Roman citizens. Who then told you that these are among the things which are in our power, and not in the power of others? And who can give to another what he has not himself? Acquire money then, your friends say, that we also may have something. If I can acquire money and also keep myself modest and faithful and magnanimous, point out the way, and I will acquire it. But if you ask me to lose the things which are good and my own, in order that you may gain the things which are not good, see how unfair and silly you are. Besides, which would you rather have, money or a faithful and modest friend? For this end then rather help me to be such a man, and do not ask me to do this by which I shall lose that character. But my country, you say, as far as it depends on me, will be without my help. I ask again, What help do you mean? It will not have porticoes or baths through you. And what does this mean? For it is not furnished with shoes by means of a smith, nor with arms by means of a shoemaker. But it is enough if every man fully discharge the work that is his own; and if you provided it with another citizen faithful and modest, would you not be useful to it? Yes. Then you also cannot be useless to it. What place then, you say, shall I hold in the city? Whatever you can, if you maintain at the same time your fidelity and modesty. But if, when you wish to be useful to the state, you shall lose these qualities, what profit could you be to it, if you were made shameless and faithless?

XXV

Has any man been preferred before you at a banquet, or in being saluted, or in being invited to a consultation? If these things are good, you ought to rejoice that he has obtained them; but if bad, be not grieved because you have not obtained them. And remember that you cannot, if you do not the same things in order to obtain what is not in our own power, be considered worthy of the same (equal) things. For how can a man obtain an equal share with another when he does not visit a man's doors as that other man does; when he does not attend him when he goes abroad, as the other man does; when he does not praise (flatter) him as another does? You will be unjust then and insatiable, if you do not part with the price, in return for which those things are sold, and if you wish to obtain them for nothing. Well, what is the price of lettuces? An obolus, perhaps. If then a man give up the obolus, and receive the lettuces, and if you do not give up the obolus and do not obtain the lettuces, do not suppose that you receive less than he who has got the lettuces; for as he has the lettuces, so you have the obolus which you did not give. In the same way then, in the other matter also, you have not been invited to a man's feast, for you did not give to the host the price at which the supper is sold; but he sells it for praise (flattery), he sells it for personal attention. Give then the price, if it is for your interest, for which it is sold. But if you wish both not to give the price and to obtain the things, you are insatiable and silly. Have you nothing then in place of the supper? You have indeed, you have the not flattering of him, whom you did not choose to flatter; you have the not enduring of the man when he enters the room.

XXVI

We may learn the wish (will) of nature from the things in which we do not differ from one another: for instance, when your neighbor's slave has broken his cup, or anything else, we are ready to say forthwith, that it is one of the things which happen. You must know then that when your cup also is broken, you ought to think as you did when your neighbor's cup was broken. Transfer this reflection to greater things also. Is another man's child or wife dead? There is no one who would not say, This is an event incident to man. But when a man's own child or wife is dead, forthwith he calls out, Woe to me, how wretched I am! But we ought to remember how we feel when we hear that it has happened to others.

XXVII

As a mark is not set up for the purpose of missing the aim, so neither does the nature of evil exist in the world.

XXVIII

If any person were intending to put your body in the power of any man whom you fell in with on the way, you would be vexed; but that you put your understanding in the power of any man whom you meet, so that if he should revile you, it is disturbed and troubled, are you not ashamed at this?

XXIX

In every act observe the things which come first, and those which follow it; and so proceed to the act. If you do not, at first you will approach it with alacrity, without having thought of the things which will follow; but afterwards, when certain base (ugly) things have shown themselves, you will be ashamed. A man wishes to conquer at the Olympic games. I also wish, indeed, for it is a fine thing. But observe both the things which come first, and the things which follow; and then begin the act. You must do everything according to rule; eat according to strict orders; abstain from delicacies; exercise yourself as you are bid at appointed times, in heat, in cold; you must not drink cold water, nor wine as you choose; in a word, you must deliver yourself up to the exercise master as you do to the physician, and then proceed to the contest. And sometimes you will strain the hand, put the ankle out of joint, swallow much dust, sometimes be flogged, and after all this be defeated. When you have considered all this, if you still choose, go to the contest: if you do not you will behave like children, who at one time play as wrestlers, another time as flute players, again as gladiators, then as trumpeters, then as tragic actors. So you also will be at one time an athlete, at another a gladiator, then a rhetorician, then a philosopher, but with your whole soul you will be nothing at all; but like an ape you imitate everything that you see, and one thing after another pleases you. For you have not undertaken anything with consideration, nor have you surveyed it well; but carelessly and with cold desire. Thus some who have seen a philosopher and having heard one speak, as Euphrates speaks—and who can speak as he does?—they wish to be philosophers themselves also. My man, first of all consider what kind of thing it is; and then examine your own nature, if you are able to sustain the character. Do you wish to be a pentathlete or a wrestler? Look at your arms, your thighs, examine your loins; for different men are formed by nature for different things. Do you think that if you do these things, you can eat in the same manner, drink in the same manner, and in the same manner loathe certain things? You must pass sleepless nights, endure toil, go away from your kinsmen, be despised by a slave; in everything have the inferior part, in honor, in office, in the courts of justice, in every little matter. Consider these things, if you would exchange for them freedom from passions, liberty, tranquillity. If not, take care that, like little children, you be not now a philosopher, then a servant of the publicani, then a rhetorician, then a procurator (manager) for Cæsar. These things are not consistent. You must be one man, either good or bad. You must either cultivate your own ruling faculty, or external things. You must either exercise your skill on internal things or on external things; that is, you must either maintain the position of a philosopher or that of a common person.

XXX

Duties are universally measured by relations (*ταὶς σχέσεσι*). Is a man a father? The precept is to take care of him, to yield to him in all things, to submit when he is reproachful, when he inflicts blows. But suppose that he is a bad father. Were you, then, by nature made akin to a good father? No; but to a father. Does a brother wrong you? Maintain, then, your own position towards him, and do not examine what he is doing, but what you must do that your will shall be conformable to nature. For another will not damage you, unless you choose: but you will be damaged, then, when you shall think that you are damaged. In this way, then, you will discover your duty from the relation of a neighbor, from that of a citizen, from that of a general, if you are accustomed to contemplate the relations.

XXXI

As to piety towards the gods, you must know that this is the chief thing, to have right opinions about them, to think that they exist, and that they administer the All well and justly; and you must fix yourself in this principle (duty), to obey them, and to yield to them in everything which happens, and voluntarily to follow it as being accomplished by the wisest intelligence. For if you do so, you will never either blame the gods, nor will you accuse them of neglecting you. And it is not possible for this to be done in any other way than by withdrawing from the things which are not in our power, and by placing the good and the evil only in those things which are in our power. For if you think that any of the things which are not in our power are good or bad, it is absolutely necessary that, when you do not obtain what you wish, and when you fall into those things which you do not wish, you will find fault and hate those who are the cause of them; for every animal is formed by nature to this, to fly from and to turn from the things which appear harmful and the things which are the cause of the harm, but to follow and admire the things which are useful and the causes of the useful. It is impossible, then, for a person who thinks that he is harmed to be delighted with that which he thinks to be the cause of the harm, as it is also impossible to be pleased with the harm itself. For this reason, also, a father is reviled by his son, when he gives no part to his son of the things which are considered to be good; and it was this which made Polynices and Eteocles enemies, the opinion that royal power was a good. It is for this reason that the cultivator of the earth reviles the gods; for this reason the sailor does, and the merchant; and for this reason those who lose their wives and their children. For where the useful (your interest) is, there also piety is. Consequently, he who takes care to desire as he ought and to avoid (ἐκκλίνειν) as he ought, at the same time also cares after piety. But to make libations and to sacrifice and to offer first fruits according to the custom of our fathers, purely and not meanly nor carelessly nor scantily nor above our ability, is a thing which belongs to all to do.

XXXII

When you have recourse to divination, remember that you do not know how it will turn out, but that you are come to inquire from the diviner. But of what kind it is, you know when you come, if indeed you are a philosopher. For if it is any of the things which are not in our power, it is absolutely necessary that it must be neither good nor bad. Do not then bring to the diviner desire or aversion (ἔκκλισιν); if you do, you will approach him with fear. But having determined in your mind that everything which shall turn out (result) is indifferent, and does not concern you (whatever it may be, for it will be in your power to use it well, and no man will hinder this), come then with confidence to the gods as your advisers. And then when any advice shall have been given, remember whom you have taken as advisers, and whom you will have neglected, if you do not obey them. And go to divination, as Socrates said that you ought, about those matters in which all the inquiry has reference to the result, and in which means are not given either by reason nor by any other art for knowing the thing which is the subject of the inquiry. Wherefore when we ought to share a friend's danger, or that of our country, you must not consult the diviner whether you ought to share it. For even if the diviner shall tell you that the signs of the victims are unlucky, it is plain that this is a token of death, or mutilation of part of the body, or of exile. But reason prevails, that even with these risks we should share the dangers of our friend and of our country. Therefore attend to the greater diviner, the Pythian god, who ejected from the temple him who did not assist his friend, when he was being murdered.

XXXIII

Immediately prescribe some character and some form to yourself, which you shall observe both when you are alone and when you meet with men.

And let silence be the general rule, or let only what is necessary be said, and in few words. And rarely, and when the occasion calls, we shall say something; but about none of the common subjects, not about gladiators, nor horse races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them or praising them, or comparing them. If then you are able, bring over by your conversation the conversation of your associates to that which is proper; but if you should happen to be confined to the company of strangers, be silent.

Let not your laughter be much, nor on many occasions, nor excessive.

Refuse altogether to take an oath, if it is possible; if it is not, refuse as far as you are able.

Avoid banquets which are given by strangers and by ignorant persons. But if ever there be occasion to join in them, let your attention be carefully fixed that you slip not into the manners of the vulgar (the uninstructed). For you must know that if your companion be impure, he also who keeps company with him must become impure, though he should happen to be pure.

Take (apply) the things which relate to the body as far as the bare use, as food, drink, clothing, house, and slaves; but exclude everything which is for show or luxury.

As to pleasure, abstain as far as you can before marriage, but if you do indulge in it, do it in the way which is conformable to custom. Do not, however, be disagreeable to those who indulge in these pleasures, or reprove them; and do not often boast that you do not indulge in them yourself

If a man has reported to you that a certain person speaks ill of you, do not make any defense (answer) to what has been told you; but reply, The man did not know the rest of my faults, for he would not have mentioned these only.

It is not necessary to go to the theatres often: but if there be a proper occasion for going, do not show yourself as being a partisan of any man except yourself, that is, desire only that to be done which is done, and for him only to gain the prize who gains the prize; for in this way you will meet with no hindrance. But abstain entirely from shouts and laughter at any (thing or person), or violent emotions. And when you are come away, do not talk much about what has passed on the stage, except about that which may lead to your own improvement. For it is plain, if you do talk much, that you admired the spectacle (more than you ought).

Do not go to the hearing of certain persons' recitations, nor visit them readily. But if you do attend, observe gravity and sedateness, and also avoid making yourself disagreeable.

When you are going to meet with any person, and particularly one of those who are considered to be in a superior condition, place before yourself what Socrates or Zeno would have done in such circumstances, and you will have no difficulty in making a proper use of the occasion.

When you are going to any of those who are in great power, place before yourself that you will not find the man at home, that you will be excluded, that the door will not be opened to you, that the man will not care about you. And if with all this it is your duty to visit him, bear what happens, and never say to yourself that it was not worth the trouble. For this is silly, and marks the character of a man who is offended by externals.

In company take care not to speak much and excessively about your own acts or dangers; for as it is pleasant to you to make mention of your own dangers, it is not so pleasant to others to hear what has happened to you. Take care also not to provoke laughter; for this is a slippery way towards vulgar habits, and is also adapted to diminish the respect of your neighbors. It is a dangerous habit also to approach obscene talk. When, then, anything of this kind happens, if there be a good opportunity, rebuke the man who has proceeded to this talk; but if there be not an opportunity, by your silence at least, and blushing and expression of dissatisfaction by your countenance, show plainly that you are displeased at such talk.

XXXIV

If you have received the impression (*φανταόίθν*) of any pleasure, guard yourself against being carried away by it; but let the thing wait for you, and allow yourself a certain delay on your own part. Then think of both times, of the time when you will enjoy the pleasure, and of the time after the enjoyment of the pleasure, when you will repent and will reproach yourself. And set against these things how you will rejoice, if you have abstained from the pleasure, and how you will commend yourself. But if it seem to you seasonable to undertake (do) the thing, take care that the charm of it, and the pleasure, and the attraction of it shall not conquer you; but set on the other side the consideration, how much better it is to be conscious that you have gained this victory.

XXXV

When you have decided that a thing ought to be done, and are doing it, never avoid being seen doing it, though the many shall form an unfavorable opinion about it. For if it is not right to do it, avoid doing the thing; but if it is right, why are you afraid of those who shall find fault wrongly?

XXXVI

As the proposition, it is either day or it is night, is of great importance for the disjunctive argument, but for the conjunctive is of no value, so in a symposium (entertainment) to select the larger share is of great value for the body, but for the maintenance of the social feeling is worth nothing. When, then, you are eating with another, remember to look not only to the value for the body of the things set before you, but also to the value of the behavior towards the host which ought to be observed.

XXXVII

If you have assumed a character above your strength, you have both acted in this manner in an unbecoming way, and you have neglected that which you might have fulfilled.

XXXVIII

In walking about, as you take care not to step on a nail, or to sprain your foot, so take care not to damage your own ruling faculty; and if we observe this rule in every act, we shall undertake the act with more security.

XXXIX

The measure of possession (property) is to every man the body, as the foot is of the shoe. If then you stand on this rule (the demands of the body), you will maintain the measure; but if you pass beyond it, you must then of necessity be hurried as it were down a precipice. As also in the matter of the shoe, if you go beyond the (necessities of the) foot, the shoe is gilded, then of a purple color, then embroidered; for there is no limit to that which has once passed the true measure.

XL

Women forthwith from the age of fourteen are called by the men mistresses (*κυρίαι* dominæ). Therefore, since they see that there is nothing else that they can obtain, but only the power of living with men, they begin to decorate themselves, and to place all their hopes in this. It is worth our while then to take care that they may know that they are valued (by men) for nothing else than appearing (being) decent and modest and discreet.

XLI

It is a mark of a mean capacity to spend much time on the things which concern the body, such as much exercise, much eating, much drinking, much easing of the body. But these things should be done as subordinate things; and let all your care be directed to the mind.

XLII

When any person treats you ill or speaks ill of you, remember that he does this or says this because he thinks that it is his duty. It is not possible then for him to follow that which seems right to you, but that which seems right to himself. Accordingly if he is wrong in his opinion, he is the person who is hurt, for he is the person who has been deceived; for if a man shall suppose the true conjunction to be false, it is not the conjunction which is hindered, but the man who has been deceived about it. If you proceed then from these opinions, you will be mild in temper to him who reviles you; for say on each occasion, It seemed so to him.

XLIII

Everything has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold of the act by that handle wherein he acts unjustly, for this is the handle which cannot be borne; but lay hold of the other, that he is your brother, that he was nurtured with you, and you will lay hold of the thing by that handle by which it can be borne.

XLIV

These reasonings do not cohere: I am richer than you, therefore I am better than you; I am more eloquent than you, therefore I am better than you. On the contrary, these rather cohere: I am richer than you, therefore my possessions are greater than yours; I am more eloquent than you, therefore my speech is superior to yours. But you are neither possession nor speech.

XLV

Does a man bathe quickly (early)? do not say that he bathes badly, but that he bathes quickly. Does a man drink much wine? do not say that he does this badly, but say that he drinks much. For before you shall have determined the opinion, how do you know whether he is acting wrong? Thus it will not happen to you to comprehend some appearances which are capable of being comprehended, but to assent to others.

XLVI

On no occasion call yourself a philosopher, and do not speak much among the uninstructed about theorems (philosophical rules, precepts); but do that which follows from them. For example, at a banquet do not say how a man ought to eat, but eat as you ought to eat. For remember that in this way Socrates also altogether avoided ostentation. Persons used to come to him and ask to be recommended by him to philosophers, and he used to take them to philosophers, so easily did he submit to being overlooked. Accordingly, if any conversation should arise among uninstructed persons about any theorem, generally be silent; for there is great danger that you will immediately vomit up what you have not digested. And when a man shall say to you that you know nothing, and you are not vexed, then be sure that you have begun the work (of philosophy). For even sheep do not vomit up their grass and show to the shepherds how much they have eaten; but when they have internally digested the pasture, they produce externally wool and milk. Do you also show not your theorems to the uninstructed, but show the acts which come from their digestion.

XLVII

When at a small cost you are supplied with everything for the body, do not be proud of this; nor, if you drink water, say on every occasion, I drink water. But consider first how much more frugal the poor are than we, and how much more enduring of labor. And if you ever wish to exercise yourself in labor and endurance, do it for yourself and not for others. Do not embrace statues; but if you are ever very thirsty, take a draught of cold water and spit it out, and tell no man.

XLVIII

The condition and characteristic of an uninstructed person is this: he never expects from himself profit (advantage) nor harm, but from externals. The condition and characteristic of a philosopher is this: he expects all advantage and all harm from himself. The signs (marks) of one who is making progress are these: he censures no man, he praises no man, he blames no man, he accuses no man, he says nothing about himself as if he were somebody or knew something; when he is impeded at all or hindered, he blames himself; if a man praises him he ridicules the praiser to himself; if a man censures him he makes no defense; he goes about like weak persons, being careful not to move any of the things which are placed, before they are firmly fixed; he removes all desire from himself, and he transfers aversion (ἔκκλισιν) to those things only of the things within our power which are contrary to nature; he employs a moderate movement towards everything; whether he is considered foolish or ignorant he cares not; and in a word he watches himself as if he were an enemy and lying in ambush.

XLIX

When a man is proud because he can understand and explain the writings of Chrysippus, say to yourself, If Chrysippus had not written obscurely, this man would have had nothing to be proud of. But what is it that I wish? To understand nature and to follow it. I inquire therefore who is the interpreter? and when I have heard that it is Chrysippus, I come to him (the interpreter). But I do not understand what is written, and therefore I seek the interpreter. And so far there is yet nothing to be proud of. But when I shall have found the interpreter, the thing that remains is to use the precepts (the lessons). This itself is the only thing to be proud of. But if I shall admire the exposition, what else have I been made unless a grammarian instead of a philosopher? except in one thing, that I am explaining Chrysippus instead of Homer. When, then, any man says to me, Read Chrysippus to me, I rather blush, when I cannot show my acts like to and consistent with his words.

L

Whatever things (rules) are proposed to you (for the conduct of life) abide by them, as if they were laws, as if you would be guilty of impiety if you transgressed any of them. And whatever any man shall say about you, do not attend to it; for this is no affair of yours. How long will you then still defer thinking yourself worthy of the best things, and in no matter transgressing the distinctive reason? Have you accepted the theorems (rules), which it was your duty to agree to, and have you agreed to them? what teacher then do you still expect that you defer to him the correction of yourself? You are no longer a youth, but already a full-grown man. If, then, you are negligent and slothful, and are continually making procrastination after procrastination, and proposal (intention) after proposal, and fixing day after day, after which you will attend to yourself, you will not know that you are not making improvement, but you will continue ignorant (uninstructed) both while you live and till you die. Immediately then think it right to live as a full-grown man, and one who is making proficiency, and let everything which appears to you to be the best be to you a law which must not be transgressed. And if anything laborious or pleasant or glorious or inglorious be presented to you, remember that now is the contest, now are the Olympic games, and they cannot be deferred, and that it depends on one defeat and one giving way that progress is either lost or maintained. Socrates in this way became perfect, in all things improving himself, attending to nothing except to reason. But you, though you are not yet a Socrates, ought to live as one who wishes to be a Socrates.

LI

The first and most necessary place (part, τόπος) in philosophy is the use of theorems (precepts, θεωρήματα), for instance, that we must not lie; the second part is that of demonstrations, for instance, How is it proved that we ought not to lie? The third is that which is confirmatory of these two, and explanatory, for example, How is this a demonstration? For what is demonstration, what is consequence, what is contradiction, what is truth, what is falsehood? The third part (topic) is necessary on account of the second, and the second on account of the first; but the most necessary and that on which we ought to rest is the first. But we do the contrary. For we spend our time on the third topic, and all our earnestness is about it; but we entirely neglect the first. Therefore we lie; but the demonstration that we ought not to lie we have ready to hand.

LII

In everything (circumstance) we should hold these maxims ready to hand:—

> "Lead me, O Zeus, and thou O Destiny,
> The way that I am bid by you to go:
> To follow I am ready. If I choose not,
> I make myself a wretch, and still must follow.
>
> "But whoso nobly yields unto necessity,
> We hold him wise, and skill'd in things divine."

and the third also: "O Crito, if so it please the gods, so let it be; Anytus and Melitus are able indeed to kill me, but they cannot harm me."

Complete. Translation of George Long.

ROGER ASCHAM

(1515–1568)

Roger Ascham, author of «The Schoolmaster,» and one of the greatest classical scholars of England, was born at Kirby Wiske in Yorkshire in 1515. He graduated at Cambridge in 1536, and in 1548 became tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. He is sometimes called the «Father of English Prose,» because of the preference he showed for it at a time when Latin was the universal language of scholarship. His «Toxophilus,» a treatise on archery, in dialogue form, is frequently quoted to illustrate the prose English of his time, but it does not compare in interest with the quaint and varied learning of «The Schoolmaster.» Ascham died at London, December 30th, 1568.

THE EDUCATION OF A GENTLEMAN

It is a notable tale, that old Sir Roger Chamloe, sometime Chief-Justice, would tell of himself. When he was Ancient in Inn of Court, certain young gentlemen were brought before him to be corrected for certain misorders. And one of the lustiest said: «Sir, we be young gentlemen, and wise men before us have proved all fashions, and yet those have done full well»; this they said because it was well known that Sir Roger had been a good fellow in his youth. But he answered them very wisely. «Indeed,» saith he, «in youth I was as you are now; and I had twelve fellows like unto myself, but not one of them came to a good end. And therefore follow not my example in youth, but follow my counsel in age, if ever ye think to come to this place, or to these years, that I am come unto, lest ye meet either with poverty or Tyburn on the way.»

Thus experience of all fashions in youth, being in proof always dangerous, in issue seldom lucky, is a way indeed to overmuch knowledge, yet used commonly of such men, which be either carried by some curious affection of mind, or driven by some hard necessity of life to hazard the trial of over many perilous adventures.

Erasmus, the honor of learning of all our time, said wisely that experience is the common schoolhouse of fools and ill men. Men of wit and honesty be otherwise instructed, for there be that keep them out of fire, and yet was never burned; that beware of water, and yet was never nigh drowning; that hate harlots, and was never at the stews; that abhor falsehood, and never break promises themselves.

But will ye see a fit similitude of this adventured experience? A father that doth let loose his son to all experiences is most like a fond hunter that letteth slip a whelp to the whole herd. Twenty to one he shall fall upon a rascal and let go the fair game. Men that hunt so be either ignorant persons, privy stealers, or night walkers

Learning, therefore, ye wise fathers, and good bringing up, and not blind and dangerous experience, is the next and readiest way that must lead your children first to wisdom and then to worthiness, if ever ye purpose they shall come there.

And to say all in short, though I lack authority to give counsel, yet I lack not good-will to wish that the youth in England, especially gentlemen,—and, namely, nobility,—should be by good bringing up so grounded in judgment of learning, so founded in love of honesty, as when they should be called forth to the execution of great affairs, in service of their prince and country, they might be able to use and to order all experiences, were they good, were they bad, and that according to the square, rule, and line of wisdom, learning, and virtue.

And I do not mean by all this my talk that young gentlemen should always be poring over a book, and by using good studies should leave honest pleasure and haunt no good pastime—I mean nothing less—for it is well known that I both like and love, and have always, and do yet still use, all exercises and pastimes that be fit for my nature and ability. And beside natural disposition, in judgment also I was never either stoic in doctrine or anabaptist in religion to mislike a merry, pleasant, and playful nature, if no outrage be committed against law, measure, and good order.

Therefore I would wish that, besides some good time fitly appointed and constantly kept, to increase by reading the knowledge of the tongues and learning, young gentlemen should use and delight in all courtly exercises and gentlemanlike pastimes. And good cause why: for the selfsame noble city of Athens, justly commended of me before, did wisely and upon great consideration appoint the muses Apollo and Pallas to be patrons of learning to their youth. For the muses, besides learning, were also ladies of dancing, mirth, and minstrelsy. Apollo was god of shooting and author of cunning playing upon instruments; Pallas also was lady mistress in wars. Whereby was nothing else meant but that learning should be always mingled with honest mirth and comely exercises; and that war also should be governed by learning and moderated by wisdom, as did well appear in those captains of Athens named by me before, and also in Scipio and Cæsar, the two diamonds of Rome.

And Pallas was no more feared, in wearing Ægida, than she was praised for choosing Oliva: whereby shineth the glory of learning, which thus was governor and mistress, in the noble city of Athens, both of war and peace.

Therefore, to ride comely; to run fair at the tilt or ring; to play at all weapons; to shoot fair in bow or surely in gun; to vault lustily; to run, to leap, to wrestle, to swim; to dance comely; to sing, and play on instruments cunningly; to hawk, to hunt, to play at tennis, and all pastimes generally, which be joined with labor, used in open place, and on the daylight containing either some fit exercise for war, or some pleasant pastime for peace, be not only comely and decent, but also very necessary, for a courtly gentleman to use.

But of all kind of pastimes fit for a gentleman, I will, God willing, in fitter place, more at large, declare fully, in my book of « The Cockpit,» which I do write to satisfy some I trust, with some reason, that be more curious in marking other men's doings than careful in mending their own faults. And some also will needs busy themselves in marveling, and adding thereunto unfriendly talk, why I, a man of good years, and of no ill place, I thank God and my prince, do make choice to spend such time in writing of trifles, as the « School of Shooting,» « The Cockpit,» and this book of the « First Principles of Grammar,» rather than to take some weighty matter in hand, either of religion or civil discipline.

Wise men, I know, will well allow of my choice herein: and as for such, who have not wit of themselves, but must learn of others, to judge right of men's doings, let them read that wise poet Horace in his «Ars Poetica,» who willeth wise men to beware of high and lofty titles. For great ships require costly tackling, and also afterward dangerous government; small boats be neither very chargeable in making, nor very oft in great jeopardy, and yet they carry many times as good and costly ware, as greater vessels do. A mean argument may easily bear the light burden of a small fault and have always at hand a ready excuse for ill handling: and some praise it is, if it so chance, to be better in deed than a man dare venture to seem. A high title doth charge a man with the heavy burden of too great a promise; and therefore, saith Horace very wittily, that that poet was a very fool that began his book with a goodly verse indeed, but over proud a promise:—

"*Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum.*"

And after, as wisely,

"*Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè,*"—

meaning Homer, who, within the compass of a small argument, of one harlot, and of one good wife, did utter so much learning in all kind of sciences, as, by the judgment of Quintilian, he deserveth so high a praise, that no man yet deserved to sit in the second degree beneath him. And thus much out of my way, concerning my purpose in spending pen, and paper, and time, upon trifles, and namely to answer some that have neither wit nor learning to do anything themselves, neither will nor honesty to say well of other.

To join learning with comely exercises, Count Baldassare Castiglione, in his book, "Cortegiano," doth trimly teach: which book advisedly read and diligently followed, but one year at home in England would do a young gentleman more good, I wist, than three years' travel abroad spent in Italy. And I marvel this book is no more read in the court than it is, seeing it is so well translated into English by a worthy gentleman, Sir Thomas Hobbie, who was many ways well furnished with learning, and very expert in knowledge of divers tongues.

And beside good precepts in books, in all kind of tongues, this court also never lacked many fair examples for young gentlemen to follow. And surely one example is more available, both to good and ill, than twenty precepts written in books; and so Plato, not in one or two, but divers places, doth plainly teach.

If King Edward had lived a little longer, his only example had bred such a race of worthy learned gentlemen as this realm never yet did afford.

And in the second degree, two noble primroses of nobility, the young Duke of Suffolk and Lord H. Maltrevers, were two such examples to the court for learning as our time may rather wish than look for again.

At Cambridge, also, in St. John's College, in my time, I do know that not so much the good statutes, as two gentlemen of worthy memory, Sir John Cheke and Doctor Readman, by their only example of excellency in learning, of godliness in living, of diligency in studying, of counsel in exhorting, of good order in all things, did breed up so many learned men in that one College of St. John's at one time, as, I believe, the whole University of Louvain in many years was never able to afford.

Present examples of this present time I list not to touch; yet there is one example for all the gentlemen of this court to follow, that may well satisfy them, or nothing will serve them, nor no example move them to goodness and learning.

It is your shame (I speak to you all, you young gentlemen of England) that one maid should go beyond you all, in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this court, and all they together show not so much good-will, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber she hath obtained that excellency of learning, to understand, speak, and write, both wittily with head and fair with hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto. Amongst all the benefits that God hath blessed me withal, next the knowledge of Christ's true religion, I count this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me to be one poor minister in setting forward these excellent gifts of learning in this most excellent princess; whose only example if the rest of our nobility would follow, then might England be for learning and wisdom in nobility a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men; the best examples have never such force to move to any goodness as the bad, vain, light, and fond have to all illness.

And one example, though out of the compass of learning, yet not out of the order of good manners, was notable in this court not fully twenty-four years ago, when all the Acts of Parliament, many good proclamations, divers strait commandments, for punishment openly, special regard privately, could not do so much to take away one misorder, as the example of one big one of this court did still to keep up the same; the memory whereof doth yet remain in a common proverb of Birching Lane.

Take heed, therefore, ye great ones in the court, yea, though ye be the greatest of all, take heed what ye do, take heed how ye live. For as you great ones use to do, so all mean men love to do. You be indeed makers or marrers of all men's manners within the realm. For though God hath placed you to be chief in making of laws, to bear greatest authority, to command all others; yet God doth order that all your laws, all your authority, all your commandments, do not half so much with mean men as doth your example and manner of living. And for example even in the greatest matter, if you yourselves do serve God gladly and orderly for conscience sake, not coldly and sometimes for manners' sake, you carry all the court with you and the whole realm beside earnestly and orderly to do the same. If you do otherwise, you be the only authors of all misorders in religion, not only to the court, but to all England beside. Infinite (numbers) shall be made cold in religion by your example, that never were hurt by reading of books.

From "The Schoolmaster."

THE LITERATURE OF CHIVALRY

Saint Paul saith, "that sects and ill opinions be the works of the flesh and fruits of sin." This is spoken no more truly for the doctrine than sensible for the reason. And why? For ill doings breed ill thinkings; and of corrupted manners spring perverted judgments. And how? There be in man two special things: man's will, man's mind. Where will inclineth to goodness, the mind is bent to troth. Where will is carried from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon drawn from troth to false opinion. And so, the readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living. Therefore, when the busy and open papists abroad could not by their contentious books turn men in England fast enough from troth and right judgment in doctrine, then the subtle and secret papists at home procured bawdy books to be translated out of the Italian tongue, whereby over many young wills and wits allured to wantonness do now boldly contemn all severe books that sound to honesty and godliness.

In our forefathers' time, when papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of chivalry, as they said for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton canons. As one for example, « Morte Arthur,» the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. In which book those be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts: as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Mark his uncle; Sir Lamerock, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know, when God's Bible was banished the court, and « Morte Arthur » received into the prince's chamber.

What toys the daily reading of such a book may work in the will of a young gentleman, or a young maid, that liveth wealthily and idly, wise men can judge and honest men do pity. And yet ten « Morte Arthurs » do not the tenth part so much harm as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England. They open, not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle, cunning, new, and divers shifts, to carry young wills to vanity, and young wits to mischief, to teach old bawds new school points, as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was heard of in England before, yea, when papistry overflowed all. Suffer these books to be read, and they shall soon displace all books of godly learning. For they, carrying the will to vanity, and marring good manners, shall easily corrupt the mind with ill opinions, and false judgment in doctrine; first to think ill of all true religion, and at last to think nothing of God himself,—one special point that is to be learned in Italy and Italian books. And that which is most to be lamented, and therefore more needful to be looked to, there be more of these ungracious books set out in print within these few months than have been seen in England many score years before. And because our Englishmen made Italians cannot hurt but certain persons, and in certain places, therefore these Italian books are made English, to bring mischief enough openly and boldly to all states, great and mean, young and old, everywhere.

From "The Schoolmaster."

ATHENÆUS

(Third Century A. D.)

The «Deipnosophists,» or Banquet of the Learned, of Athenæus, is a collection of essays in dialogue form, embodying a wealth of poetical quotations, some of them from authors whose works, except for such quotations, would have been wholly lost. It is for this that the work has been chiefly valued by scholars; but its entire freedom from the restraints of logical consecutiveness, the suddenness with which it changes the subject, and the great variety of familiar topics it discusses, gives it a charm of its own for those who love the curious rather than the elegant. Athenæus lived in the third century A. D., and it is believed that Alexandria was his birthplace. He lived also at Rome, but his «Deipnosophists» was composed in Greek and it is with Greek literature that he chiefly deals. Those who have made the count say that he quotes from «over 800 writers and 2,400 distinct writings.»

WHAT MEN FIGHT ABOUT MOST

I do not think that any of you are ignorant, my friends, that the greatest wars have taken place on account of women:— the Trojan War on account of Helen; the plague which took place in it was on account of Chryseis; the anger of Achilles was excited about Briseis; and the war called the Sacred War, on account of another wife (as Duris relates in the second book of his «History»), who was a Theban by birth, by name Theano, and who was carried off by some Phocian. And this war also lasted ten years, and in the tenth year was brought to an end by the co-operation of Philip; for by his aid the Thebans took Phocis.

The war, also, which is called the Crissæan War (as Callisthenes tells us in his account of the Sacred War), when the Crissæans made war upon the Phocians, lasted ten years; and it was excited on this account,— because the Crissæans carried off Megisto, the daughter of Pelagon the Phocian, and the daughters of the Argives, as they were returning from the Pythian temple; and in the tenth year Crissa was taken. And whole families also have been ruined owing to women; — for instance, that of Philip, the father of Alexander, was ruined on account of his marriage with Cleopatra; and Hercules was ruined by his marriage with Iole, the daughter of Eurytus; and Theseus on account of his marriage with Phaedra, the daughter of Minos; and Athamas on account of his marriage with Themisto, the daughter of Hypseus; and Jason on account of his marriage with Glauce, the daughter of Creon; and Agamemnon on account of Cassandra. And the expedition of Cambyses against Egypt (as Ctesias relates) took place on account of a woman; for Cambyses, having heard that Egyptian women were far more attractive than other women, sent to Amasis, the king of the Egyptians, asking for one of his daughters in marriage. But he did not give him one of his own daughters, thinking that she would not be honored as a wife, but only treated as a mistress; but he sent him Nitetis, the daughter of Apries. And Apries had been deposed from the sovereignty of Egypt, because of the defeats which had been received by him from the Cyreneans; and afterwards he had been put to death by Amasis. Accordingly, Cambyses, being much pleased with Nitetis, and being very violently in love with her, learned the whole circumstance of the case from her; and she entreated him to avenge the murder of Apries, and persuaded him to make war upon the Egyptians. But Dinon, in his "History of Persia," and Lynceas of Naucratis, in the third book of his "History of Egypt," say that it was Cyrus to whom Nitetis was sent by Amasis, and that she was the mother of Cambyses, who made this expedition against Egypt to avenge the wrongs of his mother and her family. But Duris the Samian says that the first war carried on by two women was that between Olympias and Eurydice; in which Olympias advanced something in the manner of a Bacchanalian, with drums beating; but Eurydice came forward armed like a Macedonian soldier, having been already accustomed to war and military habits at the court of Cynnane the Illyrian.

Now, after this conversation, it seemed good to the philosophers who were present to say something themselves about love and about beauty; and so a great many philosophical sentiments were uttered; among which, some quoted some of the songs of the dramatic philosopher, Euripides, — some of which were these: —

"Love, who is Wisdom's pupil gay,
To virtue often leads the way;

And this great god
Is of all others far the best for man;
For with his gentle nod
He bids them hope, and banishes all pain.
May I be ne'er mixed up with those who scorn
To own his power, and live forlorn,
Cherishing habits all uncouth.
I bid the youth
Of my dear country ne'er to flee from Love,
But welcome him, and willing subjects prove."

And some one else quoted from Pindar:—

"Let it be my fate always to love,
And to obey Love's will in proper season."

And some one else added the following lines from Euripides:—

"But you, O mighty Love, of gods and men
The sovereign ruler, either bid what's fair
To seem no longer fair; or else bring aid
To hapless lovers whom you've caused to love,
And aid the labors you yourself have prompted.
If you do this, the gods will honor you;
But if you keep aloof, you will not even
Retain the gratitude which now they feel
For having learnt of you the way to love."

And Pontianus said that Zeno the Cittiæan thought that Love was the god of friendship and liberty, and also that he was the great author of concord among men, but that he had no other office. On which account, he says in his "Polity," that Love is a god, being one who co-operates in securing the safety of the city. And the philosophers, also, who preceded him considered Love a venerable Deity, removed from everything discreditable; and this is plain from their having set up holy statues in his honor in their gymnasia, along with those of Mercury and Hercules—the one of whom is the patron of eloquence, and the other of valor. And when these are united, friendship and unanimity are engendered; by means of which the most perfect liberty is secured to those who excel in these practices. But the Athenians were so far from thinking that love presided over the gratification of the mere sensual appetites, that, though the academy was manifestly consecrated to Minerva, they yet erected in that place also a statue of Love, and sacrificed to it. . . .

I am a great admirer of beauty myself. For in the contests (at Athens) for the prize of manliness, they select the handsomest and give them the post of honor to bear the sacred vessels at the festivals of the gods. And at Elis there is a contest as to beauty, and the conqueror has the vessels of the goddess given to him to carry; and the next handsomest has the ox to lead; and the third places the sacrificial cakes on the head of the victim. But Heraclides Lembus relates that in Sparta the handsomest man and the handsomest woman have special honors conferred on them; and Sparta is famous for producing the handsomest women in the world. On which account they tell a story of King Archidamus, that when one wife was offered to him who was very handsome, and another who was ugly but rich, and he chose the rich one, the ephori imposed a fine upon him, saying that he preferred begetting kinglings rather than kings for Spartans. And Euripides has said —

«Her very mien is worthy of a kingdom.»

And in Homer the old men among the people marveling at the beauty of Helen are represented as speaking thus to one another: —

«They cried, ‹No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms; —
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.›»

From the «Deipnosophists.»

FRANCIS ATTERBURY

(1662–1732)

Francis Atterbury, celebrated as a controversialist in politics and theology and immortalized by his dispute with Richard Bentley, was born in Buckinghamshire, England, in 1662. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and, taking orders in the Church of England, he rose to be Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. Being detected in correspondence with the exiled Stuarts, he was banished. Much of his subsequent life was spent at the court of the Pretender in Rome or Paris. He died in France in 1732 still under sentence for treason. His classical scholarship has never been conceded by the partisans of Bentley in his day or our own. They admit his wit, his brilliancy, the extraordinary quality of his English style, and everything else except his knowledge of the subject in dispute,—the «Epistles» of Phalaris, which are not worth discussing at all now, even if they were then. There can be no real question of Bentley's scholarship, and it may be true, as has been said of Atterbury, that a schoolboy knowing so little of the classics as he and pretending to know so much would have «deserved to be flogged—not refuted.» But there is no question of his power as a writer of English prose. In this respect at least he was no unworthy associate of Pope, Swift, and Addison, whose friend he was in the golden age of English essay-writing.

HARMONY AND THE PASSIONS

Such is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts, in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and greatened by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship; which else, I fear, in its natural simplicity and plainness, would not so strongly strike, or so deeply affect, the minds, as it ought to do, of the sluggish and inattentive, that is, of the far greater part of mankind. But when voices and instruments are skillfully adapted to it, it appears to us in a majestic air and shape, and gives us very awful and reverent impressions; which, while they are upon us, it is impossible for us not to be fixed and composed to the utmost. We are then in the same state of mind that the devout patriarch was, when he awoke from his holy dream, and ready with him to say to ourselves: Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.

Further, the availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind will appear, from the great influence it naturally has on the passions, which, when well directed and rightly applied, are the wings and sails of the mind, that speed its passage to perfection, and are of particular and remarkable use in the offices of devotion. For devotion consists in an ascent of the mind towards God, attended with holy breathings of soul, and a divine exercise of all the passions and powers of the mind. These passions the melody of sounds serves only to guide and elevate towards their proper object; these it first calls forth and encourages, and then gradually raises and inflames. This it does to all of them, as the matter of the hymns sung gives an occasion for the employing them; but the power of it is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love, which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest and most inseparable mark of true devotion; which recommends what we do in virtue of it to God, and makes it relishing to ourselves; and without which, all our spiritual offerings, our prayers, and our praises, are both insipid and unacceptable. At this our religion begins, and at this it ends; it is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven; of the pleasure of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music and holy love; the joint enjoyment of which (we are told) is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages. And observable therefore it is, that that Apostle, in whose breast this divine quality seems most to have abounded, has also spoken the most advantageously of vocal and instrumental harmony, and afforded us the best argument for the lawful use of it; for such I account the description which he has given us of the devotions of angels and blessed spirits performed by harps and hymns in the Apocalypse. A description which, whether real or metaphorical, yet, belonging to the evangelical state, certainly implies thus much, that whatever is there said to be made use of, may now, under the Gospel, be warrantably and laudably employed.

And in his steps trod the holy martyr Ignatius, who probably saw Saint John in the flesh, and learned that lesson of divine love from him, which, after his example, he inculcated everywhere in his Epistles; and together with it instills into the churches he writes to a love of holy harmony, by frequent allusions and comparisons drawn from that science, which recur oftener in his writings than in those of any other ancient whatever, and seem to intimate to us that the devotions of the church were set off with some kind of melody, even in those early times, notwithstanding we usually place the rise of the institution much lower.

Would we then have love at these assemblies? Would we have our spirit softened and enlarged, and made fit for the illapses of the Divine Spirit? Let us, as often as we can, call into our aid the assistances of music, to work us up into this heavenly temper. All selfishness and narrowness of mind, all rancor and peevishness, vanish from the heart, where the love of divine harmony dwells; as the evil spirit of Saul retired before the harp of David. The devotional, as well as the active, part of religion is (we know) founded in good nature; and one of the best signs and causes of good nature is, I am sure, to delight in such pious entertainments.

From the text of Craik [Macmillan & Co.].

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

(1780–1851)

Audubon, the first great student of nature born in North America, had a delicate sense of the beautiful, and he gave it expression in semi-poetical prose which is often excellent as literature, in spite of the obvious influence Dr. Samuel Johnson and his school were then exercising on American prose. In spite of their Latinisms, such sketches and essays as those on « The Mocking Bird,» «The Humming Bird,» and «The Wood Thrush» are not likely to lose the popularity they have long enjoyed.

Audubon was born near New Orleans, May 4th, 1780. Educated in France, he studied art under the celebrated painter David, gaining thus the skill which gave a world-wide and enduring celebrity to his «Birds of America,» the greatest achievement of its kind in the history of scientific research. His « Ornithological Biography,» which was published from 1831 to 1839 in five volumes, is the source of much from his pen that has gained general circulation. His «Birds of America» — the result of his explorations of a continent which everywhere, except on the Atlantic coast, was then almost a wilderness — was published (1827–39) by subscription at $1,000 a copy. He died at New York, January 27th, 1851. « The Quadrupeds of America,» the final sheets of which were printed in 1854, is not wholly his work.

THE HUMMING BIRD AND THE POETRY OF SPRING

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming Bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eyes, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound well adapted for lulling insects to repose. Then is the moment for the Humming Bird to secure them. Its long, delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed tongue, delicately sensitive, and imbued with glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession and draws it from its lurking place to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

The prairies, the fields, the orchards, and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreating with equal care at the approach of autumn.

I wish it were in my power at this moment to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasures which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favored little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love to each other: — how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous of being united; how full of ecstasy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, as he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed; how, then, the courage and care of the male are redoubled; how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant fly-catcher, hurries the bluebird and the martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.

Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the Humming Bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly hatched pair of young, little larger than humblebees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing is it, on your leaving the spot, to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched! You might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind, to hear the physician who has attended her sick child assure her that the crisis is over and that her babe is saved. These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine every one who views them to make it a study to contribute to the happiness of others, and to refrain from wantonly or maliciously giving them pain.

LIFE IN THE WOODS

THE adventures and vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure me that though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever-interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images. Nay, reader, had I a new lease of life presented to me, I should choose for it the very occupations in which I have been engaged.

And, reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the West, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and reinvigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and recommences his pursuit of zoölogical knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout affords him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to their retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and as the widgeon or blue-winged teal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene; his repast is finished, and, kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and, closing his eyes, soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.

THE MOCKING BIRD

IT IS where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves;

where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and, mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step; — in a word, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and, opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the Mocking Bird should have fixed its abode,—there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love song of the Mocking Bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and, again bouncing upwards, opens his bill and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast were about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love scenes are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

. . . .

The musical powers of this bird have often been taken notice of by European naturalists, and persons who find pleasure in listening to the song of different birds whilst in confinement or at large. Some of these persons have described the notes of the nightingale as occasionally fully equal to those of our bird. I have frequently heard both species in confinement, and in the wild state, and, without prejudice, have no hesitation in pronouncing the notes of the European philomel equal to those of a soubrette of taste, which, could she study under a Mozart, might perhaps in time become very interesting in her way. But to compare her essays to the finished talent of the Mocking Bird, is, in my opinion, quite absurd.

THE WOOD THRUSH

THIS bird is my greatest favorite of the feathered tribes of our woods. To it I owe much. How often has it revived my drooping spirits, when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, after passing a restless night in my slender shed, so feebly secured against the violence of the storm as to show me the futility of my best efforts to rekindle my little fire, whose uncertain and vacillating light had gradually died away under the destructive weight of the dense torrents of rain that seemed to involve the heavens and the earth in one mass of fearful murkiness, save when the red streaks of the flashing thunderbolt burst on the dazzled eye, and, glancing along the huge trunk of the stateliest and noblest tree in my immediate neighborhood, were instantly followed by an uproar of crackling, crashing, and deafening sounds, rolling their volumes in tumultuous eddies far and near, as if to silence the very breathings of the unformed thought! How often, after such a night, when far from my dear home, and deprived of the presence of those nearest to my heart, wearied, hungry, drenched, and so lonely and desolate as almost to question myself why I was thus situated; when I have seen the fruits of my labors on the eve of being destroyed, as the water, collected into a stream, rushed through my little camp, and forced me to stand erect, shivering in a cold fit like that of a severe ague; when I have been obliged to wait with the patience of a martyr for the return of day, silently counting over the years of my youth, doubting perhaps if ever again I should return to my home, and embrace my family!—how often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully amongst the dusky masses of the forest trees, has there come upon my ear, thrilling along the sensitive cords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day!—and how fervently, on such occasions, have I blessed the Being who formed the Wood Thrush, and placed it in those solitary forests, as if to console me amidst my privations, to cheer my depressed mind, and to make me feel, as I did, that man never should despair, whatever may be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand.

The Wood Thrush seldom commits a mistake after such a storm as I have attempted to describe; for no sooner are its sweet notes heard than the heavens gradually clear, the bright refracted light rises in gladdening rays from beneath the distant horizon, the effulgent beams increase in their intensity, and the great orb of day at length bursts on the sight. The gray vapor that floats along the ground is quickly dissipated, the world smiles at the happy change, and the woods are soon heard to echo the joyous thanks of their many songsters. At that moment all fears vanish, giving place to an inspiriting hope. The hunter prepares to leave his camp. He listens to the Wood Thrush, while he thinks of the course which he ought to pursue, and as the bird approaches to peep at him, and learn somewhat his intentions, he raises his mind toward the Supreme Disposer of events. Seldom, indeed, have I heard the song of this Thrush, without feeling all that tranquillity of mind to which the secluded situation in which it delights is so favorable. The thickest and darkest woods always appear to please it best. The borders of murmuring streamlets, overshadowed by the dense foliage of the lofty trees growing on the gentle declivities, amidst which the sunbeams seldom penetrate, are its favorite resorts. There it is, that the musical powers of this hermit of the woods must be heard, to be fully appreciated and enjoyed.

From the «Ornithological Biography.»

SAINT AUGUSTINE

(354–430 A. D.)

Saint Augustine's celebrated work, "The City of God," or "De Civitate Dei," is a collection of essays loosely joined by a thread of argument connecting one "book" with another Although he was essentially a Latinist, his style as an essayist is much more closely related to the English of Addison than to the more oratorical style of Cicero. As a theologian he is conceded to have been the greatest of the Latin Fathers, and his "Confessions" have achieved a more extensive popularity than any other work of the period which produced them. He was born in Numidia, November 13th, 354 A. D., and died in the same province August 28th, 430 A. D. He lived successively at Carthage, Rome, Milan, and Hippo in Numidia where he served the church as bishop from 395 A. D. to his death. During his earlier years he was a teacher of rhetoric. After his conversion (387 A. D.) he became one of the most ardent champions of Christianity and the object of the "De Civitate Dei" was to demonstrate the necessity for a higher religion to supplant the heathen culture.

CONCERNING IMPERIAL POWER AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Let us examine the nature of the spaciousness, and continuance of empire, for which men give their gods such great thanks; to whom also they exhibited plays (that were so filthy both in actors and the action) without any offense of honesty. But, first I would make a little inquiry, seeing you cannot show such estates to be anyway happy, as are in continual wars, being still in terror, trouble, and guilt of shedding human blood, though it be their foes; what reason then or what wisdom shall any man show in glorying in the largeness of empire, all their joy being but as a glass, bright and brittle, and evermore in fear and danger of breaking? To dive the deeper into this matter, let us not give the sails of our souls to every air of human breath, nor suffer our understanding's eye to be smoked up with the fumes of vain words, concerning kingdoms, provinces, nations, or so. No, let us take two men, let us imagine the one to be poor, or but of a mean estate, the other potent and wealthy; but withal, let my wealthy man take with him fears, sorrows, covetousness, suspicion, disquiet, contentions,—let these be the books for him to hold in the augmentation of his estate, and with all the increase of those cares, together with his estate; and let my poor man take with him, sufficiency with little, love of kindred, neighbors, friends, joyous peace, peaceful religion, soundness of body, sincereness of heart, abstinence of diet, chastity of carriage, and security of conscience. Where should a man find any one so sottish as would make a doubt which of these to prefer in his choice? Well, then, even as we have done with these two men, so let us do with two families, two nations, or two kingdoms. Lay them both to the line of equity; which done, and duly considered, when it is done, here doth vanity lie bare to the view, and there shines felicity. Wherefore it is more convenient that such as fear and follow the law of the true God should have the swaying of such empires; not so much for themselves, their piety and their honesty (God's admired gifts) will suffice them, both to the enjoying of true felicity in this life and the attaining of that eternal and true felicity in the next. So that here upon earth, the rule and regality that is given to the good man does not return him so much good as it does to those that are under this his rule and regality. But, contrariwise, the government of the wicked harms themselves far more than their subjects, for it gives themselves the greater liberty to exercise their lusts; but for their subjects, they have none but their own iniquities to answer for; for what injury soever the unrighteous master does to the righteous servant, it is no scourge for his guilt, but a trial of his virtue. And therefore he that is good is free, though he be a slave; and he that is evil, a slave though he be a king. Nor is he slave to one man, but that which is worst of all, unto as many masters as he affects vices; according to the Scriptures, speaking thus hereof: "Of whatsoever a man is overcome, to that he is in bondage."

Chapter iii., Book IV., "De Civitate Dei."

KINGDOMS WITHOUT JUSTICE LIKE UNTO THIEVISH PURCHASES

SET justice aside, and what are kingdoms but fair thievish purchases? because what are thieves' purchases but little kingdoms? for in thefts the hands of the underlings are directed by the commander, the confederacy of them is sworn together, and the pillage is shared by the law amongst them. And if those ragamuffins grow but to be able enough to keep up forts, build habitations, possess cities, and conquer adjoining nations, then their government is no more called thievish, but graced with the eminent name of a kingdom, given and gotten, not because they have left their practices, but because that now they may use them without danger of law; for elegant and excellent was that pirate's answer to the great Macedonian Alexander, who had taken him; the king asking him how he durst molest the seas so, he replied with a free spirit, « How darest thou molest the whole world? But because I do it with a little ship only, I am called a thief; thou doing it with a great navy, art called an emperor.»

Chapter iv., Book IV., «De Civitate Dei.»

DOMESTIC MANIFESTATIONS OF THE ROMAN SPIRIT OF CONQUEST

WHEN Marius, being imbrued with his countrymen's blood and having slain many of his adversaries, was at length foiled and forced to fly the city, that now got time to take a little breath; presently (to use Tully's words) upon the sudden Cinna and Marius began to be conquerors again. And then out went the heart bloods of the most worthy men, and the lights of all the city. But soon after came Sylla, and revenged this barbarous massacre; but with what damage to the state and city it is not my purpose to utter; for that this revenge was worse than if all the offenses that were punished had been left unpunished. Let Lucan testify, in these words: —

> « *Excessit medicina modum, nimiumque secuta est*
> *Qua morbi duxere manus; periere nocentes*
> *Sed cum jam soli possent superesse nocentes*
> *Tunc data libertas odiis resolutaque legum*
> *Frenis ira ruit.*»

«The medicine wrought too sore, making the cure
Too cruel for the patient to endure;
The guilty fell; but none yet such remaining,
Hate riseth at full height, and wrath, disdaining
Laws' reins, brake out.»

For in that war of Sylla and Marius (besides those that fell in the field), the whole city, streets, market places, theatres, and temples were filled with dead bodies; that it was a question whether the conquerors slaughtered so many to attain the conquest, or because they had already attained it. In Marius's first victory, as his return from exile besides infinite other slaughters, Octavius's head (the consul's) was polled up in the pleading place; Cæsar and Fimbra were slain in their houses, the two Crassi, father and son, killed in one another's sight; Bebius and Numitorius trailed about upon hooks till death; Catullus poisoned himself to escape his enemies: and Menula, the jovial Flamine, cut his own veins and so bled himself out of their danger, Marius having given order for the killing of all them whom he did not re-salute, or proffer his hand unto.

Chapter xvii., Book III., «De Civitate Dei.»

MARCUS AURELIUS

(MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS)

(*c.* 121–180 A. D.)

"As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tackled the game, a bee when it has made honey, so a (good) man when he has done a good act does not call out to others to come and see, but goes on to another act as a vine goes on to produce again its grapes in season."

This is Long's translation of what is perhaps the most remarkable sentence in the writings of Marcus Aurelius. To the question of what is the highest good, the greatest happiness possible for life, the Stoics answered "tranquillity,"—the peaceful repose in itself of the mind great enough to be superior to the inevitable at its worst. But in this sentence the Stoic who has been called "the noblest of the pagans, the crown and flower of Stoicism," clearly proposes efficiency as the object of life. To work as the vine bears its fruit and then, without stopping for praise or blame, to prepare for new bearing as the natural object and reward of existence,—this is an ideal higher than that of self-repression, for it involves self-expression, the development of all that is positive and noble at the expense of the evil and merely negative forces of life. That the highest possible efficiency is ever to be attained except through the deliberate sacrifice, for the work's sake, of the peace of a mind at rest in itself,—this is not to be believed for human nature at its average, though it is not to be denied as a possibility. If Polycarp or any martyr who died in the persecutions under Aurelius, died not merely to win a "martyr's crown," but for the work's sake,—for the sake of the efficiency of those after him who, taught by him, were to build, more wisely than they knew, the fabric of the coming centuries, then his loss of personal tranquillity was not important to the sum of things. The always increasing satisfaction of always increasing efficiency, obtained at the expense of all manner of intellectual disturbance and physical discomfort,—this is what Aurelius, in the definitions of his fourth book, seems to contemplate as the highest good. "Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees, working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature?» This is his question and it involves a higher thought than any possible for the Stoicism of self-suppression. It is the idea of education, of the evolution of the good in a universe where bee and bird, flower and fruit, men and gods, are vehicles of a universal force of beneficent activity, making for universal goodness and eternal improvement.

Marcus Annius Verus, as Marcus Aurelius was named originally, was born at Rome April 20th, 121 A. D., from a family of senatorial rank which succeeded to the imperial dignity by Hadrian's adoption of Antoninus Pius. When Antoninus Pius, the uncle of Aurelius, died in 161 A. D., after succeeding Hadrian on the throne, Aurelius succeeded him, reigning until his own death March 17th, 180 A. D. He did not neglect his work as «Imperator» of the armies of Rome because of his philosophy; and when he died, it was the death of a veteran soldier in camp at Vindobona (now Vienna), far from the comforts of Roman civilization. He has been reproached with persecuting the Christians and defended on the ground that he thought them dangerous anarchists, whose theories were irreconcilable with the authority of his government. It has been asserted also that his wife, the Empress Faustina, was very dissolute, and while this has been denied, it is undeniable that his son, Commodus, for whom the «Meditations» are said to have been written, was one of the weakest and worst of Roman tyrants. While this has been dwelt on with some satisfaction by those who are disposed to condemn the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius, it leaves him still «a pagan saint» whose intellect, elevated, pure, and strong, remains to us in his «Meditations» as one of the great and permanent forces of civilization.

W. V. B.

MEDITATIONS ON THE HIGHEST USEFULNESS

In the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present,—I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm? But this is more pleasant. Dost thou exist then to take thy pleasure, and not at all for action or exertion? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature? But it is necessary to take rest also. It is necessary. However, Nature has fixed bounds to this too: she has fixed bounds to eating and drinking, and yet thou goest beyond these bounds, beyond what is sufficient; yet in thy acts it is not so, but thou stoppest short of what thou canst do. So thou lovest not thyself, for if thou didst thou wouldst love thy nature and her will. But those who love their several arts exhaust themselves in working at them unwashed and without food; but thou valuest thy own nature less than the turner values the turning art, or the dancer the dancing art, or the lover of money values his money, or the vainglorious man his little glory. And such men, when they have a violent affection to a thing, choose neither to eat nor to sleep rather than to perfect the things which they care for. But are the acts which concern society more vile in thy eyes and less worthy of thy labor?

How easy it is to repel and to wipe away every impression which is troublesome or unsuitable, and immediately to be in all tranquillity.

Judge every word and deed which are according to nature to be fit for thee; and be not diverted by the blame which follows from any people, nor by their words, but if a thing is good to be done or said, do not consider it unworthy of thee. For those persons have their peculiar leading principle and follow their peculiar movement; which things do not thou regard, but go straight on, following thy own nature and the common nature; and the way of both is one.

I go through the things which happen according to nature until I shall fall and rest, breathing out my breath into that element out of which I daily draw it in, and falling upon that earth out of which my father collected the seed, and my mother the blood, and my nurse the milk; out of which during so many years I have been supplied with food and drink; which bears me when I tread on it and abuse it for so many purposes.

Thou sayest, Men cannot admire the sharpness of thy wits. Be it so; but there are many other things of which thou canst not say, I am not formed from them by nature. Show those qualities, then, which are altogether in thy power, sincerity, gravity, endurance of labor, aversion to pleasure, contentment with thy portion and with few things, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling, magnanimity. Dost thou not see how many qualities thou art immediately able to exhibit, in which there is no excuse of natural incapacity and unfitness, and yet thou still remainest voluntarily below the mark? or art thou compelled through being defectively furnished by nature to murmur, and to be stingy, and to flatter, and to find fault with thy poor body, and to try to please men, and to make great display, and to be so restless in thy mind? No, by the gods; but thou mightest have been delivered from these things long ago. Only if in truth thou canst be charged with being rather slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this also, not neglecting it nor yet taking pleasure in thy dullness.

One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tackled the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. Must a man then be one of these, who in a manner act thus without observing it? Yes. But this very thing is necessary, the observation of what a man is doing; for, it may be said, it is characteristic of the social animal to perceive that he is working in a social manner, and indeed to wish that his social partner also should perceive it. It is true that thou sayest, but thou dost not rightly understand what is now said: and for this reason thou wilt become one of those of whom I spoke before, for even they are misled by a certain show of reason. But if thou wilt choose to understand the meaning of what is said, do not fear that for this reason thou wilt omit any social act.

A prayer of the Athenians: Rain, rain, O dear Zeus, down on the ploughed fields of the Athenians and on the plains. In truth we ought not to pray at all, or we ought to pray in this simple and noble fashion.

Just as we must understand when it is said that Æsculapius prescribed to this man horse-exercise, or bathing in cold water, or going without shoes, so we must understand it when it is said that the nature of the universe prescribed to this man disease, or mutilation, or loss, or anything else of the kind. For in the first case prescribed means something like this: he prescribed this for this man as a thing adapted to procure health; and in the second case it means that which happens to (or suits) every man is fixed in a manner for him suitably to his destiny. For this is what we mean when we say that things are suitable to us, as the workmen say of squared stones in walls or the pyramids, that they are suitable, when they fit them to one another in some kind of connection. For there is altogether one fitness (harmony). And as the universe is made up out of all bodies to be such a body as it is, so out of all existing causes necessity (destiny) is made up to be such a cause as it is. And even those who are completely ignorant understand what I mean; for they say, It (necessity, destiny) brought this to such a person. This then was brought and this was prescribed to him. Let us then receive these things, as well as those which Æsculapius prescribes. Many as a matter of course even among his prescriptions are disagreeable, but we accept them in the hope of health. Let the perfecting and accomplishment of the things which the common nature judges to be good, be judged by thee to be of the same kind as thy health. And so accept everything which happens, even if it seem disagreeable, because it leads to this, to the health of the universe and to the prosperity and felicity of Zeus (the universe). For he would not have brought on any man what he has brought, if it were not useful for the whole. Neither does the nature of anything, whatever it may be, cause anything which is not suitable to that which is directed by it. For two reasons then it is right to be content with that which happens to thee; the one, because it was done for thee and prescribed for thee, and in a manner had reference to thee, originally from the most ancient causes spun with thy destiny: and the other, because even that which comes severally to every man is to the power which administers the universe a cause of felicity and perfection, nay even of its very continuance. For the integrity of the whole is mutilated, if thou cuttest off anything whatever from the conjunction and the continuity either of the parts or of the causes. And thou dost cut off, as far as it is in thy power, when thou art dissatisfied, and in a manner triest to put anything out of the way.

Be not disgusted, nor discouraged, nor dissatisfied, if thou dost not succeed in doing everything according to right principles, but when thou hast failed, turn back again, and be content if the greater part of what thou doest is consistent with man's nature, and love this to which thou returnest; and do not return to philosophy as if she were a master, but act like those who have sore eyes and apply a bit of sponge and egg, or as another applies a plaster, or drenching with water. For thus thou wilt not fail to obey reason, and thou wilt repose in it. And remember that philosophy requires only things which thy nature requires; but thou wouldst have something else which is not according to nature. It may be objected, Why, what is more agreeable than this (which I am doing)? But is not this the very reason why pleasure deceives us? And consider if magnanimity, freedom, simplicity, equanimity, piety, are not more agreeable. For what is more agreeable than wisdom itself, when thou thinkest of the security and the happy course of all things which depend on the faculty of understanding and knowledge?

Things are in such a kind of envelopment that they have seemed to philosophers, not a few nor those common philosophers, altogether unintelligible; nay even to the Stoics themselves they seem difficult to understand. And all our assent is changeable; for where is the man who never changes? Carry thy thoughts then to the objects themselves, and consider how short-lived they are and worthless, and that they may be in the possession of a filthy wretch or a profligate or a robber. Then turn to the morals of those who live with thee, and it is hardly possible to endure even the most agreeable of them, to say nothing of a man being hardly able to endure himself. In such darkness then and dirt, and in so constant a flux both of substance and of time, and of motion and of things moved, what there is worth being highly prized, or even an object of serious pursuit, I cannot imagine. But, on the contrary, it is a man's duty to comfort himself, and to wait for his natural dissolution, and not to be vexed at the delay, but to rest in these principles only: the one, that nothing will happen to me which is not conformable to the nature of the universe; and the other, that it is in my power never to act contrary to my god and dæmon: for there is no man who will compel me to this.

About what am I now employing my own soul? On every occasion I must ask myself this question, and inquire, What have I now in this part of me which they call the ruling principle? and whose soul have I now,— that of a child, or of a young man, or of a feeble woman, or of a tyrant, or of a domestic animal, or of a wild beast?

What kind of things those are which appear good to the many, we may learn even from this. For if any man should conceive certain things as being really good, such as prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, he would not, after having first conceived these, endure to listen to anything which should not be in harmony with what is really good. But if a man has first conceived as good the things which appear to the many to be good, he will listen and readily receive as very applicable that which was said by the comic writer. Thus even the many perceive the difference. For were it not so, this saying would not offend and would not be rejected (in the first case), while we receive it when it is said of wealth, and of the means which further luxury and fame, as said fitly and wittily. Go on, then, and ask if we should value and think those things to be good, to which, after their first conception in the mind, the words of the comic writer might be aptly applied,—that he who has them, through pure abundance has not a place to ease himself in.

I am composed of the formal and the material; and neither of them will perish into nonexistence, as neither of them came into existence out of nonexistence. Every part of me then will be reduced by change into some part of the universe, and that again will change into another part of the universe, and so on forever. And by consequence of such a change I too exist, and those who begot me, and so on forever in the other direction. For nothing hinders us from saying so, even if the universe is administered according to definite periods (of revolution).

Reason and the reasoning art (philosophy) are powers which are sufficient for themselves and for their own works. They move then from a first principle which is their own, and they make their way to the end which is proposed to them; and this is the reason why such acts are named Catorthóseis or right acts, which word signifies that they proceed by the right road.

None of these things ought to be called a man's, which do not belong to a man, as man. They are not required of a man, nor does man's nature promise them, nor are they the means of man's nature attaining its end. Neither then does the end of man lie in these things, nor yet that which aids to the accomplishment of this end, and that which aids toward this end is that which is good. Besides, if any of these things did belong to man, it would not be right for a man to despise them and to set himself against them; nor would a man be worthy of praise who showed that he did not want these things, nor would he who stinted himself in any of them be good, if indeed these things were good. But now the more of these things a man deprives himself of, or of other things like them, or even when he is deprived of any of them, the more patiently he endures the loss, just in the same degree he is a better man.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace; well then, he can also live well in a palace. And again, consider that for whatever purpose each thing has been constituted, for this it has been constituted, and towards this it is carried; and its end is in that towards which it is carried; and where the end is, there also is the advantage and the good of each thing. Now the good for the reasonable animal is society; for that we are made for society has been shown above. Is it not plain that the inferior exists for the sake of the superior? But the things which have life are superior to those which have not life, and of those which have life the superior are those which have reason.

To seek what is impossible is madness: and it is impossible that the bad should not do something of this kind.

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear. The same things happen to another, and either because he does not see that they have happened, or because he would show a great spirit, he is firm and remains unharmed. It is a shame then that ignorance and conceit should be stronger than wisdom.

Things themselves touch not the soul, not in the least degree; nor have they admission to the soul, nor can they turn or move the soul; but the soul turns and moves itself alone, and whatever judgments it may think proper to make, such it makes for itself the things which present themselves to it.

In one respect man is the nearest thing to me, so far as I must do good to men and endure them. But so far as some men make themselves obstacles to my proper acts, man becomes to me one of the things which are indifferent, no less than the sun or wind or a wild beast. Now it is true that these may impede my action, but they are no impediments to my affects and disposition, which have the power of acting conditionally and changing; for the mind converts and changes every hindrance to its activity into an aid; and so that which is a hindrance is made a furtherance to an act; and that which is an obstacle on the road helps us on this road.

Reverence that which is best in the universe; and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And in like manner also reverence that which is best in thyself; and this is of the same kind as that. For in thyself, also, that which makes use of everything else is this, and thy life is directed by this.

That which does no harm to the state does no harm to the citizen. In the case of every appearance of harm, apply this rule: if the state is not harmed by this, neither am I harmed. But if the state is harmed, thou must not be angry with him who does harm to the state. Show him where his error is.

Often think of the rapidity with which things pass by and disappear, both the things which are and the things which are produced. For substance is like a river in a continual flow, and the activities of things are in constant change, and the causes work in infinite varieties; and there is hardly anything which stands still. And consider this which is near to thee, this boundless abyss of the past and of the future in which all things disappear. How, then, is he not a fool who is puffed up with such things or plagued about them, and makes himself miserable? for they vex him only for a time, and a short time.

Think of the universal substance, of which thou hast a very small portion; and of universal time, of which a short and indivisible interval has been assigned to thee; and of that which is fixed by destiny, and how small a part of it thou art.

Does another do me wrong? Let him look to it. He has his own disposition, his own activity. I now have what the universal nature now wills me to have; and I do what my nature now wills me to do.

Let the part of thy soul which leads and governs be undisturbed by the movements in the flesh, whether of pleasure or of pain; and let it not unite with them, but let it circumscribe itself and limit those affections to their parts. But when these affections rise up to the mind by virtue of that other sympathy that naturally exists in a body which is all one, then thou must not strive to resist the sensation, for it is natural; but let not the ruling part of itself add to the sensation the opinion that it is either good or bad.

Live with the gods. And he does live with the gods who constantly shows to them that his own soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him, and that it does all that the dæmon wishes, which Zeus hath given to every man for his guardian and guide, a portion of himself. And this is every man's understanding and reason.

Art thou angry with him whose armpits stink? art thou angry with him whose mouth smells foul? What good will this anger do thee? He has such a mouth, he has such armpits; it is necessary that such an emanation must come from such things. But the man has reason, it will be said, and he is able, if he takes pains, to discover wherein he offends; I wish thee well of thy discovery. Well then, and thou hast reason: by thy rational faculty stir up his rational faculty; show him his error, admonish him. For if he listen, thou wilt cure him, and there is no need of anger.

As thou intendest to live when thou art gone out, . . . so it is in thy power to live here. But if men do not permit thee, then get away out of life, yet so as if thou wert suffering no harm. The house is smoky, and I quit it. Why dost thou think that this is any trouble? But so long as nothing of the kind drives me out, I remain, am free, and no man shall hinder me from doing what I choose; and I choose to do what is according to the nature of the rational and social animal.

The intelligence of the universe is social. Accordingly it has made the inferior things for the sake of the superior, and it has fitted the superior to one another. Thou seest how it has subordinated, co-ordinated, and assigned to everything its proper portion, and has brought together into concord with one another the things which are the best.

How hast thou behaved hitherto to the gods, thy parents, brethren, children, teachers, to those who looked after thy infancy, to thy friends, kinsfolk, to thy slaves? Consider if thou hast hitherto behaved to all in such a way that this may be said of thee:—

"He never has wronged a man in deed or word."

And call to recollection both how many things thou hast passed through, and how many things thou hast been able to endure, and that the history of thy life is now complete and thy service is ended; and how many beautiful things thou hast seen; and how many pleasures and pains thou hast despised; and how many things called honorable thou hast spurned; and to how many ill-minded folks thou hast shown a kind disposition.

Why do unskilled and ignorant souls disturb him who has skill and knowledge? What soul, then, has skill and knowledge? That which knows beginning and end, and knows the reason which pervades all substance, and though all time by fixed periods (revolutions) administers the universe.

Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, and (like) little dogs biting one another, and little children quarreling, laughing, and then straightway weeping. But fidelity and modesty and justice and truth are fled

Up to Olympus from the wide-spread earth.
—*Hesiod*, «Works and Days,» V. 197.

What, then, is there which still detains thee here, if the objects of sense are easily changed and never stand still, and the organs of perception are dull and easily receive false impressions, and the poor soul itself is an exhalation from blood? But to have good repute amid such a world as this is an empty thing. Why then dost thou not wait in tranquillity for thy end, whether it is extinction or removal to another state? And until that time comes, what is sufficient? Why, what else than to venerate the gods and bless them, and to do good to men, and to practice tolerance and self-restraint; but as to everything which is beyond the limits of the poor flesh and breath, to remember that this is neither thine nor in thy power.

Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness, if thou canst go by the right way and think and act in the right way. These two things are common both to the soul of God and to the soul of man, and to the soul of every rational being: not to be hindered by another; and to hold good to consist in the disposition to justice and the practice of it, and in this to let thy desire find its termination.

If this is neither my own badness, nor an effect of my own badness, and the common weal is not injured, why am I troubled about it, and what is the harm to the common weal?

Do not be carried along inconsiderately by the appearance of things, but give help (to all) according to thy ability and their fitness; and if they should have sustained loss in matters which are indifferent, do not imagine this to be a damage, for it is a bad habit. But as the old man, when he went away, asked back his foster-child's top, remembering that it was a top, so do thou in this case also.

When thou art calling out on the Rostra, hast thou forgotten, man, what these things are? « Yes; but they are objects of great concern to these people! » Wilt thou too then be made a fool for these things? I was once a fortunate man, but I lost it, I know not how. But fortunate means that a man has assigned to himself a good fortune; and a good fortune is good disposition of the soul, good emotions, good actions.*

Book V. of the « Meditations » complete.

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*The text of this section is corrupt.

ALFRED AUSTIN

(1835–)

ALFRED AUSTIN, who succeeded Tennyson as Poet Laureate of England, was born at Headingley, near Leeds, May 30th, 1835. Graduating at the University of London in 1853, he was called to the bar four years later, but has been identified with literature and journalism rather than with law. He was field correspondent of the London Standard during the Franco-Prussian War, and when the National Review was founded in 1883 became its editor. He is the author of several volumes of verse, and as Poet Laureate is adding with meritorious industry to his metrical productions. It is as a writer of prose essays and newspaper articles, however, that he has done his most effective work in his generation.

THE APOSTLE OF CULTURE

IT IS scarcely too much to say that, in his very earliest verse, Matthew Arnold frowned rather than smiled — frowned as a teacher might frown who thinks he has discovered everything is going amiss in the school it is his mission to instruct. His first poem is a lament over «a thousand discords,» «man's fitful uproar,» «our vain turmoil,» and «noisy schemes.» We turn the page to read that there are «bad days,» that «we ask and ask, while Shakespeare smiles and is free,» and that it has become «a monotonous, dead, unprofitable world.» That these utterances were perfectly sincere, and no mere metrical affectation, who can doubt that is acquainted with the general body of Matthew Arnold's poetry? Here, for instance, are some notable but strictly representative passages, mostly written while he was still a young man: —

«But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise —
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

«Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before
We have had time to breathe.

«Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harassed, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain.»

—*In memory of the author of «Obermann.»*

«Ah! two desires toss about
The poet's feverish blood.
One drives him to the world without,
And one to solitude.

«He who hath watched, not shared, the strife,
Knows how the day hath gone.
He only lives with the world's life
Who hath renounced his own!»

—*The same.*

«Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn:
Their faith, my tears, the world deride,
I come to shed them at your side.

«There yet perhaps may dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.
Sons of the world, O haste those years;
But, till they rise, allow our tears.»

—«*Stranger from the Grand Chartreuse.*»

He laments, in the same poem, that

«Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order too,»

adding,

«But now the old is out of date,
The new is not yet born,
And who can be alone elate,
While the world lies forlorn?»

Nor is it only in poems whose subject, it might perhaps be urged, not unnaturally leads to the expression of such sentiments, that we meet with this lament over the unfavorable conditions and character of the age After several stanzas of tranquil idyllic beauty in the lovely poem, « The Scholar Gipsy,» he breaks forth once more into the old note of condemnation and regret:—

« O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gayly as the sparkling Thames,
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife,
Fly hence, our contact fear!»

This is only half a stanza, and there are ten whole ones — in fact almost half of the poem — in the same sad key. The memorial verses on Wordsworth reiterate a kindred conclusion; and, even in such a poem as « A Southern Night,» we are again admonished that

« We see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess one soul
Before we die.»

Surely it would not be difficult to show that, as a criticism of life, the foregoing verses are scarcely just, since there were quite as many «hours of change, surprise, alarm,» in the time of Shakespeare as in our own, and no more « shelter to grow ripe,» or « leisure to grow wise,» then than now. Tranquillity is attainable in any age by the truly wise; and can there ever have been a time when « the poet's feverish blood » was not « tossed about by two desires »?

It was not, however, in order to comment on their drift that the foregoing passages have been cited, but, rather, to show, firstly, that the ethical element in them predominates conspicuously over the emotional element; and, secondly, that, when they were written, the author was too young, and as yet too imperfect a master of the instrument he was using, to strike so high a note quite successfully. There is something almost unnatural in a young writer's ideal being tranquillity; nor is serenity the gift a kind fairy would hang on the cradle of one of its favorites. Rather is it the crown of mature days whose combats are over, and when the more personal passions have subsided. A cloudless April bodes no good to the husbandman; and a tranquil youth, were such possible, would be the worst conceivable apprenticeship for a poet. The *infantum voces flentes in limine primo*, the young bewildered voices wailing on the threshold of existence, represent what we conceive, and what we know, of the early utterances of poets who afterward attained ripeness and serenity. It is Goethe himself, whose serenity Matthew Arnold so much admired, but who had hardly attained, or was even in pursuit of it, when he wrote « The Sorrows of Werther » or « Götz von Berlichingen, » that observes: « No youth can be a teacher. » The business of the young poet is not to teach, but to learn: to learn in suffering, in suffering rightly and largely understood, what he may afterward teach in song.

This, I think, is the first thing that strikes one in reading, even with sincere sympathy and admiration, Matthew Arnold's verse. What strikes one next is that this premature craving for tranquillity, this too precocious reasoning and moralizing tendency, hampered him, as yet necessarily a novice, in the use of his instrument. « Buried a wave beneath » is an awkward inversion, and « Goethe's wide and luminous view to gain » is yet more open to criticism. In « Ah! two desires toss about, » a syllable seems to be lacking. In the couplet, « Sons of the world, O haste those years; But, till they rise, allow our tears »; neither the word « haste » nor the word « rise » seems to be quite the word that is wanted.

It would be invidious, and it is nowise necessary, to insist on this point; and, if allusion has been made to it, it was only in order to show that imperfect mastery over his instrument arose from the too early ripening of his powers, from the premature introduction into his verse of reflection and philosophy, and from his having, so to speak, essayed to soar a very considerable height before he had quite learned to fly. Whether this defect would have been in time repaired, had he so shaped his life that he could have responded at once to any visitings from the Muse that might happily befall him, who can say? But, as we have seen, and as everybody will perceive who reads the entire series of « Letters, » his life was shaped in an entirely different manner, and for a time he seemed to imagine that he could « take up » poetry, or « leave it alone, » just as it suited him. One of the impressions left on the mind by the « Letters » is, not only that he was continually dining out and continually paying visits, but that he was perpetually on the move. It will perhaps be said that as an inspector of schools he could hardly be stationary, and that is true. But had he jealously and, so to speak, savagely reserved for stationariness, or at least for solitude, all the time that remained over from the performance of his official duties, he would at least have given a better chance to that part of his nature which appertained distinctively to the poet. As it was, this part of him was gradually subordinated and finally sacrificed to prose controversy and to social amenities. And so it came to pass that at length he was urged to write more poetry by Mr. Mundella.

There is a highly suggestive sentence in one of the "Letters," which runs thus: "Perfection in the region of the highest poetry demands a tearing of oneself to pieces, which men do not readily consent to, unless driven by their dæmon to do so." There, surely, we have the explanation of which we are in search, in eight words. Though he has left works in verse that will not die, "Thyrsis," "The Scholar Gipsy," "Obermann Once More," etc., still at no time of his life did Matthew Arnold "tear himself to pieces." He preferred to cultivate tranquillity. He wrote some most beautiful poetry, but was not driven by his dæmon to do so, and at length ceased to write poetry altogether.

Little or nothing has been said here concerning Matthew Arnold, the writer of refined and exquisite prose, the acute literary critic, the forcible yet urbane controversialist, the zealous spiritual teacher, the untiring advocate of sweetness and light, the moralist whose utterances were all inspired by high seriousness. But, to point out what a man has done in one domain of mental energy, and to forget altogether what he did in other domains, is to do him great injustice. Yet is not this what nearly all of us do to those writers who have worked for us with a generous versatility? We lay stress on that portion of his work in which we ourselves, in our narrowness, and with our limitations, alone are interested, and pass over the rest. We insist on his poetry and ignore his prose, or we extol the prose and forget the poetry; or, perhaps, we remember his idyls because we happen to like these best since they are just suited to our capacity and comprehension, and treat as nonexistent, or as of no importance, longer and nobler poems, because these are caviare to us. Let us not do that injustice to Matthew Arnold. If his poems had been his sole contribution to the good of his fellow-creatures, he would still have deserved to be kept in eternal remembrance by them. Had he written no verse, but only the literary, the religious, and the spiritual criticism he has left behind him, he would still have merited immunity from oblivion. But he wrote both verse and prose, beautiful verse, delightful prose, and did so much beside, as a servant of the State, as a friend of education, as a champion of whatever he thought for the benefit of the human race. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say of him:—

> « . . . *omne immensum peragravit mente animoque.*»

The area of his intellectual activity was immense; so large, indeed, that it is only by an effort of memory we can picture to ourselves its extent.

But higher praise still has surely to be bestowed on Matthew Arnold. He was a man of rare gifts. But he was likewise a model son, a model husband, a model citizen. Genius, though not an every-day phenomenon, is, I suppose, as frequent in these days as in others; and, perhaps, there never was before so much cleverness as is now to be observed in almost every walk of life. But character—character that shows itself in filial piety, in conjugal tenderness, in good and conscientious citizenship—is perhaps not too conspicuous, especially in persons exceptionally endowed. One looks in vain for a serious blemish in Matthew Arnold's character. It has been said, surely with truth:—

> «Not all the noblest songs are worth
> One noble deed.»

But, in his case, there is no antithesis between teaching and example. He wrote beautiful songs; and his life, as these « Letters » show, was one long noble deed.

From a review of Matthew Arnold's « Letters »
in the National Review.

FRANCIS BACON

(1561–1626)

In Bacon's «Essays Civil and Moral» an intellect of the highest order expresses itself with an art so subtle that it does not seem to be art at all. Literary form is lost sight of and the thought engrosses attention to the exclusion even of admiration for the greatness of the mind which conceived it. Admiration is excited only in the presence of what seems higher than our own level. It is the peculiarity and the touchstone of all great art, that admiration for it comes only as an afterthought. Its first office is that of sympathy. It expresses what is strongest and truest in us as if it were wholly our right to have it expressed. We feel no sense of obligation to it, but rather of comradeship with it, as if, by some process too simple and natural to be even surprising, we had regained consciousness of a higher life in us than we had suspected, — of a life which belongs to our common lives as much as it does to the highest genius of earth or to the healthiest and most natural souls in whatever state of natural healthiness of soul is to constitute hereafter our heaven. When from this high future that is to be ours, some great soul comes to us as Bacon does, it is always in the simplicity of good neighborliness. He goes in and out among us, speaking our every-day language and ministering to our every-day needs, and we do not feel his superiority until he has gone. Then we look among ourselves and back through the ages of civilization to find his equal, learning thus for the first time to admire him as we had not thought to do before.

To read twenty lines into one of the most commonplace of his essays is to come into the presence of one of the most potent forces of the world — an intellect of childlike directness of expression and an almost superhuman strength of conception. No one who has written since his day has done anything that will compare in force, in comprehensiveness, in terse compactness of expression, with any one of a score of his short essays. In these respects they call for reverence, and where they express the lower part of his nature, the cunning of the courtier, the lack of scruple of the weak and time-serving politician, loving virtue in theory, but not brave enough in practice to make a stand for it, then the strength of intellect, which

J. Watson Nicol
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is so great a merit in essays expressing his higher mind, makes the baseness of his thought when it is base, formidable to the last degree. When Bacon is giving bad advice, no man can give worse, or give it in a way more calculated to degrade.

He stands alone among writers of prose essays, but Alexander Pope who resembled him physically and mentally in so many ways, has written essays in verse which are hardly inferior in compactness of expression and in their far-reaching insight into human nature. Pope has the art of turning a phrase so that it sticks in the mind forever. Shakespeare has it also. He is the only writer of English who is superior to Pope in this respect. Bacon does not rank with either of them in it. The strength of his essays lies in the immediate effect they are capable of producing, and in the bent they unconsciously create. The reader who is influenced by Pope, ten years after reading one of his poems will know it to be his by recalling some such lines as the couplet:—

«What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?
Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards.»

But if he read Bacon and take the trouble to think after him, he will forget the author, the style, the phrase, in the thought which raises and strengthens his own mind through Bacon's power of insight into human nature. To be able to operate thus on the mind of another is to have genius of the highest quality.

Bacon is the highest type of the essayist because his is, in its method, the highest type of intellect. To study his methods of expression is to have opportunity to see how childlike great genius is. It is the mind of the inferior order which complicates a question so that only experts can understand it. The great mind makes it so plain that a child can understand, if he will only take the trouble to try. To understand Bacon — to understand any one else whose mind really belongs to the highest class — it is only necessary to be willing to think as a child does in learning its letters.

A great linguist, a master mechanic in the craft of expression, Bacon has a secret of higher strength than any art can give. He held his intellect *ad utilitates humanas*, for the service of mankind. While others before him had cultivated philosophy in the hope of becoming superior to humanity, he sought to serve the every-day needs of humanity through philosophy. «Let him that is greatest among you be your servant» is the sentence which inspired his «Novum Organum»—his «new method» of using the intellect. The old philosophy sought to make an exclusive class of spiritual and intellectual aristocrats. Bacon sought to liberate the universal mind of man from its shackling inefficiency.

«To sum up the whole,» says Macaulay, «we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble, but the latter was attainable. Plato drew a good bow, but, like Acestes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars; and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. His arrow was indeed followed by a track of dazzling radiance, but it struck nothing: —

‹ *Volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo*
Signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit
Consumata in ventos.›

«Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth and within bowshot, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words — noble words indeed — words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in arts.

«The boast of the ancient philosophers was that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. This was indeed the only practical good which the most celebrated of those teachers even pretended to effect; and undoubtedly if they had effected this, they would have deserved the greatest praise. But the truth is, that in those very matters in which alone they professed to do any good to mankind, in those matters for the sake of which they neglected all the vulgar interests of mankind, they did nothing, or worse than nothing. They promised what was impractical; they despised what was practical; they filled the world with long words and long beards; and they left it as wicked and as ignorant as they found it.

«An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam engine. But there are steam engines, and the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain may be better than a philosophy which assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies that assuage pain; and we know that the ancient sages like the toothache just as little as their neighbors.»

Essay on «Bacon.»

Bacon was born at York House on the Strand, January 22d, 1561, — a date which is consequently the gnomon of the real beginning of modern times. He had all human weaknesses and when he died April 9th, 1626, he had illustrated them in a life which but for them we could not surely recognize as human, so great was the intellect which transfigured it, — which, in spite of every weakness incident to his humanity, wrought through him the beginning of that "*novus ordo sæculorum,*" which has embodied the results of the crucifixion in the Christianity of the steam engine and the electric motor.

W. V. B.

OF TRUTH

WHAT is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sect of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the Ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out the truth; nor again, that, when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts that doth bring lies in favor: but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy "*vinum dæmonum,*" because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: «It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene) and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below»: so always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge. Saith he, «If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.» Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold, that when Christ cometh «he shall not find faith upon the earth.»

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF DEATH

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations, there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself, what the pain is, if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured; and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philospher, and natural man, it was well said, "*Pompa mortis magis terret, quam mors ipsa.*" Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him, that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity, which is the tenderest of affections, provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds, niceness and satiety; "*cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.*" A man would die, though he were neither valiant, nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment; "*Livia, conjugii nostri, memor vive, et vale.*" Tiberius in dissimulation; as Tacitus saith of him: "*Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant.*" Vespasian in a jest; sitting upon the stool: "*Ut puto, Deus fio.*" Galba with a sentence: "*Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani,*" holding forth his neck. Septimius

Severus in despatch: «*Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum*»; and the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better saith he: «*Qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponit naturæ.*» It is as natural to die, as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death; but above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is «*Nunc dimittis*»; when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also; that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy. «*Extinctus amabitur idem.*»

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF REVENGE

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy: but in passing it over he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith: «It is the glory of a man to pass by an offense.» That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come: therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong, merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh: this is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt, as in making the party repent; but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. « You shall read,» saith he, « that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends.» But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: « Shall we,» saith he, « take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?» And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate: as that for the death of Cæsar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry III. of France, and many more. But in private revenges it is not so; nay, rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches, who as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF ADVERSITY

It was a high speech of Seneca, after the manner of the Stoics, that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired: « *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.*» Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, much too high for a heathen, « It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God.» *Vere magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis securitatem Dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed. And the poets, indeed, have been busy with it, for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus, by whom human nature is represented, sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher; lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean: the virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearselike airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION

DISSIMULATION is but a faint kind of policy, or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth and to do it. Therefore, it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers.

Tacitus saith, Livia sorted well with the arts of her husband and dissimulation of her son; attributing arts or policy to Augustus and dissimulation to Tiberius. And again, when Mucianus encourageth Vespasian to take arms against Vitellius, he saith, We rise not against the piercing judgment of Augustus, nor the extreme caution or closeness of Tiberius. These properties of arts or policy, and dissimulation or closeness, are indeed habits and faculties several, and to be distinguished. For if a man have that penetration of judgment as he can discern what things are to be laid open, and what to be secreted, and what to be showed at half-lights, and to whom and when, which indeed are arts of state, and arts of life, as Tacitus well calleth them, to him a habit of dissimulation is a hindrance and a poorness. But if a man cannot obtain to that judgment, then it is left to him, generally, to be close and a dissembler. For where a man cannot choose, or vary in particulars, there it is good to take the safest and wariest way in general; like the going softly by one that cannot well see. Certainly the ablest men that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing and a name of certainty and veracity; but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn: and at such times, when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith, and clearness of dealing made them almost invisible.

There be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self. The first, closeness, reservation, and secrecy, when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is. The second, dissimulation in the negative, when a man lets fall signs and arguments, that he is not that he is. And a third, simulation in the affirmative, when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not.

For the first of these, secrecy; it is indeed the virtue of a confessor; and assuredly the secret man heareth many confessions; for who will open himself to a blab or a babbler? but if a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery; as the more close air sucketh in the more open: and as in confession the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart, so secret men come to knowledge of many things in that kind, while men rather discharge their minds than impart their minds. In a few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides, to say truth, nakedness is uncomely as well in mind as body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's manners and actions if they be not altogether open. As for talkers and futile persons, they are commonly vain and credulous withal. For he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not. Therefore set it down, that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral. And in this part it is good that a man's face give his tongue leave to speak. For the discovery of a man's self by the tracts of his countenance is a great weakness and betraying; by how much it is many times more marked and believed than man's words.

For the second, which is dissimulation; it followeth many times upon secrecy, by necessity: so that he that will be secret must be a dissembler in some degree. For men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an indifferent carriage between both, and to be secret, without swaying the balance on either side. They will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick it out of him, that, without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech. As for equivocations, or oraculous speeches, they cannot hold out long. So that no man can be secret, except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation, which is as it were but the skirts or train of secrecy.

But for the third degree, which is simulation and false profession; that I hold more culpable and less politic, except it be in great and rare matters. And therefore a general custom of simulation, which is this last degree, is a vice rising either of a natural falseness, or fearfulness, or of a mind that hath some main faults; which because a man must needs disguise, it maketh him practice simulation in other things, lest his hand should be out of use.

The great advantages of simulation and dissimulation are three. First, to lay asleep opposition, and to surprise For where a man's intentions are published, it is an alarm to call up all that are against them. The second is, to reserve a man's self a fair retreat: for if a man engage himself by a manifest declaration, he must go through, or take a fall. The third is, the better to discover the mind of another; for to him that opens himself, men will hardly show themselves adverse, but will fair let him go on, and turn their freedom of speech to freedom of thought. And therefore it is a good shrewd proverb of the Spaniard, Tell a lie, and find a truth. As if there were no way of discovery but by simulation. There be also three disadvantages to set it even. The first, that simulation and dissimulation commonly carry with them a show of fearfulness, which in any business doth spoil the feathers of round flying up to the mark. The second, that it puzzleth and perplexeth the conceits of many, that perhaps would otherwise co-operate with him; and makes a man walk almost alone, to his own ends. The third and greatest is, that it depriveth a man of one of the most principal instruments for action; which is trust and belief. The best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign, if there be no remedy.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN

THE joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble works, are proper to men: and surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men; which have sought to express the images of their minds, where those of their bodies have failed: so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children, beholding them as the continuance not only of their kind, but of their work; and so both children and creatures.

The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal, and sometimes unworthy,—especially in the mother; as Solomon saith: «A wise son rejoiceth the father, but an ungracious son shames the mother.» A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wantons; but in the midst, some that are as it were forgotten, who many times nevertheless prove the best. The illiberality of parents in allowance towards their children is a harmful error; makes them base, acquaints them with shifts, makes them sort with mean company, and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty: and therefore the proof is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse. Men have a foolish manner, both parents, and schoolmasters, and servants, in creating and breeding an emulation between brothers during childhood, which many times sorteth to discord when they are men, and disturbeth families. The Italians make little difference between children and nephews, or near kinsfolks; but so they be of the lump they care not, though they pass not through their own body. And, to say truth, in nature it is much a like matter; insomuch that we see a nephew sometimes resembleth an uncle, or a kinsman, more than his own parent; as the blood happens. Let parents choose betimes the vocations and courses they mean their children should take,—for then they are most flexible: and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that which they have most mind to. It is true, that if the affection or aptness of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it: but generally the precept is good, "*Optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo.*" Younger brothers are commonly fortunate, but seldom or never where the elder are disinherited.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men: which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay, more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take a pride in having no children because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, Such a one is a great rich man; and another except to it, Yea, but he hath a great charge of children,— as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty; especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away: and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen: for charity will hardly water the ground, where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates: for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and children. And I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldiers more base. Certainly, wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted, good to make severe inquisitors, because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of Ulysses, "*Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati.*" Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise: which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle ages; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husbands' kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

Complete. From "Essays Civil and Moral."

OF ENVY

THERE be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy They both have vehement wishes; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions: and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects; which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye: and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects; so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged in the act of envy an ejaculation, or irradiation of the eye. Nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph; for that sets an edge upon envy: and, besides, at such times, the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

But leaving these curiosities, though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place, we will handle what persons are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others. For men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious, for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play-pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others. Neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy. For envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets, and doth not keep home; "*Non est curiosus, quin idem sit malevolus.*"

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise, for the distance is altered, and it is like a deceit of the eye that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and old men and bastards, are envious, for he that cannot possibly mend his own case will do what he can to impair another's,—except these defects light upon a very brave and heroical nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor, in that it should be said that an eunuch or a lame man did such great matters, affecting the honor of a miracle; as it was in Narses the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane that were lame men.

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out of the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work, it being impossible but many, in some one of those things, should surpass them. Which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets, and painters, and artificers, in works wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolks, and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised. For it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh oftener in their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because, when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them, and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self, and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortunes continueth long. For by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same lustre; for fresh men grow up that darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising, for it seemeth but right done to their birth; besides, there seemeth not much added to their fortune, and envy is as the sunbeams that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground than upon a flat. And for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and *per saltum.*

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy, for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy: wherefore you shall observe that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a *Quanta patimur*,—not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy. But this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves, for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and pre-eminences of their places,—for by that means there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy, which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner, being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp or by triumphing over all opposition or competition; whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves sometimes of purpose to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding, so much is true: that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner, so it be without arrogancy and vain-glory, doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion. For in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft, and that is to remove the lot, as they call it, and to lay it upon another For which purpose the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves: sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and associates, and the like; and for that turn, there are never wanting some persons of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now to speak of public envy. There is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none. For public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they grow too great; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones, to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word *invidia*, goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontent,—of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof and turneth them into an ill odor; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions, for that doth argue but a weakness and fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more; as it is likewise usual in infections, which if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small, or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy, though hidden, is truly upon the estate itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual, for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then; and therefore it is well said: "*Invidia festos dies non agit*," for it is ever working upon some other. And it is also noted, that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual.

It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called, "the envious man that soweth tares among the wheat by night," as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtly and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

Complete. From "Essays Civil and Moral."

OF LOVE

The stage is more beholden to love than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever a matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons, whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except nevertheless Marcus Antonius the half partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius the decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man and inordinate, but the latter was an austere and wise man. And, therefore it seems, though rarely, that love can find entrance not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poor saying of Epicurus:

"*Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus*"; as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself subject, though not of the mouth, as beasts are, yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyberbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said that the arch flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self; certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said that it is impossible to love and to be wise. Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all; except the love be reciproque. For it is a true rule that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque, or with an inward and secret contempt: by how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them; that he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas: for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity,—though this latter hath been less observed: which both times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best, who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men to become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometimes in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

Complete. From « Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF GREAT PLACE

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or State, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious; and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. "*Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere?*" Nay, retire men cannot when they would; neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow: like old townsmen that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it, but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs; though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. "*Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.*" In place there is license to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. "*Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis*"; and then the Sabbath. In the discharge of thy place, set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example, and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated; but yet ask counsel of both times: of the ancient time what is best, and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory, and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction: and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto* than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place, and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays: give easy access, keep times appointed, go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption: do not only bind thine own hands or thy servant's hand from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed and with a manifest detestation of bribery doth the other; and avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a byway to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Solomon saith: « To respect persons is not good; for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread.» It is most true that was anciently spoken: «A place showeth the man»; and it showeth some to the better, and some to the worse: «*omnium consensu, capax imperii, nisi imperasset,*» saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, «*solus imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius.*» Though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honor amends. For honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou are gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible, or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors, but let it rather be said, When he sits in place, he is another man.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF BOLDNESS

IT IS a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration. Question was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an orator. He answered, Action. What next?—Action. What next again?—Action. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator, which is but superficial and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature, generally, more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business; what first?—Boldness. What second and third?—Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But nevertheless it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part; yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so there are mountebanks for the politic body: men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out; nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." So these men, when they have promised great matters, failed most shamefully, yet, if they have the perfection of boldness, they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly to men of great judgment bold persons are a sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar also boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous: for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must; for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come, but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay, like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir: but this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences: therefore, it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them except they be very great.

OF GOODNESS, AND GOODNESS OF NATURE

I TAKE goodness in this sense, the affecting of the weal of men, which is that the Grecians call *philanthropia;* and the word humanity, as it is used, is a little too light to express it. Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall: but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures, as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch, as Busbechius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging, in a waggishness, a long-billed fowl. Errors, indeed, in this virtue of goodness or charity may be committed. The Italians have an ungracious proverb: "*Tanto buon che val niente,*" — so good that he is good for nothing. And one of the doctors of Italy, Nicholas Machiavel, had the confidence to put in writing, almost in plain terms, that the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust; which he spake, because, indeed, there was never law, or sect, or opinion, did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth; therefore, to avoid the scandal and the danger both, it is good to take knowledge of the errors of a habit so excellent Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies, for that is but facility or softness which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barleycorn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly: "He sendeth his rain and maketh his sun to shine upon the just and the unjust." But he doth not rain wealth nor shine honor and virtues upon men equally; common benefits are to be communicated with all, but peculiar benefits with choice. And beware, how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern; for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern, the love of our neighbors but the portraiture: "Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me." But sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow me; that is, except thou have a vocation, wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great; for otherwise, in feeding the streams thou driest the fountain. Neither is there only a habit of goodness directed by right reason; but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it, as on the other side there is a natural malignity. For there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness, or frowardness, or aptness to oppose, or difficileness, or the like, but the deeper sort to envy and mere mischief. Such men, in other men's calamities, are as it were in season, and are ever on the loading part; not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus's sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw; misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had. Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee timber, that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm. The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds and not their trash. But, above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

Complete. From "Essays Civil and Moral."

OF ATHEISM

I HAD rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. And therefore God never wrought a miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity. Nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion; that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus. For it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements and one immutable fifth essence duly and eternally placed need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God"; it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart." So as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it. For none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged, that he did but dissemble, for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world. Wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God. But certainly he is traduced; for his words are noble and divine: "*Non deos vulgi negare profanum; sed vulgi opiniones diis applicare profanum.*" Plato could have said no more. And although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the West have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God; as if the heathen should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, etc., but not the word *Deus:* which shows, that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it. So that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion, or superstition, are by the adverse part branded with the name of atheists. But the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things, but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism. Another is, scandal of priests; when it is come to that which Saint Bernard saith, "*non est jam dicere, ut populus, sic sacerdos: quia nec sic populus, ut sacerdos.*" A third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion. And lastly, learned times, especially with peace and prosperity: for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature: for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man; who to him is instead of a God, or *melior natura:* which courage is manifestly such, as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith, which human nature in itself could not obtain: therefore as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations: never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome; of this state hear what Cicero saith: "*Quam volumus, licet, patres conscripti, nos amemus, tamen nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec callidate Pœnos, nec*

artibus Græcos, nec denique hoc ipso hujus gentis et terræ domestico nativoque sensu Italos ipsos et Latinos; sed pietate, ac religione, atque hac una sapientia, quod deorum immortalium numine omnia regi gubernarique perspeximus, omnes gentes nationesque superavimus.»

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF SUPERSTITION

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him, for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: «Surely,» saith he, «I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born; as the poets speak of Saturn.» And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not: but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further: and we see the times inclined to atheism, as the time of Augustus Cæsar, were civil times. But superstition hath been the confusion of many states; and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*, that ravisheth all the spheres of government. The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition wise men follow fools, and arguments are fitted to practice in a reversed order. It was gravely said by some of the prelates in the Council of Trent, where the doctrine of the Schoolmen bare great sway, that the schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicycles, and such engines of orbs, to save the phenomena, though they knew there were no such things; and in like manner, that the Schoolmen had framed a number of subtile and intricate axioms and theorems, to save the practice of the Church. The causes of superstition are: pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the

Church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations; and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters. Superstition without a veil is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed. And as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances. There is a superstition in avoiding superstition; when men think to do best, if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received: therefore care would be had, that, as it fareth in ill purgings, the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

Complete. From « Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF NEGOTIATING

IT IS generally better to deal by speech than by letter; and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification, afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report, for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as affect the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter; as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky, and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription. It is better to sound a person with whom one deals, afar off, than to fall upon the point at first; except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start or first performance is all; which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such which must go before, or else a man can persuade the other party that he shall still need him in some other thing, or else that he be counted the honester man. All practice is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares, and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him; or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once; but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

Complete. From « Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment only by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use: but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. That is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: «*Abeunt studia in mores.*» Nay, there is no stond nor impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises: bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting, for the lungs and breast; gentle walking, for the stomach; riding, for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen,—for they are *cymini sectores;* if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF PRAISE

PRAISE is the reflection of virtue; but it is as the glass or body which giveth the reflection. If it be from the common people it is commonly false and naught; and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous, for the common people understand not many excellent virtues. The lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all: but shows, and *species virtutibus similes*, serve best with them. Certainly fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swoln, and drowns things weighty and solid; but if persons of quality and judgment concur, then it is, as the Scripture saith, "*Nomen bonum instar unguenti fragrantis.*" It filleth all round about and will not easily away, for the odors of ointments are more durable than those of flowers. There be so many false points of praise, that a man may justly hold it a suspect. Some praises proceed merely of flattery; and if he be an ordinary flatterer, he will have certain common attributes, which may serve every man; if he be a cunning flatterer, he will follow the arch flatterer, which is a man's self; and wherein a man thinketh best of himself, therein the flatterer will uphold him most: but if he be an impudent flatterer, look, wherein a man is conscious to himself that he is most defective, and is most out of countenance in himself, that will the flatterer entitle him to perforce, *spreta conscientia.* Some praises come of good wishes and respects, which is a form due in civility to kings and great persons; *laudando præcipere;* when by telling men what they are, they represent to them what they should be. Some men are praised maliciously to their hurt, thereby to stir envy and jealousy towards them: *pessimum genus inimicorum laudantium;* insomuch as it was a proverb amongst the Grecians, that he that was praised to his hurt should have a push rise upon his nose; as we say, that a blister will rise upon one's tongue that tells a lie. Certainly moderate praise, used with opportunity, and not vulgar, is that which doth the good. Solomon saith, "He that praiseth his friend aloud, rising early, it shall be to him no better than a curse." Too much magnifying of man or matter doth irritate contradiction and procure envy and scorn. To praise man's self cannot be decent, except it be in rare cases: but to praise a man's office or profession, he may do it with good grace and with a kind of magnanimity. The cardinals of Rome, which are theologues, and friars, and schoolmen, have a phrase of notable contempt and scorn towards civil business; for they call all temporal business, of wars, embassages, judicature, and other employments, *sbirrerie*, which is undersheriffries, as if they were but matters for undersheriffs and catchpolls; though many times those undersheriffries do more good than their high speculations.

Saint Paul, when he boasts of himself, he doth oft interlace, "I speak like a fool"; but speaking of his calling, he saith "*magnificabo apostolatum meum.*"

Complete. From "Essays Civil and Moral."

OF VAINGLORY

IT WAS prettily devised of Æsop: The fly sat upon the axletree of the chariot wheel, and said, What a dust do I raise! So are there some vain persons, that whatsoever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it. They that are glorious must needs be factious; for all bravery stands upon comparisons. They must needs be violent to make good their own vaunts: neither can they be secret, and therefore not effectual; but according to the French proverb, "*Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit,*" much bruit, little fruit. Yet certainly there is use of this quality in civil affairs: where there is an opinion, and fame to be created, either of virtue or greatness, these men are good trumpeters. Again, as Titus Livius noteth, in the case of Antiochus and the Ætolians, there are sometimes great effects of cross-lies; as if a man that negotiates between two princes, to draw them to join in a war against the third, doth extol the forces of either of them above measure, the one to the other: and sometimes he that deals between man and man raiseth his own credit with both, by pretending greater interest than he hath in either. And in these and the like kinds, it often falls out, that somewhat is produced of nothing; for lies are sufficient to breed opinion, and opinion brings on substance.

In military commanders and soldiers, vainglory is an essential point; for as iron sharpens iron, so by glory one courage sharpeneth another: in cases of great enterprise, upon charge and adventure, a composition of glorious natures doth put life into business; and those that are of solid and sober natures have more of the ballast than of the sail. In fame of learning, the flight will be slow, without some feathers of ostentation: "*Qui de contemnenda gloria libros scribunt, nomen suum inscribunt.*" Socrates, Aristotle, Galen, were men full of ostentation. Certainly vainglory helpeth to perpetuate a man's memory; and virtue was never so beholden to human nature, as it received its due at the second-hand. Neither had the fame of Cicero, Seneca, Plinius Secundus, borne her age so well, if it had not been joined with some vanity in themselves: like unto varnish that makes ceilings not only shine, but last. But all this while, when I speak of vainglory I mean not of that property that Tacitus doth attribute to Mucianus, «*omnium, quæ dixerat, feceratque arte quadam ostentator*»: for that proceeds not of vanity, but of natural magnanimity and discretion; and in some persons is not only comely, but gracious. For excusations, cessions, modesty itself well governed, are but arts of ostentation. And amongst those arts, there is none better than that which Plinius Secundus speaketh of; which is to be liberal of praise and commendation to others, in that wherein a man's self hath any perfection. For, saith Pliny, very wittily, «in commending another you do yourself right; for he that you commend is either superior to you in that you commend, or inferior. If he be inferior, if he be to be commended, you much more. If he be superior, if he be not to be commended, you much less.» Glorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and slaves of their own vaunts.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF HONOR AND REPUTATION

The winning of honor is but the revealing of a man's virtue and worth without disadvantage. For some in their actions do woo and affect honor and reputation; which sort of men are commonly much talked of, but inwardly little admired. And some, contrariwise, darken their virtue in the show of it; so as they be undervalued in opinion. If a man perform that which hath not been attempted before, or attempted and given over, or hath been achieved, but not with so good circumstance, he shall purchase more honor than by effecting a matter of greater difficulty or virtue, wherein he is but a follower. If a man so temper his actions, as in some one of them he doth content every faction or combination of people, the music will be the fuller. A man is an ill husband of his honor that entereth into any action, the failing wherein may disgrace him more than the carrying of it through can honor him. Honor that is gained and broken upon another hath the quickest reflection, like diamonds cut with fascets. And therefore let a man contend to excel any competitors of his in honor, in outshooting them, if he can, in their own bow. Discreet followers and servants help much to reputation: "*omnis fama a domesticis emanat.*" Envy, which is the canker of honor, is best extinguished by declaring a man's self in his ends, rather to seek merit than fame; and by attributing a man's successes rather to Divine Providence and felicity, than to his own virtue or policy. The true marshaling of the degrees of sovereign honor are these. In the first place are Conditores Imperiorum, founders of states and commonwealths: such as were Romulus, Cyrus, Cæsar, Ottoman, Ismael. In the second place are legislators, lawgivers, which are also called second founders, or Perpetui Principes, because they govern by their ordinances, after they are gone: such were Lycurgus, Solon, Justinian, Edgar, Alphonsus of Castile the wise, that made the *Siete partidas*. In the third place are Liberatores, or Salvatores, such as compound the long miseries of civil wars, or deliver their countries from servitude of strangers or tyrants: as Augustus Cæsar, Vespasianus, Aurelianus, Theodoricus, King Henry VII. of England, King Henry IV. of France. In the fourth place are Propagatores, or Propugnatores Imperii, such as in honorable wars enlarge their territories, or make noble defense against invaders. And in the last place are Patres Patriæ, which reign justly and make the times good wherein they live. Both which last kinds need no examples, they are in such number. Degrees of honor in subjects are: first, Participes Curarum, those upon whom princes do discharge the greatest weight of their affairs; their right hands, as we call them. The next are Duces Belli, great leaders; such as are prince's lieutenants, and do them notable services in the wars. The third are Gratiosi, favorites, such as exceed not this scantling, to be solace to the sovereign, and harmless to the people. And the fourth, Negotiis Pares, such as have great places under princes, and execute their places with sufficiency. There is an honor likewise, which may be ranked amongst the greatest, which happeneth rarely: that is, of such as sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country; as was M. Regulus and the two Decii.

Complete. From "Essays Civil and Moral."

OF ANGER

To seek to extinguish anger utterly is but a bravery of Stoics. We have better oracles: "Be angry, but sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your anger." Anger must be limited and confined, both in race and in time. We will first speak how the natural inclination and habit to be angry may be attempered and calmed. Secondly, how the particular motions of anger may be repressed, or at least refrained from doing mischief. Thirdly, how to raise anger, or appease anger, in another.

For the first, there is no other way but to meditate and ruminate well upon the effects of anger, how it troubles man's life. And the best time to do this is to look back upon anger when the fit is thoroughly over. Seneca saith well that "Anger is like ruin, which breaks itself upon that it falls." The Scripture exhorteth us "to possess our souls in patience." Whosoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul. Men must not turn bees:—

"——*Animasque in vulnere ponunt.*"

Anger is certainly a kind of baseness, as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns: children, women, old folks, sick folks. Only men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear, so they may seem rather to be above the injury than below it. Which is a thing easily done, if a man will give law to himself in it.

For the second point, the causes and motives of anger are chiefly three. First, to be too sensible of hurt. For no man is angry that feels not himself hurt; and therefore tender and delicate persons must needs be oft angry, they have so many things to trouble them, which more robust natures have little sense of. The next is the apprehension and construction of the injury offered to be, in the circumstances thereof, full of contempt. For contempt is that which putteth an edge upon anger, as much or more than the hurt itself. And therefore, when men are ingenious in picking out circumstances of contempt, they do kindle their anger much. Lastly, opinion of the touch of a man's reputation doth multiply and sharpen anger. Wherein the remedy is that a man should have, as Consalvo was wont to say, "*telam honoris crassiorem.*" But in all refrainings of anger it is the best remedy to win time, and to make a man's self believe that the opportunity of his revenge is not yet come, but that he foresees a time for it, and so to still himself in the meantime and reserve it.

To contain anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things whereof you must have special caution. The one, of extreme bitterness of words, especially if they be aculeate and proper; for *communia maledicta* are nothing so much; and again, that in anger a man reveal no secrets, for that makes them not fit for society. The other, that you do not peremptorily break off, in any business, in a fit of anger: but howsoever you show bitterness, do not act anything that is not revocable.

For raising and appeasing anger in another, it is done chiefly by choosing of times: when men are frowardest and worst disposed, to incense them; again, by gathering, as was touched before, all that you can find out to aggravate the contempt: and the two remedies are by the contraries. The former, to take good times when first to relate to a man an angry business; for the first impression is much. And the other is to sever, as much as may be, the construction of the injury, from the point of contempt, imputing it to misunderstanding, fear, passion, or what you will.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF RICHES

I CANNOT call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better,—*impedimenta*. For as the baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be spared, nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. So saith Solomon, « Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner, but the sight of it with his eyes?» The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches; there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them; but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? And what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use, to buy men out of dangers or troubles. As Solomon saith, "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man." But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them: but distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus: "*in studio rei amplificandæ apparebat, non avaritiæ prædam, sed instrumentum bonitati quæri.*" Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: "*Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons.*" The poets feign that when Plutus, which is riches, is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot: meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labor, pace slowly; but when they come by the death of others, as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like, they come tumbling upon a man. But it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil. For when riches come from the devil, as by fraud, and oppression, and unjust means, they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul. Parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow. And yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time: a great grazier, a great sheepmaster, a great timberman, a great collier, a great cornmaster, a great leadman,—and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him, in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, that himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches. For when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains, which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of young men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest and furthered by two things, chiefly, by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing. But the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men should wait upon other's necessity; broke by servants and instruments to draw them on; put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys, not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread "*in sudori vultus alieni*"; and besides, doth plough upon Sundays. But yet certain though it be, it hath flows; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men, to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches; as it was with the first sugarman in the Canaries. Therefore, if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain shall hardly grow to great riches. And he that puts all upon adventures doth oftentimes break and come to poverty; it is good therefore to guard adventures with certainties that may escape losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for resale where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich, especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and to store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed among the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships, as Tacitus saith of Seneca, "*Testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi*," it is yet worse; by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches; for they despise them that despair of them, and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about, to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment. Likewise glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulches of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure; and defer not charities till death: for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF NATURE IN MEN

NATURE is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great, nor too small tasks; for the first will make him dejected by often failings; and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailings. And at the first, let him practice with helps, as swimmers do with bladders or rushes: but after a time, let him practice with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes. For it breeds great perfection, if the practice be harder than the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be, first to stay and arrest nature in time; like to him that would say over the four and twenty letters when he was angry: then to go less in quantity; as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal; and lastly, to discontinue altogether. But if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is the best:—

«*Optimus ille animi vindex, lædentia pectus*
Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel.»

Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right: understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice. Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission. For both the pause reinforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practice his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermissions. But let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation. Like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end, till a mouse ran before her. Therefore let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it. A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts; and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him. They are happy men, whose natures sort with their vocations; otherwise they may say, "*Multum incola fuit anima mea,*" when they converse in those things they do not affect. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it; but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves, so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF CUSTOM AND EDUCATION

MEN'S thoughts are much according to their inclination; their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions; but their deeds are after as they have been accustomed. And therefore, as Machiavel well noteth, though in an evil-favored instance, there is no trusting to the force of nature, nor to the bravery of words, except it be corroborate by custom. His instance is, that for the achieving of a desperate conspiracy a man should not rest upon the fierceness of any man's nature, or his resolute undertakings; but take such an one as hath had his hands formerly in blood. But Machiavel knew not of a friar Clement, nor a Ravillac, nor a Jaureguy, nor a Baltazar Gerard: yet his rule holdeth still, that nature, nor the engagement of words, are not so forcible as custom. Only superstition is now so well advanced, that men of the first blood are as firm as butchers by occupation: and votary resolution is made equipollent to custom, even in matter of blood. In other things, the predominancy of custom is everywhere visible; insomuch as a man would wonder to hear men profess, protest, engage, give great words, and then do just as they have done before: as if they were dead images, and engines moved only by the wheels of custom. We see also the reign or tyranny of custom what it is. The Indians, I mean the sect of their wise men, lay themselves quietly upon a stack of wood, and so sacrifice themselves by fire. Nay, the wives strive to be burned with the corpses of their husbands.

The lads of Sparta, of ancient time, were wont to be scourged upon the altar of Diana, without so much as queching. I remember in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time of England, an Irish rebel condemned put up a petition to the deputy that he might be hanged in a withe, and not in a halter, because it had been so used with former rebels. There be monks in Russia, that for penance, will sit a whole night in a vessel of water till they be engaged with hard ice. Many examples may be put of the force of custom, both upon mind and body. Therefore, since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life, let men by all means endeavor to obtain good customs. Certainly custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years: this we call education, which is, in effect, but an early custom. So we see in languages, the tongue is more pliant to all expressions and sounds, the joints are more supple to all feats of activity and motions in youth than afterwards. For it is true that late learners cannot so well take the ply, except it be in some minds that have not suffered themselves to fix, but have kept themselves open and prepared to receive continual amendment, which is exceeding rare. But if the force of custom simple and separate be great, the force of custom copulate and conjoined and collegiate is far greater. For their example teacheth, company comforteth, emulation quickeneth, glory raiseth: so as in such places the force of custom is in its exaltation. Certainly the great multiplication of virtues upon human nature resteth upon societies well ordained and disciplined. For commonwealths and good governments do nourish virtue grown, but do not much mend the seeds. But the misery is that the most effectual means are now applied to the ends least to be desired.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF FORTUNE

It cannot be denied but outward accidents conduce much to fortune: favor, opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue. But chiefly, the mold of a man's fortune is in his own hands. "*Faber quisque fortunæ suæ*," saith the poet. And the most frequent of external causes is that the folly of one man is the fortune of another. For no man prospers so suddenly as by others' errors. "*Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco.*" Overt and apparent virtues bring forth praise; but there be secret and hidden virtues that bring forth fortune; certain deliveries of a man's self, which have no name. The Spanish name, *desemboltura*, partly expresseth them; when there be not stonds, nor restiveness in a man's nature, but that the wheels of his mind keep way with the wheels of his fortune. For so Livy, after he had described Cato Major in these words: "*in illo viro, tantum robur corporis et animi fuit, ut quocunque loco natus esset, fortunam sibi facturus videretur*"*;* falleth upon that, that he had *versatile ingenium.* Therefore, if a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see Fortune; for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible. The way of fortune is like the milky way in the sky, which is a meeting or knot of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together. So are there a number of little and scarce discerned virtues, or rather faculties and customs, that make men fortunate. The Italians note some of them, such as a man would little think. When they speak of one that cannot do amiss, they will throw into his other conditions that he hath "*Poco di matto.*" And certainly there be not two more fortunate properties than to have a little of the fool and not too much of the honest. Therefore extreme lovers of their country, or masters, were never fortunate, neither can they be. For when a man placeth his thoughts without himself, he goeth not his own way. A hasty fortune maketh an interprizer and remover; the French hath it better, *entreprenant* or *remuant*, but the exercised fortune maketh the able man. Fortune is to be honored and respected, and it be but for our daughters, Confidence and Reputation. For these two felicity breedeth: the first within a man's self; the latter in others towards him. All wise men, to decline the envy of their own virtues, use to ascribe them to Providence and fortune; for so they may the better assume them: and besides, it is greatness in a man to be the care of the higher powers. So Cæsar said to the pilot in the tempest, "*Cæsarem portas, et fortunam ejus.*" So Sylla chose the name of *felix*, and not of *magnus*: and it hath been noted that those that ascribe openly too much to their own wisdom and policy end unfortunate. It is written that Timotheus the Athenian, after he had, in the account he gave to the state of his government, often interlaced this speech, "And in this fortune had no part," never prospered in anything he undertook afterwards. Certainly there be, whose fortunes are like Homer's verses, that have a slide and easiness, more than the verses of other poets: as Plutarch saith of Timoleon's fortune, in respect of that of Agesilaus or Epaminondas. And that this should be, no doubt it is much in a man's self.

Complete. From "Essays Civil and Moral."

OF USURY

Many have made witty invectives against usury.* They say that it is pity the devil should have God's part, which is the tithe. That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday. That the usurer is the drone that Virgil speaketh of:—

"*Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent.*"

That the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was: "*In sudore vultus tui comedes panem tuum*": not, "*In sudore vultus alieni.*" That usurers should have orange-tawney bonnets, because they do judaize. That it is against nature for money to beget money: and the like I say this only that usury is a "*concessum propter duritiem cordis*"; for since there must be borrowing and lending, and men are so hard of heart as they will not lend freely, usury must be permitted. Some others have made suspicious and cunning propositions of banks, discovery of men's estates, and other inventions. But few have spoken of usury usefully. It is good to set before us the incommodities and commodities of usury that the good may be either weighed out, or culled out; and warily to provide, that while we make forth to that which is better we meet not with that which is worse.

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*The usury here meant is any income from money invested at the risk of others.

The discommodities of usury are: first, that it makes fewer merchants. For were it not for this lazy trade of usury, money would not lie still, but would in great part be employed upon merchandizing; which is the *vena porta* of wealth in state. The second, that it makes poor merchants. For as a farmer cannot husband his ground so well, if he sit at a great rent; so the merchant cannot drive his trade so well, if he sit at great usury. The third is incident to the other two; and that is, the decay of customs of kings or states, which ebb or flow with merchandizing. The fourth, that it bringeth the treasure of a realm of state into a few hands. For the usurer being at certainties, and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in the box; and ever a state flourisheth when wealth is more equally spread. The fifth, that it beats down the price of land: for the employment of money is chiefly either merchandizing or purchasing; and usury waylays both. The sixth, that it doth dull and damp all industries, improvements, and new inventions, wherein money would be stirring, if it were not for this slug. The last, that it is the canker and ruin of many men's estates, which in process of time breeds a public poverty.

On the other side, the commodities of usury are: first, that howsoever usury in some respect hindereth merchandizing, yet in some other it advanceth it; for it is certain that the greatest part of trade is driven by young merchants, upon borrowing at interest; so as if the usurer either call in or keep back his money, there will ensue presently a great stand of trade. The second is, that were it not for this easy borrowing upon interest, men's necessities would draw upon them a most sudden undoing; in that they would be forced to sell their means, be it lands or goods, far under foot; and so whereas usury doth but gnaw upon them, bad markets would swallow them quite up. As for mortgaging or pawning, it will little mend the matter: for either men will not take pawns without use; or, if they do, they will look precisely for the forfeiture. I remember a cruel monied man in the country, that would say: "The devil take this usury, it keeps us from forfeitures of mortgages and bonds." The third and last is, that it is a vanity to conceive, that there would be ordinary borrowing without profit; and it is impossible to conceive the number of inconveniences that will ensue, if borrowing be cramped.

Therefore to speak of the abolishing of usury is idle. All states have ever had it in one kind or rate, or other. So as that opinion must be sent to Utopia.

To speak now of the reformation and reglement of usury: how the discommodities of it may be best avoided, and the commodities retained: it appears by the balance of commodities and discommodities of usury, two things are to be reconciled. The one, that the tooth of usury be grinded that it bite not too much; the other, that there be left open a means to invite monied men to lend to the merchants, for the continuing and quickening of trade. This cannot be done, except you introduce two several sorts of usury, a less and a greater. For if you reduce usury to one low rate, it will ease the common borrower, but the merchant will be to seek for money. And it is to be noted, that the trade of merchandize being the most lucrative, may bear usury at a good rate; other contracts not so.

To serve both intentions, the way would be briefly thus. That there be two rates of usury: the one free and general for all; the other under license only to certain persons, and in certain places of merchandizing. First, therefore, let usury in general be reduced to five in the hundred; and let that rate be proclaimed to be free and current, and let the state shut itself out to take any penalty for the same. This will preserve borrowing from any general stop or dryness. This will ease infinite borrowers in the country. This will in good part raise the price of land, because land purchased at sixteen years' purchase will yield six in the hundred and somewhat more, whereas this rate of interest yields but five. This by like reason will encourage and edge industrious and profitable improvements; because many will rather venture in that kind than take five in the hundred, especially having been used to greater profit. Secondly, let there be certain persons licensed to lend to known merchants, upon usury at a higher rate: and let it be with the cautions following. Let the rate be, even with the merchant himself, somewhat more easy than that he used formerly to pay: for by that means all borrowers shall have some ease by this reformation, be he merchant or whosoever. Let it be no bank, or common stock, but every man be master of his own money. Not that I altogether mislike banks, but they will hardly be brooked in regard of certain suspicions. Let the state be answered some small matter for the license, and the rest left to the lender; for if the abatement be but small, it will no whit discourage the lender. For he, for example, that took before ten or nine in the hundred, will sooner descend to eight in the hundred than give over his trade of usury; and go from certain gains to gains of hazard. Let these licensed lenders be in number indefinite, but restrained to certain principal cities and towns of merchandizing; for then they will be hardly able to color other men's moneys in the country; so as the license of nine will not suck away the current rate of five: for no man will send his moneys far off, nor put them into unknown hands.

If it be objected that this doth in a sort authorize usury, which before was in some places but permissive, the answer is, that it is better to mitigate usury by declaration than to suffer it to rage by connivance.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A MAN that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts, as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and as it were more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations are not ripe for action, till they have passed the meridian of their years: as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, «*Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam.*» And yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth; as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus, duke of Florence, Gaston de Fois, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet;

fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon, absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them: like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period; but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both: and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors: and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain Rabbin upon the text, « Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams,» inferreth, that young men are admitted nearer to God than old; because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes: these are first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtile, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age: such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech; which becomes youth well, but not age. So Tully saith of Hortensius, « *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat.*» The third is, of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous, more than tract of years can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, « *Ultima primis cedebant.*»

Complete. From « Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF BEAUTY

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set: and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features; and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect. Neither is it almost seen, that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue. As if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labor to produce excellency. And therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behavior than virtue. But this holds not always; for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward IV. of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the sophi of Persia, were all high and great spirits; and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favor is more than that of color: and that of descent and gracious motion more than that of favor. That is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express: no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces, to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them. Not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity, as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music, and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that if you examine them part by part, you shall never find a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable; "*pulchrorum autumnus pulcher*": for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and, considering the youth, as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and for the most part it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush.

Complete. From "Essays Civil and Moral."

OF DELAYS

Fortune is like the market, where many times if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For occasion, as it is in the common verse, turneth a bald noddle, after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken: or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom, than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows, as some have been when the moon was low, and shone on their enemies' back, and so to shoot off before the time; or to teach dangers to come on, by over-early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion, as we said, must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel and celerity in the execution. For when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF CUNNING

We take cunning for a sinister or crooked wisdom. And certainly there is great difference between a cunning man and a wise man; not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well: so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men. Again, it is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to understand matters: for many are perfect in men's humors that are not greatly capable of the real part of business: which is the constitution of one that hath studied men more than books. Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel; and they are good but in their own alley: turn them to new men, and they have lost their aim: so as the old rule to know a fool from a wise man, "*Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos, et videbis*," doth scarce hold for them. And because these cunning men are like haberdashers of small wares, it is not amiss to set forth their shop.

It is a point of cunning to wait upon him with whom you speak with your eye; as the Jesuits give it in precept; for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances. Yet this would be done with a demure abashing of your eye sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use.

Another is that when you have anything to obtain of present despatch, you entertain and amuse the party with whom you deal with some other discourse; that he be not too much awake to make objections. I knew a counselor and secretary that never came to Queen Elizabeth of England with bills to sign, but he would always first put her into some discourse of estate, that she might the less mind the bills.

The like surprise may be made by moving things when the party is in haste, and cannot stay to consider advisedly of that is moved.

If a man would cross a business that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil it.

The breaking off in the midst of that one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer to know more.

And because it works better when anything seemeth to be gotten from you by question, than if you offer it of yourself, you may lay a bait for a question by showing another visage and countenance than you are wont: to the end to give occasion for the party to ask what the matter is of the change,—as Nehemiah did: "And I had not before that time been sad before the king."

In things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance, so that he may be asked the question upon the other's speech; as Narcissus did, in relating to Claudius the marriage of Messalina and Silius.

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world; as to say, The world says, or, There is a speech abroad.

I knew one, that when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the postscript as if it had been a bye-matter.

I knew another, that when he came to have speech, he would pass over that that he intended most, and go forth and come back again, and speak of it as a thing that he had almost forgot.

Some procure themselves to be surprised at such times, as it is like the party that they work upon will suddenly come upon them; and to be found with a letter in their hand, or doing somewhat which they are not accustomed, to the end they may be apposed of those things which of themselves they are desirous to utter.

It is a point of cunning to let fall those words in a man's own name, which he would have another man learn and use, and thereupon take advantage. I knew two that were competitors for the secretary's place in Queen Elizabeth's time, and yet kept good quarter between themselves, and would confer one with another upon the business; and the one of them said that to be a secretary in the declination of a monarchy was a ticklish thing, and that he did not affect it; the other straight caught up those words, and discoursed with divers of his friends, that he had no reason to desire to be secretary in the declination of a monarchy. The first man took hold of it, and found means it was told the queen; who, hearing of a declination of the monarchy, took it so ill, as she would never after hear of the other's suit.

There is a cunning which we in England call the turning of the cat in the pan, which is, when that which a man saith to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him; and to say truth it is not easy, when such a matter passed between two, to make it appear from which of them it first moved and began.

It is a way that some men have, to glance and dart at others, by justifying themselves by negatives; as to say, This I do not: as Tigellinus did towards Burrhus: "*Se non diversas spes, sed incolumitatem imperatoris simpliciter spectare.*"

Some have in readiness so many tales and stories, as there is nothing they would insinuate but they can wrap it into a tale; which serveth both to keep themselves more in guard and to make others carry it with more pleasure.

It is a good point in cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions; for it makes the other party stick the less.

It is strange how long some men will lie in wait to speak somewhat they desire to say, and how far about they will fetch, and how many other matters they will beat over to come near it; it is a thing of great patience, but yet of much use.

A sudden, bold, and unexpected question doth many times surprise a man and lay him open. Like to him, that having changed his name, and walking in Paul's, another suddenly came behind him and called him by his true name, whereat straightways he looked back.

But these small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite, and it were a good deed to make a list of them; for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.

But certainly some there are that know the resorts and falls of business, that cannot sink into the main of it, like a house that hath convenient stairs and entries, but never a fair room. Therefore, you shall see them find out pretty losses in the conclusion, but are no ways able to examine or debate matters. And yet commonly they take advantage of their inability and would be thought wits of direction. Some build rather upon the abusing of others, and, as we now say, putting tricks upon them, than upon soundness of their own proceedings. But Solomon saith: «*Prudens advertit ad gressus suos: stultus divertit ad dolos.*»

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral.»

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society, and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, Himself It is right earth

For that only stands fast upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince, because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore, let princes or states choose such servants as have not this mark, except they mean their service should be made but the accessory. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is, that all proportion is lost: it were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants, which set a bias upon their bowl of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers as they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters because their study is but to please them, and profit themselves, and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which, as Cicero says of Pompey, are "*sui amantes sine rivale,*" are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

Complete. From "Essays Civil and Moral."

OF INNOVATIONS

As THE births of living creatures at first are ill shapen; so are all innovations, which are the births of time. Yet notwithstanding as those that first bring honor into their family are commonly more worthy than most that succeed, so the first precedent, if it be good, is seldom attained by imitation. For ill, to man's nature, as it stands perverted, hath a natural motion strongest in continuance; but good, as a forced motion, strongest at first. Surely every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator: and if time of course alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end? It is true, that what is settled by custom, though it be not good, yet at least it is fit. And those things which have long gone together, are, as it were, confederate within themselves: whereas new things piece not so well; but though they help by their utility, yet they trouble by their inconformity. Besides, they are like strangers, more admired and less favored. All this is true if time stood still; which contrariwise moveth so round, that a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation: and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new. It were good therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived: for otherwise, whatsoever is new is unlooked for; and ever it mends some, and impairs others: and he that is holpen takes it for a fortune, and thanks the time; and he that is hurt, for a wrong, and imputeth it to the author. It is good also not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation. And lastly, that the novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect: and, as the Scripture saith, «that we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us, and discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it.»

Complete. From «Essays Civil and Moral»

THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

THE pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning, it far surpasseth all other in nature. For, shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the pleasure of the sense, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner? and must not of consequence the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth, which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures; and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality. And, therefore, we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable; and, therefore, appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident. Neither is that pleasure of small efficacy and contentment to the mind of man, which the poet Lucretius describeth elegantly:—

"*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,*" etc.

"It is a view of delight," saith he, "to stand or walk upon the shore side, and to see a ship tossed with tempest upon the sea; or to be in a fortified tower, and to see two battles join upon a plain. But it is a pleasure incomparable, for the mind of man to be settled, landed, and fortified in the certainty of truth; and from thence to descry and behold the errors, perturbations, labors, and wanderings up and down of other men."

Lastly, leaving the vulgar arguments, that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts; that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he cannot come,—and the like; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is immortality or continuance; for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families; to this tend buildings, foundations, and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration; and in effect the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lose of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other? Nay, further, we see some of the philosophers which were least divine, and most immersed in the senses, and denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform without the organs of the body, they thought might remain after death, which were only those of the understanding and not of the affection; so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem unto them to be. But we, that know by divine revelation that not only the understanding but the affections purified, not only the spirit but the body changed, shall be advanced to immortality, do disclaim in these rudiments of the senses. But it must be remembered, both in this last point, and so it may likewise be needful in other places, that in probation of the dignity of knowledge or learning, I did in the beginning separate divine testimony from human, which method I have pursued, and so handled them both apart.

Nevertheless I do not pretend, and I know it will be impossible for me, by any pleading of mine, to reverse the judgment, either of Æsop's cock, that preferred the barleycorn before the gem; or of Midas, that being chosen judge between Apollo, president of the Muses, and Pan, god of the flocks, judged for plenty; or of Paris, that judged for beauty and love against wisdom and power; or of Agrippina, *occidat matrem, modo imperet*, that preferred empire with any condition never so detestable: or of Ulysses, *qui vetulam prætulit immortalitati*, being a figure of those which prefer custom and habit before all excellency, or of a number of the like popular judgments. For these things must continue as they have been; but so will that also continue whereupon learning hath ever relied, and which faileth not: *Justificata est sapientia a filiis suis.*

From the «Proficience and Advancement of Learning Divine and Human.»

THE CENTRAL THOUGHT OF THE «NOVUM ORGANUM»

[It is within bounds to say that what is most distinctively modern in science dates from the publication of this essay from the «Novum Organum.»]

THE beginning is from God; for the business which is in hand, having the character of good so strongly impressed upon it, appears manifestly to proceed from God, who is the author of good, and the Father of Lights. Now in divine operations even the smallest beginnings lead of a certainty to their end. And as it was said of spiritual things, «The kingdom of God cometh not with observation,» so is it in all the greater works of Divine Providence; everything glides on smoothly and noiselessly, and the work is fairly going on before men are aware that it has begun. Nor should the prophecy of Daniel be forgotten, touching the last ages of the world: «Many shall go to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased»; clearly intimating that the thorough passage of the world (which now by so many distant voyages seems to be accomplished, or in course of accomplishment), and the advancement of the sciences, are destined by fate, that is, by Divine Providence, to meet in the same age.

Next comes a consideration of the greatest importance as an argument of hope; I mean that drawn from the errors of past time, and of the ways hitherto trodden. For most excellent was the censure once passed upon a government that had been unwisely administered. «That which is the worst thing in reference to the past ought to be regarded as best for the future. For if you had done all that your duty demanded, and yet your affairs were no better, you would not have even a hope left you that further improvement is possible. But now, when your misfortunes are owing, not to the force of circumstances, but to your own errors, you may hope that by dismissing or correcting these errors, a great change may be made for the better." In like manner, if during so long a course of years men had kept the true road for discovering and cultivating sciences, and had yet been unable to make further progress therein, bold doubtless and rash would be the opinion that further progress is possible. But if the road itself has been mistaken, and men's labor spent on unfit objects, it follows that the difficulty has its rise not in things themselves, which are not in our power, but in the human understanding, and the use and application thereof, which admits of remedy and medicine. It will be of great use therefore to set forth what these errors are; for as many impediments as there have been in times past from this cause, so many arguments are there of hope for the time to come. And although they have been partly touched before, I think fit here also, in plain and simple words, to represent them.

Those who have handled sciences have been either men of experiment or men of dogmas. The men of experiment are like the ant; they only collect and use: the reasoners resemble spiders, who make cobwebs out of their own substance. But the bee takes a middle course; it gathers its material from the flowers of the garden and of the field, but transforms and digests it by a power of its own. Not unlike this is the true business of philosophy; for it neither relies solely or chiefly on the powers of the mind, nor does it take the matter which it gathers from natural history and mechanical experiments and lay it up in the memory whole, as it finds it; but lays it up in the understanding altered and digested. Therefore from a closer and purer league between these two faculties, the experimental and the rational (such as has never yet been made), much may be hoped.

We have as yet no natural philosophy that is pure; all is tainted and corrupted: in Aristotle's school by logic; in Plato's by natural theology; in the second school of Platonists, such as Proclus and others, by mathematics, which ought only to give definiteness to natural philosophy, not to generate or give it birth. From a natural philosophy, pure and unmixed, better things are to be expected.

No one has yet been found so firm of mind and purpose as resolutely to compel himself to sweep away all theories and common notions, and to apply the understanding, thus made fair and even, to a fresh examination of particulars. Thus it happens that human knowledge, as we have it, is a mere medley and ill-digested mass, made up of much credulity and much accident, and also of the childish notions which we at first imbibed.

Now if any one of ripe age, unimpaired senses, and well-purged mind, apply himself anew to experience and particulars, better hopes may be entertained of that man. In which point I promise to myself a like fortune to that of Alexander the Great; and let no man tax me with vanity till he have heard the end, for the thing which I mean tends to the putting off of all vanity. For of Alexander and his deeds Æschines spake thus: "Assuredly we do not live the life of mortal men; but to this end were we born, that in after ages wonders might be told of us"; as if what Alexander had done seemed to him miraculous. But in the next age Titus Livius took a better and a deeper view of the matter, saying in effect, that Alexander "had done no more than take courage to despise vain apprehensions." And a like judgment, I suppose, may be passed on myself in future ages: that I did no great things, but simply made less account of things that were accounted great. In the meanwhile, as I have already said, there is no hope except in a new birth of science, that is, in raising it regularly up from experience and building it afresh; which no one (I think) will say has yet been done or thought of.

Now for the grounds of experience — since to experience we must come — we have as yet had either none or very weak ones; no search has been made to collect a store of particular observations sufficient either in number, or in kind, or in certainty, to inform the understanding, or in any way adequate. On the contrary, men of learning, but easy withal and idle, have taken for the construction or for the confirmation of their philosophy certain rumors and vague fames or airs of experience, and allowed to these the weight of lawful evidence. And just as if some kingdom or state were to direct its counsels and affairs not by letters and reports from embassadors and trustworthy messengers, but by the gossip of the streets, such exactly is the system of management introduced into philosophy with relation to experience. Nothing duly investigated, nothing verified, nothing counted, weighed, or measured, is to be found in natural history; and what in observation is loose and vague is in information deceptive and treacherous. And if any one thinks that this is a strange thing to say, and something like an unjust complaint, seeing that Aristotle, himself so great a man, and supported by the wealth of so great a king, has composed so accurate a history of animals; and that others with greater diligence, though less pretense, have made many additions; while others, again, have compiled copious histories and descriptions of metals, plants, and fossils; it seems that he does not rightly apprehend what it is that we are now about. For a natural history which is composed for its own sake is not like one that is collected to supply the understanding with information for the building up of philosophy. They differ in many ways, but especially in this,—that the former contains the variety of natural species only, and not experiments of the mechanical arts. For even as in the business of life a man's disposition and the secret workings of his mind and affections are better discovered when he is in trouble than at other times, so likewise the secrets of nature reveal themselves more readily under the vexations of art than when they go their own way. Good hopes may therefore be conceived of natural philosophy, when natural history, which is the basis and foundation of it, has been drawn up on a better plan; but not till then.

Again, even in the great plenty of mechanical experiments, there is yet a great scarcity of those which are of most use for the information of the understanding. For the mechanic, not troubling himself with the investigation of truth, confines his attention to those things which bear upon his particular work, and will not either raise his mind or stretch out his hand for anything else. But then only will there be good ground of hope for the further advance of knowledge, when there shall be received and gathered together into natural history a variety of experiments, which are of no use in themselves, but simply serve to discover causes and axioms; which I call *Experimenta lucifera*, experiments of light, to distinguish them from those which I call *fructifera*, experiments of fruit.

Now experiments of this kind have one admirable property and condition: they never miss or fail. For since they are applied, not for the purpose of producing any particular effect, but only of discovering the natural cause of some effect, they answer the end equally well whichever way they turn out; for they settle the question.

But not only is a greater abundance of experiments to be sought for and procured, and that too of a different kind from those hitherto tried, an entirely different method, order, and process for carrying on and advancing experience must also be introduced. For experience, when it wanders in its own track, is, as I have already remarked, mere groping in the dark, and confounds men rather than instructs them. But when it shall proceed in accordance with a fixed law, in regular order, and without interruption, then may better things be hoped of knowledge.

But even after such a store of natural history and experience as is required for the work of the understanding, or of philosophy, shall be ready at hand, still the understanding is by no means competent to deal with it offhand and by memory alone; no more than if a man should hope by force of memory to retain and make himself master of the computation of an ephemeris. And yet hitherto more has been done in matter of invention by thinking than by writing; and experience has not yet learned her letters. Now no course of invention can be satisfactory unless it be carried on in writing. But when this is brought into use, and experience has been taught to read and write, better things may be hoped.

Moreover, since there is so great a number and army of particulars, and that army so scattered and dispersed as to distract and confound the understanding, little is to be hoped for from the skirmishings and slight attacks and desultory movements of the intellect, unless all the particulars which pertain to the subject of inquiry shall, by means of Tables of Discovery, apt, well arranged, and as it were animate, be drawn up and marshaled; and the mind be set to work upon the helps duly prepared and digested which these tables supply.

But after this store of particulars has been set out duly and in order before our eyes, we are not to pass at once to the investigation and discovery of new particular works; or at any rate if we do so we must not stop there. For although I do not deny that when all the experiments of all the arts shall have been collected and digested, and brought within one man's knowledge and judgment, the mere transferring of the experiments of one art to others may lead, by means of that experience which I term literate, to the discovery of many new things of service to the life and state of man, yet it is no great matter that can be hoped from that; but from the new light of axioms, which, having been educed from those particulars by a certain method and rule, shall in their turn point out the way again to new particulars, greater things may be looked for. For our road does not lie on a level, but ascends and descends; first ascending to axioms, then descending to works.

The understanding must not however be allowed to jump and fly from particulars to remote axioms and of almost the highest generality (such as the first principles, as they are called, of arts and things), and, taking stand upon them as truths that cannot be shaken, proceed to prove and frame the middle axioms by reference to them; which has been the practice hitherto; the understanding being not only carried that way by a natural impulse, but also by the use of syllogistic demonstration trained and inured to it. But then, and then only, may we hope well of the sciences, when in a just scale of ascent, and by successive steps not interrupted or broken, we rise from particulars to lesser axioms; and then to middle axioms, one above the other; and last of all to the most general. For the lowest axioms differ but slightly from bare experience, while the highest and most general (which we now have) are notional and abstract and without solidity. But the middle are the true and solid and living axioms, on which depend the affairs and fortunes of men; and above them again. Last of all, those which are indeed the most general; such I mean as are not abstract, but of which those intermediate axioms are really limitations.

The understanding must not therefore be supplied with wings, but rather hung with weights to keep it from leaping and flying. Now this has never yet been done; when it is done, we may entertain better hopes of the sciences.

In establishing axioms, another form of induction must be devised than has hitherto been employed; and it must be used for proving and discovering not first principles (as they are called) only, but also the lesser axioms, and the middle, and indeed all. For the induction which proceeds by simple enumeration is childish; its conclusions are precarious and exposed to peril from a contradictory instance; and it generally decides on too small a number of facts, and on those only which are at hand. But the induction which is to be available for the discovery and demonstration of sciences and arts must analyze nature by proper rejections and exclusions; and then, after a sufficient number of negatives, come to a conclusion on the affirmative instances: which has not yet been done or even attempted, save only by Plato, who does indeed employ this form of induction to a certain extent for the purpose of discussing definitions and ideas. But in order to furnish this induction or demonstration well and duly for its work, very many things are to be provided which no mortal has yet thought of, insomuch that greater labor will have to be spent in it than has hitherto been spent on the syllogism. And this induction must be used not only to discover axioms, but also in the formation of notions. And it is in this induction that our chief hope lies.

WALTER BAGEHOT

(1826–1877)

WALTER BAGEHOT, a celebrated English essayist and journalist, was born at Langport in Somersetshire, February 3d, 1826. After graduating at the University of London in 1848, and completing his law studies, he became editor of the Economist, in which he developed the talent for economic essay-writing which made him famous. He was a student of literature and of natural science, as well as of political economy. The essays which first gained him general popularity are those of his «Physics and Politics» (1872), which illustrate the philosophical theories of English imperialism. He died in Somersetshire, March 24th, 1877.

THE NATURAL MIND IN MAN

WE CATCH a first glimpse of patriarchal man, not with any industrial relics of a primitive civilization, but with some gradually learned knowledge of the simpler arts, with some tamed animals and some little knowledge of the course of nature, as far as it tells upon the seasons and affects the condition of simple tribes. This is what, according to ethnology, we should expect the first historic man to be, and this in fact is what we find him. But what was his mind; how are we to describe that?

I believe the general description in which Sir John Lubbock sums up his estimate of the savage mind suits the patriarchal mind. «Savages,» he says, «unite the character of childhood with the passions and strength of men.» And if we open the first record of the pagan world,—the poems of Homer,—how much do we find that suits this description better than any other. Civilization has indeed already gone forward ages beyond the time at which any such description is complete. Man, in Homer, is as good at oratory, Mr. Gladstone seems to say, as he has ever been, and, much as that means, other and better things might be added to it. But after all, how much of the «splendid savage» there is in Achilles, and how much of the «spoiled child sulking in his tent." Impressibility and excitability are the main characteristics of the oldest Greek history, and if we turn to the East, the "simple and violent" world, as Mr. Kinglake calls it, of the first times meets us every moment.

And this is precisely what we should expect. An "inherited drill," science says, "makes modern nations what they are; their born structure bears the trace of the laws of their father"; but the ancient nations came into no such inheritance; they were the descendants of people who did what was right in their own eyes; they were born to no tutored habits, no preservative bonds, and therefore they were at the mercy of every impulse, and blown by every passion.

The condition of the primitive man, if we conceive of him rightly, is, in several respects, different from any we know. We unconsciously assume around us the existence of a great miscellaneous social machine working to our hands, and not only supplying our wants, but even telling and deciding when those wants shall come. No one can now without difficulty conceive how people got on before there were clocks and watches; as Sir G. Lewis said, "it takes a vigorous effort of the imagination" to realize a period when it was a serious difficulty to know the hour of day. And much more is it difficult to fancy the unstable minds of such men as neither knew nature, which is the clockwork of material civilization, nor possessed a polity, which is a kind of clockwork to moral civilization. They never could have known what to expect; the whole habit of steady but varied anticipation, which makes our minds what they are, must have been wholly foreign to theirs.

Again, I at least cannot call up to myself the loose conceptions (as they must have been) of morals which then existed. If we set aside all the element derived from law and polity which runs through our current moral notions, I hardly know what we shall have left. The residuum was somehow and in some vague way intelligible to the antepolitical man, but it must have been uncertain, wavering, and unfit to be depended upon. In the best cases it existed much as the vague feeling of beauty now exists in minds sensitive but untaught: a still small voice of uncertain meaning — an unknown something modifying everything else, and higher than anything else, yet in form so indistinct that when you looked for it, it was gone; or if this be thought the delicate fiction of a later fancy, then morality was at least to be found in the wild spasms of « wild justice,» half punishment, half outrage; but anyhow, being unfixed by steady law, it was intermittent, vague, and hard for us to imagine. Everybody who has studied mathematics knows how many shadowy difficulties he seemed to have before he understood the problem, and how impossible it was, when once the demonstration had flashed upon him, ever to comprehend those indistinct difficulties again, or to call up the mental confusion that admitted them. So in these days, when we cannot by any effort drive out of our minds the notion of law, we cannot imagine the mind of one who had never known it, and who could not by any effort have conceived it.

Again, the primitive man could not have imagined what we mean by a nation. We, on the other hand, cannot imagine those to whom it is a difficulty; « we know what it is when you do not ask us,» but we cannot very quickly explain or define it. But so much as this is plain, a nation means a *like* body of men, because of that likeness capable of acting together, and because of that likeness inclined to obey similar rules; and even this Homer's Cyclops — used only to sparse human beings — could not have conceived.

To sum up: law — rigid, definite, concise law — is the primary want of early mankind; that which they need above anything else, that which is requisite before they can gain anything else. But it is their greatest difficulty, as well as their first requisite; the thing most out of their reach, as well as that most beneficial to them if they reach it. In later ages many races have gained much of this discipline quickly, though painfully; a loose set of scattered clans has been often and often forced to substantial settlement by a rigid conqueror; the Romans did half the work for above half Europe. But where could the first ages find Romans or a conqueror? Men conquer by the power of government, and it was exactly government which then was not. The first ascent of civilization was at a steep gradient, though when now we look down upon it, it seems almost nothing.

From essays on « Physics and Politics.»

ALEXANDER BAIN

(1818–)

Alexander Bain, one of the best representatives of the later school of Scotch scientific essayists, was born at Aberdeen in 1818. He became Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy for the University of London in 1857, and in 1860 Professor of Logic in Aberdeen University, of which in 1881 he became Lord Rector. His style is so clear and his language so free from technicalities that his scientific essays have been widely popular in the United States, as well as in England. He has written much on the same general lines with Herbert Spencer; but he is an original thinker of great power, and it cannot be said with justice that he has followed Spencer or any one else.

WHAT IT COSTS TO FEEL AND THINK

Every throb of pleasure costs something to the physical system, and two throbs cost twice as much as one. If we cannot fix a precise equivalent, it is not because the relation is not definite, but from the difficulties of reducing degrees of pleasure to a recognized standard. Of this, however, there can be no reasonable doubt — namely, that a large amount of pleasure supposes a correspondingly large expenditure of blood and nerve tissue, to the stinting, perhaps, of the active energies and the intellectual processes. It is a matter of practical moment to ascertain what pleasures cost least, for there are thrifty and unthrifty modes of spending our brain and heart's blood. Experience probably justifies us in saying that the narcotic stimulants are, in general, a more extravagant expenditure than the stimulation of food, society, and fine art. One of the safest of delights, if not very acute, is the delight of abounding physical vigor; for, from the very supposition, the supply to the brain is not such as to interfere with the general interests of the system. But the theory of pleasure is incomplete without the theory of pain.

As a rule, pain is a more costly experience than pleasure, although sometimes economical as a check to the spendthrift pleasures. Pain is physically accompanied by an excess of blood in the brain from at least two causes — extreme intensity of nervous action and conflicting currents, both being sources of waste. The sleeplessness of the pained condition means that the circulation is never allowed to subside from the brain; the irritation maintains energetic currents, which bring the blood copiously to the parts affected.

There is a possibility of excitement, of considerable amount, without either pleasure or pain; the cost here is simply as the excitement: mere surprises may be of this nature. Such excitement has no value, except intellectually; it may detain the thoughts, and impress the memory, but it is not a final end of our being, as pleasure is; and it does not waste power to the extent that pain does. The ideally best condition is a moderate surplus of pleasure — a gentle glow, not rising into brilliancy or intensity, except at considerable intervals (say a small portion of every day), falling down frequently to indifference, but seldom sinking into pain.

Attendant on strong feeling, especially in constitutions young or robust, there is usually a great amount of mere bodily vehemence, as gesticulation, play of countenance, of voice, and so on. This counts as muscular work, and is an addition to the brain-work. Properly speaking, the cerebral currents discharge themselves in movements, and are modified according to the scope given to those movements. Resistance to the movements is liable to increase the conscious activity of the brain, although a continuing resistance may suppress the entire wave.

Next as to the will, or our voluntary labors and pursuits for the great ends of obtaining pleasure and warding off pain. This part of our system is a compound experience of feeling and movement; the properly mental fact being included under feeling — that is, pleasure and pain, present or imagined. When our voluntary endeavors are successful, a distinct throb of pleasure is the result, which counts among our valuable enjoyments: when they fail, a painful and depressing state ensues. The more complicated operations of the will, as in adjusting many opposite interests, bring in the element of conflict, which is always painful and wasting. Two strong stimulants pointing opposite ways, as when a miser has to pay a high fee to the surgeon that saves his eyesight, occasion a fierce struggle and severe draft upon the physical supports of the feelings.

Although the processes of feeling all involve a manifest, and it may be a serious, expenditure of physical power, which of course is lost to the purely physical functions; and although the extreme degrees of pleasure, of pain, or of neutral excitement, must be adverse to the general vigor, yet the presumption is, that we can afford a certain moderate share of all these without too great inroads on the other interests. It is the thinking or intellectual part of us that involves the heaviest item of expenditure in the physico-mental department. Anything like a great or general cultivation of the powers of thought, or any occupation that severely and continuously brings them into play, will induce such a preponderance of cerebral activity, in oxidation and in nerve currents, as to disturb the balance of life, and to require special arrangements for redeeming that disturbance. This is fully verified by all we know of the tendency of intellectual application to exhaust the physical powers, and to bring on early decay.

A careful analysis of the operations of the intellect enables us to distinguish the kind of exercises that involve the greatest expenditure, from the extent and the intensity of the cerebral occupation. I can but make a rapid selection of leading points:

First. The mere exercise of the senses, in the way of attention, with a view to watch, to discriminate, to identify, belongs to the intellectual function, and exhausts the powers according as it is long continued, and according to the delicacy of the operation; the meaning of delicacy being that an exaggerated activity of the organ is needed to make the required discernment. To be all day on the *qui vive* for some very slight and barely perceptible indications to the eye or the ear, as in catching an indistinct speaker, is an exhausting labor of attention.

Second. The work of acquisition is necessarily a process of great nervous expenditure. Unintentional imitation costs least, because there is no forcing of reluctant attention. But a course of extensive and various acquisitions cannot be maintained without a large supply of blood to cement all the multifarious connections of the nerve fibres, constituting the physical side of acquisition. An abated support of other mental functions as well as of the purely physical functions, must accompany a life devoted to mental improvement, whether arts, languages, sciences, moral restraints, or other culture.

Of special acquisitions, languages are the most apparently voluminous; but the memory for visible or pictorial aspects, if very high, as in the painter and the picturesque poet, makes a prodigious demand upon the plastic combinations of the brain.

The acquisition of science is severe, rather than multifarious; it glories in comprehending much in little, but that little is made up of painful abstract elements, every one of which, in the last resort, must have at its beck a host of explanatory particulars: so that, after all, the burden lies in the multitude. If science is easy to a select number of minds, it is because there is a large spontaneous determination of force to the cerebral elements that support it; which force is supplied by the limited common fund, and leaves so much the less for other uses.

If we advert to the moral acquisitions and habits in a well-regulated mind, we must admit the need of a large expenditure to build up the fabric. The carefully poised estimate of good and evil for self, the ever-present sense of the interests of others, and the ready obedience to all the special ordinances that make up the morality of the time, however truly expressed in terms of high and abstract spirituality, have their counterpart in the physical organism; they have used up a large and definite amount of nutriment, and, had they been less developed, there would have been a gain of power to some other department, mental or physical.

Refraining from further detail on this head, I close the illustration by a brief reference to one other aspect of mental expenditure, namely, the department of intellectual production, execution, or creativeness, to which in the end our acquired powers are ministerial. Of course, the greater the mere continuance or amount of intellectual labor in business, speculation, fine art, or anything else, the greater the demand on the physique. But amount is not all. There are notorious differences of severity or laboriousness, which, when closely examined, are summed up in one comprehensive statement, namely, the number, the variety, and the conflicting nature of the conditions that have to be fulfilled. By this we explain the difficulty of work, the toil of invention, the harassment of adaptation, the worry of leadership, the responsibility of high office, the severity of a lofty ideal, the distraction of numerous sympathies, the meritoriousness of sound judgment, the arduousness of any great virtue. The physical facts underlying the mental fact are a widespread agitation of the cerebral currents, a tumultuous conflict, a consumption of energy.

It is this compliance with numerous and opposing conditions that obtains the most scanty justice in our appreciation of character. The unknown amount of painful suppression that a cautious thinker, a careful writer, or an artist of fine taste, has gone through, represents a great physico-mental expenditure. The regard to evidence is a heavy drag on the wings of speculative daring. The greater the number of interests that a political schemer can throw overboard, the easier his work of construction. The absence of restraints — of severe conditions — in fine art allows a flush and ebullience, an opulence of production, that is often called the highest genius. The Shakespearean profusion of images would have been reduced to at least one-half by the self-imposed restraints of Pope, Gray, or Tennyson. So, reckless assertion is fuel to eloquence. A man of ordinary fairness of mind would be no match for the wit and epigram of Swift.

And again. The incompatibility of diverse attributes, even in minds of the largest compass (which supposes equally large physical resources), belongs to the same fundamental law. A great mind may be great in many things, because the same kind of power may have numerous applications. The scientific mind of a high order is also the practical mind; it is the essence of reason in every mode of its manifestation — the true philosopher in conduct as well as in knowledge. On such a mind, also, a certain amount of artistic culture may be superinduced; its powers of acquisition may be extended so far. But the spontaneous, exuberant, imaginative flow, the artistic nature at the core, never was, — it cannot be, included in the same individual. Aristotle could not be also a tragic poet, nor Newton a third-rate portrait painter. The cost of one of the two modes of intellectual greatness is all that can be borne by the most largely endowed personality; any appearances to the contrary are hollow and delusive.

Other instances could be given. Great activity and great sensibility are extreme phases, each using a large amount of power, and therefore scarcely to be coupled in the same system. The active, energetic man, loving activity for its own sake, moving in every direction, wants the delicate circumspection of another man who does not love activity for its own sake, but is energetic only at the spur of his special ends.

And once more. Great intellect as a whole is not readily united with a large emotional nature. The incompatibility is best seen by inquiring whether men of overflowing sociability are deep and original thinkers, great discoverers, accurate inquirers, great organizers in affairs; or whether their greatness is not limited to the spheres where feeling performs a part — poetry, eloquence, and social ascendency.

From the appendix to his essays on the
«Conservation of Energy.»

SIR ROBERT BALL

(1840–)

Sir Robert Stawell Ball, who for more than a decade held a leading place in English reviews as a popular interpreter of the attractive mysteries of astronomy, was born in Dublin, July 1st, 1840. Graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, and devoting himself to astronomy, he became Royal Astronomer for Ireland in 1874, and in 1892 Lowndean Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge. Among his writings are "The Story of the Heavens," "Starland," etc., beside numerous valuable essays as yet uncollected. He was knighted in 1886.

LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS

In the absence of any definite knowledge as to the composition of the atmospheres by which the planets are surrounded, or as to the climates which they enjoy, it would certainly be idle for us to speculate as to how far they might possibly be tenanted by creatures resembling those found on this earth. It would also be impossible for us to form any conception as to the biological characteristics of creatures which would be adapted for residence on the several planets. There is, however, one merely mechanical matter which may be usefully mentioned, inasmuch as it depends on considerations which admit of demonstration.

We are able to weigh the several planets. Indeed, the problem is a comparatively easy one, when applied to those bodies which are attended by satellites, inasmuch as the movements of the satellites contain indications of the weights of their primaries. But even when a planet has no satellites, it is still possible for an astronomer to find the weight of a body by the effect which its attraction produces on other planets. But the weight of a planet must stand in important relation to the framework of the organisms which are adapted to dwell upon it. Let me try to make this clear by a few illustrations.

Suppose that a planet, while still retaining the same size, was to be greatly increased as to its mass. The consequences would be felt very seriously by all organized creatures. The most immediate effect would be to increase the apparent weight of everything. If, for instance, a globe the same size as the earth possessed double the mass of the earth, the effect would be that the weight of each animal on the heavier globe would be double that on the earth. A horse placed on the heavy globe would be subjected to a load which would oppress him as greatly as if while standing on our earth, as at present constituted, he bore a weight of lead on his back which amounted to as many pounds as the animal itself. Each leg of an elephant would be called upon to sustain just double the not inconsiderable thrust which at present such a pillar has to bear. A bird which soars here with ease and grace would find that the difficulty of such movements was greatly increased, even if they were not wholly impossible on a globe of equal size to the earth, but double weight. It would seem as if flying animals must be the denizens of light globes, rather than of heavy ones.

It is also easy to show that in general, other things being equal, the size of an animal should tend to vary in an inverse direction to that of the mass of the globe on which it dwells. At first it might be supposed that big animals might be most appropriately located on big worlds, and small animals on small worlds. No doubt there are so many circumstances to be considered, of which we are in almost complete ignorance, that any statements of this kind must be received with considerable caution. We may, however, assert with some confidence that, so far as our knowledge goes, the truth lies the other way. It is the small animals which are adapted for the larger worlds; it is the big animals which are adapted for the smaller worlds. The proof of this involves an interesting point.

The argument is as follows: Suppose that an animal on this earth, as it is at present, were to have every dimension doubled. To take a particular instance, conceive the existence of a giant horse which was twice as high and twice as long in every feature and detail as an ordinary horse. It is obvious that as all three dimensions of the animal are doubled, its volume and therefore its weight would be increased eightfold, and the weight that would have to be transmitted down each of the four legs would be increased eightfold. Each leg of the giant horse would, therefore, have to possess eight times the weight-sustaining power that would suffice for the leg of the ordinary horse. As the proportions are supposed to have been observed throughout, the leg of the giant horse would be of course considerably stronger than that of the ordinary horse, but it would not be so much stronger as to enable it to accomplish the task it would be called on to perform. The section of the leg of the giant horse would no doubt be double in diameter that of the normal individual. This would imply that the area of the section was increased fourfold. But we have seen that the weight transmitted was increased eightfold. Study the effect of this on the horse's hoof in contact with the ground. In the giant horse the area of the surface of contact would be four times as great as in the normal horse. As, however, the weight transmitted is eight times as great, it follows that this wear and tear on each square inch of the foot, and this is the proper way to estimate it, would be just twice as destructive in the giant horse as it would be in the ordinary animal. If, then, as we may well suppose, the foot of the latter is just adapted for the work which it has to do, then the foot of the giant horse would be incapable of withstanding the wear and tear to which it would be subjected. It follows that an effective animal, on the scale we have suggested, would be an impossibility on our earth; at all events, when the materials from which it was made were the same as those out of which our animals are fashioned.

Suppose this giant horse, instead of being left on this earth, were transferred to another globe, which only exerted half the gravitating effect experienced on the earth's surface, then the effort the animal would have to make in supporting its own weight would only be half that which it has to put forth here. The consequence is that the framework of the giant horse would in such a case have to support a weight which was not more than four times that of an ordinary horse standing on the earth. As the area of the bases of support in the large animal was fourfold that in the normal horse, it would follow that, area for area, there would be a pressure transmitted through the foot of the giant horse on the less ponderous globe precisely equal to that of the normal horse on the earth. The materials of which the big horse is built ought, therefore, to be able to sustain him effectively when he was placed on the light globe. It, therefore, appears that, so far as gravitation is concerned, the big horse would be better adapted for the light globe, and the small horse for the heavy one. More generally we may assert that, regarding only the point of view at present before us, the limbs of smaller animals would be better adapted for vigorous movement on great planets than would those of large creatures.

It is, however, proper to bear in mind the point to which attention was, so far as I know, first called by Mr. Herbert Spencer. He has shown that there are excellent biological reasons, quite independent of those mechanical considerations to which I have referred, why it would be impossible for an efficient animal to be constructed by simply doubling every dimension of an existing animal. The support of the creature's life has to be effected by the absorption of nourishment through various surfaces of the body. But if all the dimensions are doubled, the bodily volume, as we have already mentioned, is increased eightfold, and therefore its sustenance would, generally speaking, require eight times the supply that sufficed for the original animal On the other hand, supposing the same scale to be observed throughout the animal's body, the available surface area for absorption of nourishment has only increased fourfold, and therefore each square inch would have to do double duty in the large animal. If, however, the surfaces are at present at full work, it would seem impossible that they should efficiently undertake double the work they now get through. On this account, therefore, a live animal would seem impossible on a simple specification of dimensions twice those of any existing animal. Great structural modifications of pattern would have to accompany the enlargement of bulk. This, be it observed, is wholly independent of all questions as to gravitation.

No reasonable person will, I think, doubt that the tendency of modern research has been in favor of the supposition that there may be life on some of the other globes. But the character of each organism has to be fitted so exactly to its environment that it seems in the highest degree unlikely that any organism we know here could live on any other globe elsewhere. We cannot conjecture what the organism must be which would be adapted for a residence in Venus or Mars, nor does any line of research at present known to us hold out the hope of more definite knowledge.

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HONORÉ DE BALZAC

(1799–1850)

The attempt to supplant Hugo with Balzac as "the greatest of French novelists" is being vigorously made by professional critics, and, whether it succeed or not, it is having a marked effect in increasing the popularity of the author of "The Human Comedy." It might be said that, admitting Balzac to be "the greatest of French novelists," Hugo at his best belongs not to France, but to humanity. It is better, however, not to make such comparisons, for nothing that can be said in praise of Hugo can possibly cheapen Balzac whose genius planned and showed itself adequate to execute the vast scheme of "The Human Comedy," with its ninety-seven distinct works and its thousands of pages of text intended to cover the whole range of human experience. A comprehensive summary of what must be said to qualify praise of Balzac as a novelist would have its parallel in any comprehensive statement of the objections to the best brand of the most unquestionably genuine French cognac. His essays, if less intoxicating than his fiction, are never dull. He was born at Tours, May 20th, 1799, and died August 18th, 1850, at Paris, where Victor Hugo delivered, in his memory, one of the most eloquent orations delivered in France since the death of Mirabeau.

SAINT PAUL AS A PROPHET OF PROGRESS

Saint Paul was a prophet of the future,—a true Apostle; and in order to make worldly minds which treat Christianity so lightly share the admiration felt for the sublime mission of the first Christian artists, a writer should make known the barbarous manners and morals of the ancient peoples; manners and morals which history covers with a glamor of glory, forcing them to appear uncolored of their black and bloody tints through the brilliant veil thrown over them by the chroniclers of the past. By the side of the splendid painting those chroniclers have made of general institutions should be shown the hideous picture of individual baseness and suffering — man worked by man as a beast of burden, without guarantee, without appeal against force·

woman treated as a chattel,—not redeeming herself even by the sentiment she inspires; inspiring no trust, no devotion; delivered over to lust and cupidity, or deprived of liberty; children exposed to the slightest caprice of the head of the house; dependent on his mercy for permission to live; the most sacred bonds of social order — marriage, birth, liberty, life itself sometimes — without guarantee and having no protection but the worth of an individual who contracted them.

This is what ought to be made known and understood in order to indicate the full value of the work of Saint Paul. That great man should be shown founding, in the future, a universal society, and preaching the noble bases of social order which the Christian Church was one day to realize. From his journeys should be drawn the sublime lesson that the earth has to be prepared to receive the seed of the Sacred Word, and to bear, in a coming day, the fruits of that Word. The great Apostle should be pictured to us advancing through the harshest difficulties, the keenest sufferings, from Judea, which had furnished the God, through Greece, which had prepared the intellect, to Rome, which was to give both land and speech; and there, enduring martyrdom when his mission had attained its end.

What a sublime picture would be presented by an analysis thus conducted of his Epistles! The duties of marriage so admirably shown in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and in that to the Ephesians; the meeting at the same table of poor and rich; the Communion (I. Corinthians); the duties of charity, the duties of priests, and the ecclesiastical hierarchy (I. Timothy); the deliverance of slaves and the sacred dogma of social equality (Philemon); the union under one law of all peoples and the equality of their deserts before God (Romans); what a future was foreshadowed in these paraphrases of one idea, and what sublime completion of the Master's Word!

It is enough to read some of the noble sentences sown broadcast through this great work, and to feel the various and differing characteristics impressed upon its several parts — the severity and authority of I. Corinthians; the consoling paternity of the Second Epistle; the sublime and powerful dialectic in Galatians and in the first part of Romans; the fervent piety, the ardor for martyrdom in Ephesians; the sweet and tender charity of the spiritual father, also in Ephesians; and, lastly, the grandeur of views, the power of creative intellect in the two Epistles to Timothy.

Have I not shown that an analysis of the Epistles of Saint Paul is still to make? I appeal to men who are meditating history to take up that important work. It is the point of departure of the development of Christian faith, and, consequently, of the establishment of the social bond which has ruled Europe for centuries, and of which our present political institutions are but a derivation.

But the ungrateful child has cursed its mother; men who are so proud to-day of their civilization forget the great artists who founded it by their predictions and the sublime philosophers who constructed its base.

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WALTER SCOTT AND FENIMORE COOPER

I HAVE a serious reproach to make against Cooper. Certainly, he does not owe his fame to his fellow-citizens, neither does he owe it to England; he owes it in a great measure to the passionate admiration of France, to our fine and noble country, more considerate of foreign men of genius than she is of her own poets. Cooper has been understood and, above all, appreciated in France. I am therefore surprised to see him ridicule the French officers who were in Canada in 1750. Those officers were gentlemen, and history tells us that their conduct was noble. Is it for an American, whose position demands of him lofty ideas, to give a gratuitously odious character to one of those officers when the sole succor that America received during her War of Independence came from France? My observation is, I think, the more just because in reading over all Cooper's works I find it impossible to discover even a trace of good-will to France.

The difference that exists between Walter Scott and Cooper is derived essentially from the nature of the subjects towards which their genius led them. From Cooper's scenes nothing philosophical or impressive to the intellect issues when, the work once read, the soul looks back to take in a sense of the whole. Yet both are great historians; both have cold hearts; neither will admit passion, that divine emanation, superior to the virtue that man has constructed for the preservation of society. They have suppressed it, they have offered it as a holocaust to the blue-stockings of their country, but the one initiates you into great human evolutions, the other into the mighty heart of Nature herself. One has brought literature to grasp the earth and ocean, the other makes it grapple body to body with humanity. Read Cooper and this will strike you especially in "The Pathfinder." You will not find a portrait which makes you think, which brings you back into yourself by some subtle or ingenious reflection, which explains to you facts, persons, or actions. He seems, on the contrary, to wish to plunge you into solitude and leave you to dream there; whereas Scott gives you, wherever you are, a brilliant company of human beings. Cooper's work isolates; Scott weds you to his drama as he paints with broad strokes the feature of his country at all epochs. The grandeur of Cooper is a reflection of the Nature he depicts; that of Walter Scott is more peculiarly his own. The Scotchman procreates his work; the American is the son of his. Walter Scott has a hundred aspects; Cooper is a painter of sea and landscape, admirably aided by two academies,—the Savage and the Sailor. His noble creation of "Leather-Stocking" is a work apart. Not understanding English I cannot judge of the style of these two great geniuses, happily for us so different, but I should suppose the Scotchman to be superior to the American in the expression of his thought and in the mechanism of his style. Cooper is illogical; he proceeds by sentences which, taken one by one, are confused, the succeeding phrase not allied to the preceding, though the whole presents an imposing substance. To understand this criticism read the first two pages of "The Pathfinder," and examine each proposition. You will find a muddle of ideas which would bring "pensums" upon any rhetoric pupil in France. But the moment the majesty of his Nature lays hold of you, you forget the clumsy lurching of the vessel,—you think only of the ocean or the lake. To sum up once more: one is the historian of Nature, the other of humanity; one attains to the glorious ideal by imagery, the other by action, though without neglecting poesy, the high-priestess of art.

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GEORGE BANCROF

(1800–1891)

Had not Bancroft chosen to become the leading American historian of the ninteenth century, he might easily have become celebrated as an essayist. Such essays as he has left, though few in number, have the geniune quality which distinguishes the essay from the mere « paper.» Each of them is controlled by a central idea which is developed by the massing of the facts most necessary to illustrate it. In this method most plainly appears the difference between the essayist and the critic; for the one deals with the facts of nature and human nature, while the mind of the other is engrossed chiefly with his own opinions. Bancroft, a true essayist, is as concrete in his prose as Shakespeare is in his dramas or as the Gospels are in their parables. As literature began in picture writing, so, in another way, it ends in it, for there can be nothing higher in literature than the work which forces on the mind great ideas already embodied in their most fitting images. It is easy to express opinions. Especially is it easy to sit in judgment and give sentence on the work of others. «Literature» begins thus for most authors in their Sophomore years. But before any one can write such essays as those of Bancroft, he must give up the critical for the sake of acquiring the constructive intellect. When Bancroft thinks, it is not of the flaws in nature or in art, but of one after another of the endless variety of different forms in which the essential unity of things expresses itself. And it is from this principle of unity in diversity that his literary method borrows its power and its charm.

He was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3d, 1800, and educated at Harvard with post-graduate studies at Göttingen, Berlin, and Heidelberg. After teaching Greek at Harvard and serving as Secretary of the Navy in President Polk's cabinet, he went in 1846 as Minister to Great Britain, and twenty years later as Minister to Germany. In the meantime he had made his «History of the United States» the serious work of his life. The first volume appeared in 1834, the last in 1882. He died at Washington, January 17th, 1891.

THE RULING PASSION IN DEATH

PERHAPS the most common device for averting contemplation from death itself is in directing it to the manner of dying. *Vanitas vanitatum!* Vanity does not give up its hold on the last hour. Men wish to die with distinction, to be buried in state; and the last thoughts are employed on the decorum of the moment, or in the anticipation of funeral splendors. It was no uncommon thing among the Romans for a rich man to appoint an heir, on condition that his obsequies should be celebrated with costly pomp. « When I am dead,» said an Indian chief, who fell into his last sleep at Washington,—« when I am dead, let the big guns be fired over me.» The words were thought worthy of being engraved on his tomb; but they are no more than a plain expression of a very common passion,—the same, which leads the humblest to desire that at least a stone may be placed at the head of his grave, and demands the erection of splendid mausoleums and costly tombs for the mistaken men,

> « Who by the proofs of death pretend to live.»

Among the Ancients, an opulent man, while yet in health, would order his own sarcophagus; and nowadays the wealthy sometimes build their own tombs, for the sake of securing a satisfactory monument. A vain man, who had done this at a great expense, showed his motive so plainly, that his neighbors laughed with the sexton of the parish, who wished that the builder might not be kept long out of the interest of his money

But it is not merely in the decorations of the grave that vanity is displayed. Saladin, in his last illness, instead of his usual standard, ordered his shroud to be uplifted in front of his tent; and the herald, who hung out this winding sheet as a flag, was commanded to exclaim aloud: « Behold! this is all which Saladin, the vanquisher of the East, carries away of all his conquests.» He was wrong there. He came naked into the world, and he left it naked. Graveclothes were a superfluous luxury, and, to the person receiving them, as barren of comfort as his sceptre or his scimiter. Saladin was vain. He sought in dying to contrast the power he had enjoyed with the feebleness of his condition; to pass from the world in a striking antithesis; to make his death scene an epigram. All was vanity.

A century ago it was the fashion for culprits to appear on the scaffold in the dress of dandies. Some centuries before, it was the privilege of noblemen, if they merited hanging, to escape the gallows, and perish on the block. The Syrian priests had foretold to the Emperor Heliogabalus that he would be reduced to the necessity of committing suicide; believing them true prophets, he kept in readiness silken cords and a sword of gold. Admirable privilege of the nobility, to be beheaded instead of hanged! Enviable prerogative of imperial dignity, to be strangled with a knot of silk, or to be assassinated with a golden sword!

Odious! in woolen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke).
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,
And — Betty — give this cheek a little red."

The example chosen by the poet extended to appearances after death; for the presence of the same weakness in the hour of mortality we must look to the precincts of courts, where folly used to reign by prescriptive right; where caprice gives law and pleasures consume life. There you may witness the harlot's euthanasia. The French court was at Choisy when Madame de Pompadour felt the pangs of a fatal malady. It had been the established etiquette that none but princes and persons of royal blood should breathe their last in Versailles. Proclaim to the gay circles of Paris that a thing new and unheard of is to be permitted; announce to the world that the rules of palace propriety and Bourbon decorum are to be broken! That the chambers, where vice had fearlessly lived and laughed, but had never been permitted to expire, were to admit the novel spectacle of the king's favorite mistress struggling with death!

The marchioness questioned the physicians firmly; she perceived their hesitation; she saw the hand that beckoned her away; and she determined, says the historian, to depart in the pomp of a queen. Louis XV., himself not capable of a strong emotion, was yet willing to concede to his dying friend the consolation which she coveted,— the opportunity to reign till her parting gasp. The courtiers thronged round the deathbed of a woman who distributed favors with the last exhalations of her breath; and the king hurried to name to public offices the persons whom her faltering accents recommended. Her sick room became a scene of state; the princes and grandees still entered to pay their homage to the woman whose power did not yield to mortal disease, and were surprised to find her richly attired. The traces of death in her countenance were concealed by rouge. She reclined on a splendid couch; questions of public policy were discussed by ministers in her presence; she gloried in holding to the end the reins of the kingdom in her hands. Even a sycophant clergy showed respect to the expiring favorite, and felt no shame as sanctioning with their frequent visits the vices of a woman who had entered the palace only as an adulteress. Having complied with the rites of the Roman Church, she next sought the approbation of the philosophers. She lisped no word of penitence; she shed no tears of regret. The curate left her as she was in the agony. « Wait a moment,» said she, « we will leave the house together.»

The dying mistress was worshiped while she breathed. Hardly was she dead when the scene changed; two domestics carried out her body on a handbarrow from the palace to her private home. The king stood at the window, looking at the clouds, as her remains were carried by. « The marchioness,» said he, « will have bad weather on her journey.»

The flickering lamp blazes with unusual brightness just as it goes out. « The fit gives vigor as it destroys.» He who has but a moment remaining is released from the common motives for dissimulation; and Time, that lays his hand on everything else, destroying beauty, undermining health, and wasting the powers of life, spares the ruling passion, which is connected with the soul itself. That passion

> « Sticks to our last sand.
> Consistent in our follies and our sins,
> Here honest nature ends as she begins.»

Napoleon expired during the raging of a whirlwind, and his last words showed that his thoughts were in the battlefield. The meritorious author of the « Memoir of Cabot,» a work which in accuracy and in extensive research is very far superior to most late treatises on maritime discovery, tells us that the discoverer of our continent, in a hallucination before his death, believed himself again on the ocean, once more steering in quest of adventure over waves which knew him as the steed knows its rider. How many a gentle eye has been dimmed with tears as it read the fabled fate of Fergus MacIvor! Not inferior to the admirable hero of the romance was the Marquis of Montrose, who had fought for the Stuarts and fell into the hands of the Presbyterians. His head and his limbs were ordered to be severed from his body and to be hanged on the tollbooth in Edinburgh and in other public towns of the kingdom He listened to the sentence with the pride of loyalty and the fierce anger of a generous defiance. "I wish," he exclaimed, "I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer."*

But let us take an example of sublimer virtue, such as we find in a statesman who lived without a stain from youth to maturity, and displayed an unwavering consistency to the last; a hero in civil life, who was in some degree our own. It becomes America to take part in rescuing from undeserved censure the names and the memory of victims to the unconquerable love of republican liberty.

"Vane, young in years, in counsel old; to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou'st learned, which few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son."

He that would discern the difference between magnanimous genius and a shallow wit may compare this splendid eulogy of Milton with the superficial levity in the commentary of Warton. It is a fashion to call Sir Henry Vane a fanatic. And what is fanaticism? True, he was a rigid Calvinist. True, he has written an obscure book on the mystery of godliness, of which all that we understand is excellent, and we may, therefore, infer that the vein of the rest is good. But does this prove him a fanatic? If to be the uncompromising defender of civil and religious liberty be fanaticism; if to forgive injuries be fanaticism; if to believe that the mercy of God extends to all his creatures, and may reach even the angels of darkness, be fanaticism; if to have earnestly supported in the Long Parliament the freedom of conscience; if to have repeatedly, boldly, and zealously interposed to check the persecution of Roman Catholics; if to have labored that the sect which he least approved should enjoy their property in security and be safe from all penal enactments for nonconformity; if in his public life to have pursued a career of firm, conscientious, disinterested consistency. never wavering, never trimming, never changing,—if all this be fanaticism, then was Sir Henry Vane a fanatic. Not otherwise. The people of Massachusetts declined to continue him in office; and when his power in England was great, he requited the colony with the benefits of his favoring influence. He resisted the arbitrariness of Charles I., but would not sit as one of his judges. He opposed the tyranny of Cromwell. When that extraordinary man entered the House of Commons to break up the Parliament, which was about to pass laws that would have endangered his supremacy, Vane rebuked him for his purpose of treason. When the musketeers invaded the Hall of Debate, and others were silent, Vane exclaimed to the most despotic man in Europe: « This is not honest. · It is against morality and common honesty.» Well might Cromwell, since his designs were criminal, reply: « Sir Henry Vane! Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!»

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*See also the exclamation of Richard Rumbold under similar circumstances.

Though Vane suffered from the usurpation of the Protector, he lived to see the Restoration. On the return of the Stuarts, like Lafayette among the Bourbons, he remained the stanch enemy of tyranny. The austere patriot, whom Cromwell had feared, struck terror into the hearts of a faithless and licentious court. It was resolved to destroy him. In a different age or country, the poisoned cup, or the knife of the assassin, might have been used; in that season of corrupt influence, a judicial murder was resolved upon. His death was a deliberate crime, contrary to the royal promise; contrary to the express vote of « the healing Parliament »; contrary to law, to equity, to the evidence. But it suited the designs of a monarch, who feared to be watched by a statesman of incorruptible elevation of character. The night before his execution he enjoyed the society of his family, as if he had been reposing in his own mansion. The next morning he was beheaded. The least concession would have saved him. If he had only consented to deny the supremacy of Parliament, the king would have restrained the malignity of his hatred. « Ten thousand deaths for me,» exclaimed Vane, « ere I will stain the purity of my conscience.» Historians report that life was dear to him; he submitted to his end with the firmness of a patriot, the serenity of a Christian. . .

Lorenzo de Medici, upon his deathbed, sent for Savonarola to receive his confession and grant him absolution. The severe anchorite questioned the dying sinner with unsparing rigor. "Do you believe entirely in the mercy of God?" "Yes, I feel it in my heart." "Are you truly ready to restore all the possessions and estates which you have unjustly acquired?" The dying duke hesitated; he counted up in his mind the sums which he had hoarded; delusion whispered that nearly all had been so honestly gained that the sternest censor would strike but little from his opulence. The pains of hell were threatened if he denied; and he gathered courage to reply that he was ready to make restitution. Once more the unyielding priest resumed his inquisition. "Will you resign the sovereignty of Florence, and restore the democracy of the republic?" Lorenzo, like Macbeth, had acquired a crown; but, unlike Macbeth, he saw sons of his own about to become his successors. He gloried in the hope of being the father of princes, the founder of a line of hereditary sovereigns. Should he crush this brilliant expectation and tremble at the wild words of a visionary? Should he who had reigned as a monarch stoop to die as a merchant? No! though hell itself were opening beneath his bed. "Not that! I cannot part with that!" Savonarola left his bedside with indignation, and Lorenzo died without shrift.

> "And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
> Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death,
> Such in those moments as in all the past,—
> 'Oh! save my country, Heaven!' shall be your last."

Like this was the exclamation of the patriot Quincy, whose virtues have been fitly commemorated by the pious reverence of his son. The celebrated Admiral Blake breathed his last as he came in sight of England, happy in at last descrying the land, of which he had advanced the glory by his brilliant victories. Quincy died as he approached the coast of Massachusetts. He loved his family; but at that moment he gave his whole soul to the cause of freedom. "Oh, that I might live,"—it was his dying wish,—"to render my country one last service."

The coward falls panic-stricken; the superstitious man dies with visions of terror floating before his fancy. It has even happened that a man has been in such dread of eternal woe as to cut his throat in his despair. The phenomenon seems strange, but the fact is unquestionable. The giddy that are near a precipice totter towards the brink which they would shun. Everybody remembers the atheism and bald sensuality of the septuagenarian Alexander VI.; and the name of his natural son. Cæsar Borgia, is a proverb as a synonym for the most vicious selfishness. Let one tale, of which Machiavelli attests the truth, set forth the deep baseness of a cowardly nature. Borgia had, by the most solemn oaths, induced the Duke of Gravina, Oliverotto, Vitellozzo Vitelli, and another, to meet him in Senigaglia, for the purpose of forming a treaty, and then issued the order for the massacre of Oliverotto and Vitelli. Can it be believed? Vitelli, as he expired, begged of the infamous Borgia, his assassin, to obtain of Alexander a dispensation for his omissions, a release from purgatory.

The deathbed of Cromwell himself was not free from superstition. When near his end he asked if the elect could never fall. « Never, » replied Godwin the preacher. « Then I am safe, » said the man whose last years had been stained by cruelty and tyranny; « for I am sure I was once in a state of grace. »

Ximenes languished from disappointment at the loss of power and the want of royal favor. A smile from Louis would have cheered the deathbed of Racine.

In a brave mind the love of honor endures to the last. « Don't give up the ship, » cried Lawrence, as his lifeblood was flowing in torrents. Abimelech groaned that he fell ignobly by the hand of a woman. We have ever admired the gallant death of Sir Richard Grenville, who, in a single ship, encountered a numerous fleet, and, when mortally wounded, husbanded his strength till he could summon his victors to bear testimony to his courage and his patriotism. « Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyous and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honor. »

The public has been instructed through the press in the details of the treason of Benedict Arnold by an inquirer, who has compassed earth and sea in search of historic truth, and has merited the applause of his country not less for candor and judgment than for diligence and ability. The victim of the intrigue was Andre. The mind of the young soldier revolted at the service of treachery in which he had become involved, and, holding a stain upon honor to be worse than the forfeiture of life, he shuddered at the sight of the gallows, but not at the thought of dying. He felt the same sentiment which made death welcome to Nelson and to Wolfe, to whom it came with glory and victory for its companions; but for Andre, the keen sense of honor added bitterness to the cup of affliction, by exciting fear lest the world should take the manner of his execution as evidence of merited opprobrium.

Finally, he who has a good conscience and a well-balanced mind meets death with calmness, resignation, and hope. Saint Louis died among the ruins of Carthage; a Christian king, laboring in vain to expel the religion of Mahomet from the spot where Dido had planted the gods of Syria. “My friends,” said he, “I have finished my course. Do not mourn for me. It is natural that I, as your chief and leader, should go before you. You must follow me. Keep yourselves in readiness for the journey.” Then giving his son his blessing and the best advice, he received the Sacrament, closed his eyes, and died as he was repeating from the Psalms: “I will come into thy house; I will worship in thy holy temple.”

The curate of St. Sulpice asked the confessor who had shrived Montesquieu on his deathbed, if the penitent had given satisfaction. “Yes,” replied Father Roust, “like a man of genius.” The curate was displeased. Unwilling to leave the dying man a moment of tranquillity, he addressed him, “Sir, are you truly conscious of the greatness of God?” “Yes,” said the departing philosopher, “and of the littleness of man.”

How calm were the last moments of Cuvier! Benevolence of feeling and self-possession diffused serenity round the hour of his passing away. Confident that the hand of Death was upon him, he yet submitted to the application of remedies, that he might gratify his more hopeful friends. They had recourse to leeches; and with delightful simplicity the great naturalist observed, it was he who had discovered that leeches possess red blood. The discovery, which he made in his youth, had been communicated to the public in the memoir that first gained him celebrity. The thoughts of the dying naturalist recurred to the scenes of his early life, to the coast of Normandy, where, in the solitude of conscious genius, he had roamed by the side of the ocean, and achieved fame by observing the wonders of animal life which are nourished in its depths. He remembered his years of poverty, the sullen rejection which his first claims for advancement had received, and all the vicissitudes through which he had been led to the highest distinctions in science. The son of the Würtemberg soldier, of too feeble a frame to embrace the profession of his father, had found his way to the secrets of nature. The man who in his own province had been refused the means of becoming the village pastor of an ignorant peasantry, had succeeded in charming the most polished circles of Paris by the clearness of his descriptions, and commanding the attention of the Deputies of France by the grace and fluency of his elocution. And now he was calmly predicting his departure; his respiration became rapid; and his head fell as if he were in meditation. Thus his soul passed to its Creator without a struggle. «Those who entered afterwards would have thought that the noble old man, seated in his armchair by the fireplace, was asleep, and would have walked softly across the room for fear of disturbing him.» Heaven had but «recalled its own.»

The death of Haller himself was equally tranquil. When its hour approached, he watched the ebbing of life and continued to observe the beating of his pulse till sensation was gone.

A tranquil death becomes the man of science or the scholar. He should cultivate letters to the last moment of his life; he should resign public honors as calmly as one would take off a domino on returning from a mask. He should listen to the signal for his departure, not with exultation, and not with indifference. Respecting the dread solemnity of the change, and reposing in hope on the bosom of Death, he should pass, without boldness and without fear, from the struggles of inquiry to the certainty of knowledge, from a world of doubt to a world of truth.

From «Literary and Historical Miscellanies.»

RICHARD BATHURST

(?–1762)

RICHARD BATHURST, whose contributions to the Adventurer won him his place among English essayists of the classical period, was born in Jamaica at a date which his biographers leave uncertain. His father sent him to England to be educated, and he graduated at Cambridge in 1745. In London, where he studied medicine, he became acquainted with Dr. Samuel Johnson who, with Warton and Hawkeworth, was then contributing to the Adventurer. Boswell asserts that some of the essays attributed to Bathurst in the Adventurer series were dictated by Doctor Johnson and merely taken down by Bathurst, but this has not been demonstrated. Doctor Johnson seems to have had a high opinion of Bathurst. When Bathurst died in 1762, while doing his duty as an army surgeon in the British expedition to Cuba, Johnson quoted Ovid:—

Vix Priamus tanti totaque Troja fuit.

Our victory cheapens won at such a cost,
For glory's all too dear with Bathurst lost.

THE HISTORY OF A HALF-PENNY

Mobilitate viget.—Virgil.

Its life is motion.

TO THE ADVENTURER

MARCH 12th, 1753.

Sir:—

THE adulteration of the copper coin, as it is highly pernicious to trade in general, so it more immediately affects the itinerate branches of it. Among these, at present, are to be found the only circulators of base metal; and, perhaps, the only dealers who are obliged to take in payment such counterfeits as will find a currency nowhere else. And yet they are not allowed to raise the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of so considerable a portion of their profits.

A Tyburn execution; a duel; a most terrible fire; or a horrid, barbarous, bloody, cruel, and inhuman murder, was wont to bring in vast revenues to the lower class of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending these diurnal records publicly in the streets. But since half-pence have been valued at no more than five pence the pound weight, these occasional pieces will hardly answer the expenses of printing and paper; and the servant-maid, who used to indulge her taste for polite literature by purchasing fifty new playhouse songs, or a whole poetical sheet of the Yorkshire Garland or Gloucestershire Tragedy, for a half-penny, can now scarcely procure more than one single slip of «I Love Sue,» or «The Lover's Complaint.»

It is also observable that the park no longer echoes with the shrill cry of «Toothpicks! take you six, your honor, for a half-penny,» as it did when half-pence were half-pence worth. The vender contents herself with silently presenting her little portable shop, and guards against the rapacity of the buyer by exhibiting a very small parcel of her wares.

But the greatest sufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for, as things are circumstanced, it would be almost as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other use to themselves, in the hope of receiving sevenfold in return. Indeed, since the usual donation has been so much lessened in its value, the beggars have been observed to be more vociferous and importunate. One of these orators, who takes his stand at Spring Gardens, now enforces his piteous complaint with: «Good Christians, one *good* half-penny to the stone-blind»; and another, who tells you he has lost the use of his precious limbs, addresses your compassion by showing a bad half-penny, and declaring that he is ready to perish with hunger, having tried it in vain at twenty-three places to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I should not wonder, therefore, if this public-spirited people were also to put a stop to the circulation of bad half-pence, by melting them down from time to time as they come into their hands. The experiment is worth making; and I am assured that, for some end or other, orders will be issued out from the king of the beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the borough, or their foundry in Moorfields.

I was led to the consideration of this subject by some halfpence I had just received in change, among which one in particular attracted my regard, that seemed once to have borne the profile of King William, now scarcely visible, as it was very much battered and, besides other marks of ill usage, had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of some fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propensity to sleep, and I insensibly fell into a kind of half slumber; when, to my imagination, the half-penny, which then lay before me upon the table, erected itself upon its rim, and from the royal lips stamped on its surface articulately uttered the following narration: —

"Sir! I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction; and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew peddler in Duke's Place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffeehouses, chophouses, chandler shops, and ginshops.

"I had not been long in the world before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me, and, observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas box of his godmother.

"A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that, before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value. I lost, therefore, the very essence of my being in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly, and was kept only to be looked at and admired; but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

"I now underwent various hardships among his playfellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes, which very much battered and impaired me; but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancor, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length I was dismissed from their service by a throw with a barrow woman for an orange.

« From her it is natural to conclude I posted to the ginshop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot soldier, had not wrested me from her at the expense of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall, in St. James's Park, where — I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him — let it suffice that I was soon after safely deposited in a night cellar.

« From thence I got into the coat pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening, as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash window into the dining room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for the « Sweetheart's Delight.»

« It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to the community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind. I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown by my share in each newspaper, and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery or supported extravagance, I have also rewarded the labors of industry and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses which it is even in my power to relieve.

« The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity. I was happy in being consigned to the mock encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in arts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals!

"I shall conclude, sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the Kill Care Club, broke a linkboy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel. The lad wasted half his tar flambeau in looking for me; but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was church warden, examined me with great attention, and then, gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle and fastened me to the counter; but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and, sending me away with others in change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you."

When I awoke, I found myself so much invigorated by my nap, that I immediately wrote down the strange story which I had just heard; and as it is not totally destitute of use and entertainment, I have sent it to you, that, by means of your paper, it may be communicated to the public. I am, sir,

Your humble servant,
TIM TURNPENNY.

Complete. From the Adventurer

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

(1821–1867)

As the special representative of the French «Satanic» or «Degenerate School,» Baudelaire is condemned by Tolstoi as a poet whose «feelings expressed are always intentionally original and silly,» with a «deliberate obscurity especially remarkable in prose where the author might speak simply if he wished.»

It might be supposed that the translation is responsible for the way in which the words «original and silly» are coupled, but Tolstoi is wholly impatient of the originality which makes its possessor exclusive by making him unintelligible to the mass of mankind. Nevertheless, this species of originality was greatly striven after during the *Fin de Siècle* period; and Baudelaire, who is perhaps its most characteristic representative, if not the founder of the school, has had many imitators. He was born at Paris, April 9th, 1821, and died there August 31st, 1867. His most characteristic work in verse is perhaps the «Flowers of Evil,» poems first published in 1857. As an essayist he is most noted for his «Little Poems in Prose,» the work Tolstoi disapproves as «intentionally original and silly.» It is certainly eminently Parisian. No writer, born and bred out of Paris, could have compared the mist of twilight covering a clear sky to the black gauze over the white skirts of a ballet dancer.

THE GALLANT MARKSMAN*

As the carriage was about to cross the woods, he ordered it to stop near a shooting gallery, saying that he would like to fire a few shots to «kill time.» To kill that monster,—is it not the most usual and most legitimate occupation of every one? And he gallantly offered his hand to his dear, delightful, and execrable wife, to that mysterious woman to whom he owed so much pleasure, so many pains, and perhaps also a great part of his genius.

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*This is the essay specially condemned by Tolstoi as being «intentionally original.»

Several balls struck far from the mark aimed at. One of them buried itself in the ceiling; and as the charming creature laughed boisterously, mocking the awkwardness of her husband, he turned abruptly towards her and said: «Observe that doll over yonder, on the right, who carries her nose high up in the air and looks so disdainful. Now, my dear angel, I will suppose it is you!» And closing his eyes, he pressed the trigger. The doll was neatly decapitated! Then leaning towards his dear, his delightful, his execrable wife, his fatal and unpitying muse, and respectfully kissing her hand, he added: «Ah, my sweet angel, how I thank you for my skill!»

Complete. From «Poems in Prose.»

AT TWILIGHT

The day is fading, a great calm falls on weary souls worn by the labors of the day; and now their thoughts take the tender and undecided hues of twilight. Meanwhile from the mountain top, across the transparent clouds of evening, comes to my balcony an uproar of discordant cries, which space transforms into a lugubrious harmony, like that of the rising tide or of an awakening storm. Who are there so unfortunate that they are not calmed by the evening, but take, like owls, the coming of night as a signal for uproar? This sinister ululation comes to us from that dark asylum perched on the mountain; and, in the evening, while smoking and contemplating the immense valley, dotted with homes, each window of which says: « Now here is peace; here is family joy,» I may, when the winds blow from above, sooth my thoughts, astonished at this imitation of the harmonies of hell.

Twilight frenzies madmen. I remember that I had two friends who were actually made sick by the twilight. One of them disregarded all the relations of friendship and politeness, and, like a savage, ill-treated the first comer. I saw him throw at the head of the hotel steward an excellent fowl, on which he thought he saw some insulting hieroglyphic. The evening, forerunner of profound pleasures, spoiled for him the most succulent dainties. The other, disappointed in his ambitions, became, as the day faded, more bitter, more sombre, more morose. Kind-hearted and sociable still in the daytime, he became pitiless when evening came; and it was not alone against others, but also against himself, that he directed his twilight madness. The first died insane, incapable of recognizing either his wife or child; the other carries within himself the torment of a constant uneasiness, and, were he gratified with all the honors that republics or princes can bestow, I still think that twilight would light in him the burning desire of imaginary distinctions. Night, which placed darkness in their minds, makes the light to shine in mine; and, although it is not rare to see the same cause engender two contrary effects, I still remain both alarmed and puzzled.

O night! O refreshing darkness! you are for me the signal of a feast within; you are a deliverance from anguish! In the solitude of the wastes, in the stony labyrinths of a capital, with your twinkling of stars, your flashing of the lanterns, you are the fireworks of the Goddess Liberty!

Twilight, how sweet and tender you are! The rosy tints that linger on the horizon like the agony of day under the victorious oppression of night; the fires of the candelabrums that cause spots of an opaque red to appear on the last glories of the sunset; the heavy draperies that an invisible hand draws from the depths of the Orient, imitate the complicated feelings that struggle in the heart of man at the solemn hours of his life! Again, one might take it for one of those strange robes of the ballet dancers, where a dark and transparent gauze lets through the softened splendors of a dazzling skirt. So through the black present transpierces the delightful past; and the stars twinkling with silver and gold, with which the sky is bespangled, represent those fires of phantasy that are lighted only under the deep gloom of night.

Complete. From «Poems in Prose.»

THE CLOCK

THE Chinese can tell the hour of the day by the eyes of their cats. One day a missionary, while promenading in the suburbs of Nankin, noticed that he had forgotten his watch, and asked a small boy what time it was.

This gamin of the Celestial Empire at first hesitated, but then, bethinking himself, replied, «I will tell you.» A few moments later he reappeared holding in his arms a very large cat, and, looking in the white of its eyes as people look at a clock, he declared without hesitating, « It is not yet quite midday,» — which was true!

As for me when I lean over towards the beautiful Feline, who is so well named, who at the same time is the honor of her sex, the pride of my heart, and the perfume of my mind, be it at night, in open day, in full light, or in opaque shadow, I always see distinctly at the bottom of her adorable eyes the time of day; and it is ever the same,— one vast hour, as solemn, as grand as space, without divisions of minutes or of seconds,— an immovable hour which is not marked upon the clock; which is nevertheless as light as a sigh, as rapid as a glance.

And were any one impertinent enough to disturb me while my eyes are resting upon that delightful dial; were some disreputable and intolerant evil spirit, some demon of contradiction to come and say: What is it you gaze upon with such deep study? What seek you in the eyes of this being? Do you seek the hour in them, prodigal and idle mortal? I would unhesitatingly make reply: Yes, I see the hour; it is eternity!

Now, madam, is not this a really meritorious madrigal,— one as lucid and as plain as you yourself? In truth, I have had so much pleasure in embroidering this striking piece of gallantry, that I shall ask for nothing in exchange.

Complete. From «Poems in Prose.»

PIERRE BAYLE

(1647–1706)

Bayle's News of the Republic of Letters (*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*), which appeared periodically in 1684, and for several years thereafter, is one of the earliest forerunners of the modern review with its critical essays on literary subjects. This venture of Bayle is now almost forgotten, but he will always be remembered for his « Historical and Critical Dictionary » which appeared in 1697. In the modern sense, it is not a dictionary at all, but a great collection of Bayle's views and opinions on every subject he could think of, the whole alphabetically arranged for ready reference. He was soaked through with classical learning, much of it of the decadent period, and it is unfortunate that some of the most remarkable of his essays are, because of this, out of harmony with modern taste. This does not prevent the « Dictionary » as a whole from being one of the most remarkable productions of the human mind, scarcely approached by anything else in the whole range of literature.

Bayle was born November 18th, 1647, near Foix, in the south of France, and educated in the Jesuit College at Toulouse. His religious life shows much diversity, due to changes from the Roman Catholic Church to Calvinism and *vice versâ*, with a general tendency to relapse from both into a mild skepticism which was more congenial to him than either. From 1681 to 1693 he was Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of Rotterdam. The rest of his life was devoted chiefly to his « Dictionary.» He died December 28th, 1706.

THE GREATEST OF PHILOSOPHERS

Aristotle, commonly called the « Prince of Philosophers,» or *the* Philosopher, by way of excellence, was the founder of a school which surpassed, and at length swallowed up, all the rest. Not but that it had its reverses of fortune, especially in this seventeenth century, in which it has been violently shaken, though the Catholic divines on the one side, and the Protestant on the other, have run (as to the quenching of a fire) to its relief, and fortified themselves so strongly, by the secular arm, against the new philosophy, that it is not like to lose its dominion for a long time. Mr. Moveri met with so many good materials in a work of Father Rapin that he has given a very large article of Aristotle, enough to dispense with my assistance. Accordingly, I design not to enlarge upon it as far as the subject might allow, but shall content myself with observing, in these remarks, some of the errors which I have collected concerning this philosopher. I think I have discovered some in Father Rapin's account. It is not certain that Aristotle exercised pharmacy at Athens, while he was a disciple of Plato; nor is it more certain that he did not. Very little credit ought to be given to a current tradition that he learned several things of a Jew, and much less to the story of his pretended conversion to Judaism. They who pretend that he was born a Jew are much more grossly mistaken. The wrong pointing of a certain passage occasioned this mistake. They are deceived who say that he was a disciple of Socrates for three years successively; for Socrates died twelve or fifteen years before Aristotle was born. Aristotle's behavior towards his master, Plato, is variously related. Some will have it that through prodigious vanity and ingratitude he set up altar against altar; that is, erected a school at Athens during Plato's life, and in opposition to him; others say that he did not set up for a professor till after his master's death. We are told some things concerning his amours which are not altogether to his advantage. It was pretended that his conjugal affection was idolatrous, and that, if he had not retired from Athens, the process for irreligion, which the priests had entered against him, would have been attended with the same consequences as that against Socrates. Though he deserved very great praise, yet it is certain that most of the errors concerning him are to be looked for in the extravagant commendations which have been heaped upon him; as for example: Is it not a downright falsehood to say that if Aristotle spoke, in his natural philosophy, like a man, he spoke, in his moral philosophy, like a God; and that it is a question whether, in his moral philosophy, he partakes more of the lawyer than of the priest; more of the priest than of the prophet; more of the prophet than of the God? I shall, in these remarks, touch upon some praises bestowed on him, which are still greater than these. Cardinal Pallavicini scruples not, in some measure, to confess that if it had not been for Aristotle the Church would have wanted some of its Articles of Faith. The Christians are not the only people who have authorized his philosophy; the Mohammedans are little less prejudiced in its favor; and we are told that, to this day, notwithstanding the ignorance which reigns among them, they have schools for this sect. It will be an everlasting subject of wonder to persons who know what philosophy is, to find that Aristotle's authority was so much respected in the schools for several ages, that when a disputant quoted a passage from this philosopher, he who maintained the Thesis, durst not say "*transeat*," but must either deny the passage, or explain it in his own way. It is in this manner we treat the Holy Scriptures in the divinity schools. The parliaments, which have proscribed all other philosophy but that of Aristotle, are more excusable than the doctors; for whether the members of parliament were really persuaded, as is very probable, that this philosophy was the best of any, or were not, the public good might induce them to prohibit new opinions, lest the academical divisions should extend their malignant influence to the tranquillity of the State. What is most astonishing to wise men is that the professors should be so strongly prejudiced in favor of Aristotle's philosophy. Had this profession been confined to his "Poetry" and "Rhetoric," it had been less wonderful; but they were fond of the weakest of his works — I mean his "Logic" and "Natural Philosophy." This justice, however, must be done to the blindest of his followers, that they have deserted him where he clashes with Christianity, and this he did in points of the greatest consequence, since he maintained the eternity of the world, and did not believe that Providence extended itself to sublunary beings. As to the immortality of the soul, it is not certainly known whether he acknowledged it or not. We shall take notice in another place of the long disputes which have reigned in Italy on this subject. In the year 1647 the famous Capuchin, Valerian Magni, published a work concerning the atheism of Aristotle. About one hundred and thirty years before, Marc Anthony Venerius published a system of philosophy, in which he discovered several inconsistencies between Aristotle's doctrine and the truths of religion. Campanella maintained the same in his book, "De Reductione ad Religionem," which was approved at Rome in the year 1630. It was not long since maintained in Holland, in the prefaces to some books, that the doctrine of this philosopher differed but little from Spinozism. In the meantime, if some Peripatetics may be believed, he was not ignorant of the mystery of the Trinity. He made a very good end, and enjoys eternal happiness. He composed a very great number of books, a great part of which is come down to us. It is true, some critics raise a thousand scruples about them. He was extremely honored in his own city, and there were heretics who worshiped his image jointly with that of Jesus Christ. I nowhere find that the Antinomians bore greater respect to this wise pagan than to the « Uncreated Wisdom," nor that the Aëtians were excommunicated for giving their disciples Aristotle's "Categories" for a Catechism. But I have somewhere read that before the Reformation there were churches in Germany in which Aristotle's « Ethics » were read every Sunday to the people, instead of the Gospel. There are but few instances of zeal for religion which have not been shown for the Peripatetic philosophy; Paul de Foix, famous for his embassies and his learning, would not see Francis Patricius at Terrara, because he was informed that that learned man taught a philosophy different from the Peripatetic. This was treating the enemies of Aristotle as zealots treat heretics. After all, it is no wonder that the Peripatetic philosophy, as it has been taught for several centuries, found so many protectors, or that the interests of it are believed to be inseparable from those of theology; for it accustoms the mind to acquiesce without evidence. This union of interests may be esteemed as a pledge to the Peripatetics of the immortality of their sect and an argument to abate the hopes of the new philosophers; considering, withal, that there are some doctrines of Aristotle which the Moderns have rejected, and which must, sooner or later, be adopted again. The Protestant divines have very much altered their conduct, if it be true, as we are told, that the first reformers clamored so loudly against the Peripatetic philosophy. The kind of death which, in some respects, does most honor to the memory of Aristotle is that which some have reported, *viz.*, that his vexation at not being able to discover the cause of the flux and reflux of the Euripus occasioned the distemper of which he died. Some say that being retired into the island of Eubœa, to avoid a process against him for irreligion, he poisoned himself. But why should he quit Athens to free himself from persecution this way? Heyschius affirms not only that sentence of death was pronounced against him for a hymn which he made in honor of his father-in-law, but also that he swallowed aconite in execution of the sentence. If this were true, it would have been mentioned by more authors.

The number of ancient and modern writers who have exercised their pens on Aristotle, either in commenting on, or translating him, is endless. A catalogue of them is to be met with in some of the editions of his works, but not a complete one. See also a treatise of Father Labbé, entitled « A Short View of the Greek Interpreters of Aristotle and Plato," hitherto published; printed at Paris in the year 1657 in four volumes. Mr. Teiffer names four authors who have composed Lives of Aristotle: Ammonius, Guarini of Verona, John James Beurerus, and Leonard Aretin. He forgot Jerome Gemusams, physician and professor of philosophy at Basil, author of a book, «De Vita Aristotelis et Ejus Operum Censura» (The Life of Aristotle, and a Critique on His Works).

Complete. From «The Historical and Critical Dictionary.»

JAMES BEATTIE

(1735–1803)

James Beattie, the Scottish poet and essayist, was born at Laurencekirk, October 25th, 1735, and educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen. His family was poor, and after leaving college he spent several years as a schoolmaster in the Grampian Hills. In 1760 he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College and held the position for many years. In 1773 he began the publication of "The Minstrel," a poem which did much to make him celebrated. His essays published between 1770 and 1793 are chiefly on philosophical and metaphysical subjects. They brought him into such favor that the English government granted him a pension of £200 a year. He died August 18th, 1803.

AN ESSAY ON LAUGHTER

Ego vero omni de re facetius puto posse ab homine non inurbano, quam de ipsis facetiis, disputari.— Cicero.

Of man, it is observed by Homer, that he is the most wretched, and, by Addison and others, that he is the merriest animal in the whole creation: and both opinions are plausible, and both perhaps may be true. If, from the acuteness and delicacy of his perceptive powers, from his remembrance of the past, and his anticipation of what is to come, from his restless and creative fancy, and from the various sensibilities of his moral nature, man be exposed to many evils, both imaginary and real, from which the brutes are exempted, he does also from the same sources derive innumerable delights that are far beyond the reach of every other animal. That our pre-eminence in pleasure should thus in some degree be counterbalanced by our pre-eminence in pain was necessary to exercise our virtue and wean our hearts from sublunary enjoyment; and that beings thus beset with a multitude of sorrows should be supplied from so many quarters with the means of comfort is suitable to that benign economy which characterizes every operation of nature.

When a brute has gratified those few appetites that minister to the support of the species and of the individual, he may be said to have attained the summit of happiness, above which a thousand years of prosperity could not raise him a single step. But for man, her favorite child, Nature has made a more liberal provision. He, if he have only guarded against the necessities of life, and indulged the animal part of his constitution, has experienced but little of that felicity whereof he is capable. To say nothing at present of his moral and religious gratifications, is he not furnished with faculties that fit him for receiving pleasure from almost every part of the visible universe? Even to those persons whose powers of observation are confined within a narrow circle, the exercise of the necessary arts may open inexhaustible sources of amusement, to alleviate the cares of a solitary and laborious life. Men of more enlarged understanding and more cultivated taste are still more plentifully supplied with the means of innocent delight. For such, either from acquired habit, or from innate propensity, is the soul of man, that there is hardly anything in art or nature from which we may not derive gratification. What is great, overpowers with pleasing astonishment; what is little, may charm by its nicety of proportion or beauty of color; what is diversified, pleases by supplying a series of novelties; what is uniform, by leading us to reflect on the skill displayed in the arrangement of its parts; order and connection gratify our sense of propriety; and certain forms of irregularity and unsuitableness raise within us that agreeable emotion whereof laughter is the outward sign.

Risibility, considered as one of the characters that distinguish man from the inferior animals, and as an instrument of harmless. and even of profitable, recreation to every age, condition and capacity of human creatures must be allowed to be not unworthy of the philosopher's notice. Whatever is peculiar to rational nature must be an object of some importance to a rational being; and Milton has observed that:—

> «Smiles from reason flow,
> To brutes denied.»

Whatever may be employed as a means of discountenancing vice, folly, or falsehood is an object of importance to a moral being: and Horace has remarked:—

"*Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."

Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot when graver reasons fail.
—*Francis.*

Let this apology suffice at present for my choice of a subject. Even this apology might have been spared, for nothing is below the attention of philosophy, which the Author of Nature has been pleased to establish.

In tracing out the cause of laughter, I mean rather to illustrate than to censure the opinions of those who have already written on the same subject. The investigation has been several times attempted; nor is the cause altogether unknown. Yet, notwithstanding former discoveries, the following may perhaps be found to contain something new; to throw light on certain points of criticism that have not been much attended to; and even to have some merit (if I execute my purpose) as a familiar example of philosophical induction carried on with a strict regard to fact and without any previous bias in favor of any theory.

To provoke laughter is not essential either to wit or to humor. For though that unexpected discovery of resemblance between ideas supposed dissimilar, which is called wit, and that comic exhibition of singular characters, sentiments, and imagery, which is denominated humor, do frequently raise laughter, they do not raise it always. Addison's poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller, in which the British kings are likened to heathen gods, is exquisitely witty, and yet not laughable. Pope's "Essay on Man" abounds in serious wit; and examples of serious humor are not uncommon in Fielding's "History of Parson Adams," and in Addison's account of Sir Roger de Coverley. Wit, when the subject is grave, and the allusion sublime, raises admiration instead of laughter; and if the comic singularities of a good man appear in circumstances of real distress, the imitation of those singularities, in the epic or dramatic comedy, will form a species of humor, which if it should force a smile, will draw forth a tear at the same time. An inquiry, therefore, into the distinguishing characters of wit and humor has no necessary connection with the present subject. I did, however, once intend to have touched upon them in the conclusion of this discourse, but Doctor Campbell's masterly disquisition concerning that matter, in the first part of his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," makes it improper for me to attempt it. I was favored with a perusal of that work in manuscript, and was agreeably surprised to find my notions, in regard to the cause or object of laughter, so fully warranted by those of my very learned and ingenious friend. And it may not perhaps be improper to inform the public that neither did he know of my having undertaken this argument, nor I of his having discussed that subject, till we came mutually to exchange our papers, for the purpose of knowing one another's sentiments in regard to what we had written.

Some authors have treated of ridicule, without marking the distinction between ridiculous and ludicrous ideas. But I presume the natural order of proceeding in this inquiry is to begin with ascertaining the nature of what is purely ludicrous. Things ludicrous and things ridiculous have this in common, that both excite pure laughter; the latter excite laughter mixed with disapprobation or contempt. My design is to analyze and explain that quality in things or ideas which makes them provoke pure laughter and entitles them to the name of ludicrous or laughable.

When certain objects, qualities, or ideas, occur to our senses, memory, or imagination, we smile or laugh at them, and expect that other men should do the same. To smile on certain occasions is not less natural than to weep at the sight of distress or cry out when we feel pain.

There are different kinds of laughter. As a boy, passing by night through a churchyard, sings or whistles in order to conceal his fear even from himself, so there are men, who, by forcing a smile, endeavor sometimes to hide from others, and from themselves too perhaps, their malevolence or envy. Such laughter is unnatural. The sound of it offends the ear; the features distorted by it seem horrible to the eye. A mixture of hypocrisy, malice, and cruel joy thus displayed on the countenance is one of the most hateful sights in nature, and transforms the "human face divine" into the visage of a fiend. Similar to this is the smile of a wicked person pleasing himself with the hope of accomplishing his evil purposes. Milton gives a striking picture of it in that well-known passage:—

> "He ceased; for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death
> Grin'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear

His famine should be fill'd, and bless'd his maw
Destin'd to that good hour."

The pleasing emotion arising from the view of ludicrous ideas is known to every one by experience, but, being a simple feeling, admits not of definition. It is to be distinguished from the laughter that generally attends it, as sorrow is to be distinguished from tears; for it is often felt in a high degree by those who are remarkable for gravity of countenance. Swift seldom laughed; notwithstanding his uncommon talents in wit and humor, and the extraordinary delight he seems to have had in surveying the ridiculous side of things. . . .

Philosophers have differed in their opinions concerning this matter. Aristotle, in the fifth chapter of his "Poetics," observes of comedy, that "it imitates those vices or meannesses only which partake of the ridiculous:—now the ridiculous [says he] conflicts in some fault or turpitude not attended with great pain, and not destructive." It is clear that Aristotle here means to characterize not laughable qualities in general (as some have thought), but the objects of comic ridicule only; and in this view the definition is just, however it may have been overlooked or despised by comic writers. Crimes and misfortunes are often in modern plays, and were sometimes in the ancient, held up as objects of public merriment; but if poets had that reverence for nature which they ought to have, they would not shock the common sense of mankind by so absurd a representation. I wish our writers of comedy and romance would in this respect imitate the delicacy of their ancestors, the honest and brave savages of old Germany, of whom the historian says: "*Nemo vitia ridet; nec corrumpere et corrumpi feculum vocatur.*" The definition from Aristotle does not, however, suit the general nature of ludicrous ideas; for men laugh at that in which there is neither fault nor turpitude of any kind.

From the "Essays on Laughter and
Ludicrous Composition."